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TRAVELS IN BOHEMIA,

WITH

A WALK

38249

THROUGH THE

HIGHLANDS OF SAXONY.

BY

AN OLD TRAVELLER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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TRAVELS IN CENTRAL EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

Jewish quarter in Prague—Intolerance against Hebrews—Effect on Jewish inhabitants—Eloquence of Hebrew Xantippe — Ancient Jew burial-ground—The "Arch-old" Synagogue—Manuscripts—Scroll of Moses — Do all English ladies read Hebrew?—Walks in Prague—Statues of old bridges—Penalty imposed on blasphemers—Caverns of purgatory—Defence of bridge in Thirty Years' War—Brave action of a Jesuit Father—Effect of varied costumes in Prague—Chapel of St. Lawrence — Calvary — The Stations and their frescos—Difficulties of locomotion in a fortified city—Monument in bronze to the Emperor Charles IV.

WE have all read, and occasionally heard, of Jews and Christians despitefully entreating each other in the middle ages: nay, for many a heavy century of the world's history, that of the Hebrew

people was a tissue of suffering on the one side and of criminal oppression on the other: in the latter our own kings took but too large a part. Of late years, however, we have been in the habit of believing, as well as hoping, that all this has passed by, and that a more reasonable and better state of things had succeeded.

But in Prague one is soon taught to see reason for doubting of this improvement: among other causes for doing so, of which we could unhappily cite more than you would desire to find, is the fact, that when the people of Prague arose in 1848, it was the Jews on whom they first fell, as in old times.

We are told, and that by persons of whose veracity and care in the relation of facts it is impossible to doubt, that not only were the Jewish men attacked by the populace, but that even the children were beaten and otherwise maltreated, as they passed to their schools. We should have found it difficult to credit the assertion that such barbarism could exist in the present state of society, had it not been for the authority of those by whom it was made; but we have ourselves here seen a fair specimen of the

feeling still existing, as from Jew to Christian; and this no later than a few days since: too frequent indeed, have been our opportunities for convincing ourselves that the good understanding which prevails between the Israelites and those of Christian faith in our own country, has hardly yet got firm footing in these parts.

We had determined on a visit to the Jewish quarter, and set off, with much peace in our hearts towards the brethren of the tribes, but with some doubt as to our patience holding out for a long walk through their noisome portion of the city, respecting the purity, or rather impurity whereof, we had been told "mountains," as the Spaniard hath it. The district has just changed its name, by the way, from Jew's Town to Joseph's Town, in honour of certain concessions made to the Hebrews by the present sovereign, Francis Joseph.

We commenced our walk bravely, nevertheless, and got through the greater portion of our adventure unscathed. The old Jewish burial-ground, the "arch-old" synagogue, and even certain of the loathsome streets, had been visited, the first and second carefully and minutely, the

third being more rapidly passed through, when just as we were approaching the limits of that impure territory, and were beginning to hope for a little air, that we need not fear to breathe, we came upon a group of women, who were evidently watching our progress from a distance. Now on the side of the street opposite to where these persons stood, a girl was seated before a ribbon shop, and as we drew near, she rose briskly to her feet, and began to recommend her wares. This seemed to be the match required for setting the tow in a flame. The good ladies, who had before contented themselves with angry looks, now burst forth; one reproached the girl for her stupidity, and asked how she could expect customers in such as we were. Another bade us begone and take our idleness elsewhere; and a third, who had, indeed, a most horrible expression, although possessing singularly handsome features, with a rich brown complexion, and magnificent black hair, was evidently commencing a still less complimentary speech: but of this the introductory imprecations were all that reached our ears; for although we had not much hurried our steps, yet they had taken us

out of the reach of her words before the energy of her *entrèe en matiére* had been expended. Yet was it some time before we got beyond the sound of her voice, the hoarse threatening tones whereof came after us to the end of the street. This is the only occasion on which we have ever seen any indication of bad feeling from the Jew to the Christian; and it was the more remarkable, inasmuch as that nothing whatever was said, done, or even looked, to provoke it, by your most inoffensive scribe, or by those—two persons only—in her company.

An old inhabitant of Prague, who had accompanied, or rather guided us through the Juden—I beg its pardon—the Joseph Town, assured us that the place, as compared with what he had known it in former times, might now be called a model of neatness and propriety. What then must it formerly have been! when in its reformed state it is so bad that we could scarcely venture to do more than look in at the end of the streets; to pass through them, with one or two exceptions only, requiring greater courage than we could command, although by no means more dainty than our neighbours in such mat-

ters, but rather less so, as we think: we asked the old man what this place could then have been like; and he admitted that it was something fearful, adding that the police had been compelled to interfere, and had produced the amelioration which he, who had not, as he said, been through the place for many years, had been speaking of, but which we could, of course, not appreciate.

Before encountering the formidable company of ladies just alluded to, we had paid a visit, *n'en deplaise à ces dames*, to the ancient burial-place of their fathers, as well as to the oldest synagogue of their faith, in Prague, to both which the Jews attribute a very high antiquity. The keeper of the old burial-ground—no longer used as a place of sepulture—who guided us round it, spoke of one thousand two hundred years as the age of some among the fallen tombs; and he added, that these had been erected on ground used for the same purpose hundreds of years before.

Some writers among themselves have even affirmed that the first Jews arrived in Prague before the Temple of Solomon was destroyed,

and they are said then to have exercised the honourable profession of slave-dealers, making themselves rich by the purchase and subsequent sale of the captives taken in the barbarous wars of those times. Nor, considering the known habits of the Hebrew people, is this improbable; and who shall say that the persistence with which they have devoted and still do devote themselves to the acquisition of wealth, may not have been one of the causes wherefore it has been permitted to their rulers to oppress them, as we know they have done? Wrong for wrong, they have probably not suffered more than they have inflicted; but then they must have inflicted heavy miseries indeed, for it is certain that they have suffered such; look at our own history, for example, and see if that alone will not furnish you with cases in point to sufficiency!

But the old burial-ground. Few monuments are now to be found erect, among the thousands of stones in all positions, standing half fallen or wholly cast down, by which it is encumbered; and the old decaying trees, stunted alders, for the most part, that twist and twine their grim grey

arms about in all directions, give it a strange desolate mournfulness of aspect, that makes one feel very sad, while slowly threading the narrow paths by which alone you can make your way among them.

Many of the stones still retain their inscriptions, deeply cut and clearly legible, although it is now one hundred years since the last inhabitant of this "City of Peace," as the Germans touchingly call their grave-yards, was laid to rest among its thickly-crowded abodes. The figure of a pitcher—often carved on these tombs—implies, as our guide told us, that the occupant belonged to the tribe of Levi: a pair of hands, which we remarked on some others, serve to shew, as he said, that the person buried therein had been a priest, and I have no doubt that the other tribes are alike distinguished, each by its own symbol; but we saw no others, nor could I obtain any further information from the keeper of the place. This official was a Jew, as might have been expected; and it was not without a considerable sacrifice of comfort that we obtained from him even so much, seeing that the uncleanliness of the man was excessive, and the

near neighbourhood of his person much to be eschewed by all who were not constrained to abide therein.

Leaving the burial-ground, we repaired to the synagogue, where we had a somewhat more intelligent, but not much cleaner, conductor. The dark entrance to this building, sunk several feet below the present surface of the soil, reminded us of that into the church of St. Afra, in Brescia, formerly a temple of Diana, and where the statue of the Goddess still does duty as a figure of the Virgin ; but once pass beyond the first gloomy steps, and the Jewish synagogue is seen to be something very unlike the Pagan temple, now become a Christian church.

The building is not large, and is coloured by the smoke of the myriad lights that have burnt therein, as well as by the hues inseparable from its great age: so dirty is it withal, that you fear to come in contact with any part of it, at the first entrance, lest you carry off more of the dust of ages than you might desire to have your garments endued withal ; but this consideration is totally forgotten as you proceed.

The " Holy place," wherein are deposited the

Books of the Law, is richly hung with velvets, finely embroidered; they are tarnished and faded in colour, but wonderfully gorgeous, and of the finest workmanship.

Of these curtains we saw six or eight, all of textures that had been rich, but are now much worn; they were detached from the sanctuary they are destined to adorn, being placed about it only on certain occasions of great solemnity, when the service, as the keeper told us, is still performed here, but not at other times, a newer synagogue being that commonly used. The scrolls which form the Books of the Law, large and cumbrous masses, were also shewn to us, as was the Crown, which is laid on them in some portions of the service, and is of immense value. The jewels adorning this token of sovereignty count a large emerald among their number; and for this, the Hebrew conductor told us, an English "Herr" had offered a great sum of money.

We often wonder how it is that a man can find confidence to say to another, who is showing him something highly valued, "Give me *that* for so much money;" and we were not sorry that

our countryman—if our countryman he were—did not find the Jews disposed to deprive their sacred vestments of its jewels, for his pleasure; it was manifest that they have not done so, from the fact of all being still there; but we made no remark, and our conductor proceeded to exhibit other things.

He called on us to observe that the *Damen* were not suffered to appear in the house of God, being placed apart behind a heavy wood-work, through which a few small apertures only permitted the body of the synagogue to be visible to them, while they were themselves totally out of view.

The guide then showed us a scroll of the Talmud, which he said was *Uralt!* "Arch-old!" very ancient indeed! but he could not specify its exact age. The "Scroll of Moses," which he likewise showed us, was not more than six hundred and ten years old, he said; but the Crown of the Law, mentioned above, he affirmed to be one thousand two hundred years, "if a day!"

He finally opened a Hebrew book, which he assured us had been more than once read in his

hearing by English ladies, and asked me if I could do as much.

Replying, with all the humility becoming mine ignorance, that I could not read one single letter of the many myriads it contained, the man coolly remarked, that it was strange I should know nothing at all of the matter, since English ladies not only read Hebrew, for the most part, perfectly well, but could write it also with the utmost readiness.

I was far from desiring to depreciate my countrywomen in the eyes of our respectable Jew-man, so if I "gaped wide," at least "I naething spak," although in my secret mind I did not entirely believe that "all English ladies" do write Hebrew fluently, nor even that every mother's daughter in our land can read it well.

And now I think I have given you enough of the Jews and their town, which will be well, since this is all we have to tell respecting them. After seeing and doing what has been here related, we went home to take rest, and I leave you to do the same.

* * * *

It is a difficult thing to get good butter in Prague; an important fact, which you must permit me to record with all due solemnity. Dearly beloved, ye who sit within close reach of your own fragrant English dairies, for which the world hath not a peer, be ye thankful for the pleasantness of your lot. Mine ancient *foiblesse* for bread and butter, is not unknown to some among you, and when there may not be some for my breakfast, am I much forlorn. That then has been my case to-day; the wish of my grieved companion, while he broke his new-laid eggs, that, since in this country, as at home, the hens make the eggs, so the cows could make the butter—as the women have not the art of doing so—did but serve to make me laugh; it could not make me a breakfast, so that I had finally to content myself with the promise of one for to-morrow, or with something but very little better.

By way of consolation, we set off, so soon as what, in our bright Somerset, they call the "tea-tackle," was removed, to mount that benediction of a hill called the Lorenziberg, which we had partially climbed on various occasions, but

whereof we had never before attained the summit.

Our road led us past many an object of great and varied interest. First there came the numerous and beautiful oriel, bay, and other old picturesque windows surrounding the Kleine Ring, and bordering the streets in the immediate vicinity of our own pleasant dwelling; next, by many an odd turn and twine, through the narrow, —yet quaint and pleasing ways, we come to the noble front of the handsome Clam-Gallas Palace, considered by competent judges to be a master-piece of Italian architecture, and built by Wenzel, Count Clam-Gallas and Duke of Lucera, between the years 1707 and 1712, after the designs of Fischer of Erlach.

From this we pass, by the Carls-Strasse, and —leaving the enormous masses of the Clementinum, the great Theological School of Prague, on our right—we continue our walk towards the old stone Bridge of the Emperor Charles the Fourth: but first we make due salutation to the St. Clement's and St. Salvador's Churches, not forgetting that of the Knights of the Cross, and still less the new monument erected to the

memory of Charles the Fourth by the University, which he founded, and of which more anon. The Bridge is soon attained, once these things are accomplished, and the fabric might of itself afford matter for much discourse; I will nevertheless say very little respecting it.

Among the numerous statues by which this fine structure is adorned on either side, is one, the pedestal whereof bears an inscription, placed there at the expense of a Jew "Blasphemer," who had ventured to insult the Holy Sacrament. And if he did so, he was certainly not mulcted of the gold which he was compelled to expend on the work, without due cause; but accusations of this kind were but too frequently made the pretext for extortion in other times, and so it may have been in his case.

Towards the Kleinseite, there is a large group of figures, male and female, placed within a dark cavernous space, representing purgatory and where they are plunged in flames, some to the waist, others to the throat: they lift their arms aloft in the agony of their sufferings, and with clasped hands appear to implore the aid of your prayers for their relief. A dog is standing with-

out the cavern, and is stretching his head forward to examine the scene within, which he does with an expression of curiosity and surprise not badly rendered; but for the most part the sculptures here exhibited have very little merit.

At each end of the Bridge are high towers, which form a beautiful, and peculiarly characteristic ornament to the structure, as well as to that part of the city which it adorns. That on the Altstadt, or old town, side, was built in 1451. The front, or gate-way turned towards the city is richly decorated with figures and escutcheons of arms, as was that looking towards the river also, until the Swedes attacked the town during the Thirty Years' War, when they besieged this gate during more than three months, and their shots entirely defaced the decorations, which have been replaced by an inscription recording the fact. The words of the latter also offer appropriate testimony to the bravery and fidelity of which the citizens gave proof on that occasion.

The Clementinum, then the Jesuits' College, stands close to the bridge, and an anecdote is related to the effect, that the Swedes had on one occasion almost effected a surprise, when a Jesuit

father, hastily rushing forth, let down the portcullis, and with only three soldiers to help him, maintained the post, until the citizens, with the students of the neighbouring university, came flocking to its defence.

On the Kleinseite end of the bridge, there are two towers crowned by their singular-looking high sloping roofs. The more elevated of these is of nearly the same age with that on the Altstadt side, just mentioned, but the lower one is of much earlier date, and is believed to have been erected at the time when King Premysl-Ottokar II. commenced the fortification of the Kleinseite; about the middle of the thirteenth century, that is to say: the two towers are connected by a gallery, and the noble archway beneath this, presents one of the most effective views of the bridge to be obtained from any point of the vicinity. As you stand in what is called the Bruckengasse, and look through the high-pointed arch towards the bridge beyond, a large portion of which, with its numerous statues, is thence to be seen, you have before you a spectacle, which for quaintness, originality, and animation of character, can be rarely equalled.

Vehicles of every kind, soldiers, monks, priests, peasants, and women, in dresses varied to infinity, give singular spirit and life to the scene.

Unlike the almost uniform crowds of our own cities, the Bohemians still present a considerable variety of costume; the lower classes of the townswomen seldom wear bonnets, which in their case are replaced by caps of the most brilliant colours, and decorated *a l'outrance*. These head-dresses, with the gay parasols which their wearers never fail to mount over them, add much beauty of colour to the general effect, however little to be commended in the individual instance; but with all their faults, these caps, placed jauntily above the young and pretty faces of the Prague maidens, do not appear to mar their beauty, and are in any case infinitely preferable to the tasteless modes adopted by our own equivalent class.

Turning from that truly attractive spectacle, which never fails to arrest us for a time, whenever we pass this way, there next appears the church of St. Nicholas; and when you know that it was built by the Jesuits, who spent a hundred years in its construction, you will not

need to be told that it is much and richly decorated, both within and without. Bright colouring and a profusion of gilding are found here, as in all Jesuit churches; there is, indeed, a superfluity of both, as is also usual. Yet the churches which have either been built by or given into the hands of Jesuits, almost always appear to advantage, as compared with other churches of the Catholic faith, (more especially so in Italy,) because there is a certain amount of intelligence and good taste in the disposition of that wealth of ornament which they permit themselves to use, that goes far to remedy the defect. But even the Jesuit churches compare badly with the beautiful Gothic buildings in which many parts of Germany are so rich, and except in those instances where the fathers have been able to secure fine paintings, they do not invite a frequent examination. With respect to those of Rome you will perhaps be inclined to demur to this stricture, and may affirm that they merit attention; perhaps they do, that of Gesû in particular. The Ignatius church in Rome is also very handsome, and the Fathers have one, if not more, in Genoa, which many people admire

greatly; still, and upon the whole, their churches are certainly decorated with too much profusion.

Passing now beneath the Senkenberg Palace, we come out opposite to that of the Schönborn family, a large and handsome building, followed by one of still more imposing character—the Lobkovicz Palace, namely. Both these last-named houses have gardens of great beauty, rising up the slopes of the Lorenziberg.

Here the hill begins to ascend very steeply, and the narrow way by which alone it is to be surmounted, at this point, is partly formed of flights of steps. These passed, the views become very beautiful: the long front of the Hradschin presents itself on the one side, while the river with its bridges, the city, the plain beyond, and the hills, blue in the distance, are also to be seen. We now pass beneath the welcome shade of handsome lime-trees, and enter on the gravelled walks of those dressed grounds — here called "Anlagen"—through which the small chapel of St. Lawrence is approached, and in the midst of which it stands. They are well supplied with seats, which are situated for the most part near

the Stations or chapels, but are in some few instances placed with reference to the fine views which these heights all present.

The origin of this chapel, like that of so many others, is said to have been a heathen altar, raised, as some authorities have it, to the Sun, or the God of Fire, and which the people could in no wise be prevailed on to abandon, wherefore St. Adalbert persuaded the reigning Duke—I think Boleslas II.—to build a church on the spot: this was dedicated to St. Lawrence, a martyr whose death was caused by fire, and it was consecrated by St. Adalbert himself; but of that building no trace remains, and even the modern chapel erected in its place, about the middle of the last century, became ruinous, and was shut up in 1784. The church was, however, restored in the year 1840, and has since remained open for public worship. It has nothing remarkable in itself, but is preceded by what, in the popular language of Catholic countries, is called a Calvary. This is familiar to all who have visited Italy; but as there are still some few persons who have not done so, a short description may not be unwelcome.

At the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, or so, from the church, it is, that you most frequently find the first station, a small chapel, so called, of these Calvaries; the number of the chapels or stations varies, but fourteen is a common number, and is that found here. Each chapel is raised on a slight elevation, and all are adorned with frescoes—those of the Calvary now in question are painted after the designs of the German artist, Führichs: the first represents the condemnation of Our Saviour, Christ, by Pilate, who is seen washing his hands.

The second shows the executioner in the act of hanging the cross on the shoulders of the Lord, and in the third, our Saviour is seen falling beneath his burden, a circumstance never omitted in the pictorial relations of these calvaries, and often, as in this case, repeated three several times. The one now in question is called "the first sinking beneath the cross."

Beneath the fourth picture is an inscription to the effect, that "here Christ meets his deeply-sorrowing mother;" and the subject of the fresco is that meeting accordingly.

The fifth painting shows Simon the Cyrenean

approaching to the aid of the Saviour, and relieving him from the cross.

In the sixth, is the presentation of the handkerchief by Veronica, who receives the same, returned by the hand of the Lord with the true impress of his own countenance fixed thereon; hence her name of *Santa Veronica.*

The seventh chapel shows the Saviour fallen a second time; and in the eighth, He is "bidding the women of Jerusalem to weep for themselves and their children," as the inscription below sets forth.

The ninth picture exhibits the third fall of the Saviour beneath the cross. In the tenth he is despoiled of his clothing, which the soldiers are dividing; and in the eleventh, is a much too vivid delineation of the nailing to the cross.

Two women were proceeding in company through these stations at the time of our visit: in both there was a striking appearance of devotion: one of them was reading the offices for the other, who was, perhaps, not able to do it for herself; but each offered her prayers with that unmistakeable evidence of feeling and sincerity, which never fails to engage our utmost respect

and sympathy, however widely we may differ from the worshippers in respect to the faith they profess. There was also a woman kneeling alone before the picture just alluded to—the eleventh, namely. Two young soldiers stood reverently, and with heads bared, at some distance, all three seeming to be deeply touched by the grievous sight before them, as indeed they well might be. The picture is not delicately painted, but the drawing is admirably correct; the figures are full of force, the expression of suffering given to the pale, exhausted face of the Redeemer is too painful, and cannot be looked at without suffering. I say nothing here of the value or propriety of such exhibitions. I am now simply describing what stood before me.

Near the head of the cross, is a figure holding the "Superscription," ready for affixing thereto: this is very well painted, and indeed, the artist appears to have bestowed the best of his attention on this scene of the history.

In the twelfth picture, the piercing of our Lord's side with the spear is exhibited, and the Saviour is expiring, while the Magdalene and the other

Maries stand around the cross. The thirteenth is what Italians call a "*Pietà*," the Saviour lying dead in the lap of the Virgin, that is to say; and the fourteenth shows the body of Jesus laid in the tomb,with the women approaching the sepulchre.

This concludes the series, and next comes the small church itself. Very desolate and solitary the whole place appeared, the three poor women before mentioned and ourselves being the only persons about it—the soldiers did not ascend so far; we sat by the chapels and beneath the lime trees, for some two hours, and during a part of the time, were listening to the notes of the cuckoo, which we had heard once, and only once before, this year. The sound, if not strictly appropriate, was at least agreeable to our ear, differing in no manner, that I could perceive, from that produced by our own familiar bird, although my companion's nicer sense detected a "foreign accent" as he affirmed, in the note of our old acquaintance; but I maintained that his fancy was playing him false, and think he suspected as much himself.

From the Calvary church of St. Lawrence, we wished to proceed to the neighbouring

heights, intending to pass around the old walls, a portion of which is said to have been erected by Charles IV. in the year 1360 (when the people were suffering much from a scarcity of corn), by way of giving employment to the poor: this part is thence sometimes called the Brodmauer, or Bread Wall, but new fortifications have been erected at that point since 1848, and we found our way barred by a sentinel, who assured us, in a colloquy of more smiles than words, for he was a Wallachian, of whose speech we could not comprehend a syllable, that by this way there was now no passage.

Those, therefore, who would now pass from one part of the summit to the other, must first descend into a valley, and then mount the hill again; a crying mischief, for which the very shame of the rulers must some day cause redress to be found; but for the present, there seems no thought of any amendment, either on the part of those who suffer, or of those who have inflicted this wrong.

We subsequently asked a tradesman, in the Loretanska Platz, if it could be true that he and others like him, were compelled to make

this laborious journey, which could certainly not be performed in less than an hour, for the purpose of attaining a place within a minute's walk from his house, if he were permitted to take the natural means of keeping at the level on which it stands, and simply passing along the summit of the hill.

He assured us that he must do so, and that there was no help for it. Neither did the man appear to hope that there ever would be; and with a half-fearful, half-embarrassed look, he seemed beginning to venture on a complaint of the hardship thus inflicted, but instantly thought better of it, and held his peace: and therein he did well and prudently; nor should we have encouraged remark, had he been bold enough to make any. The extraordinary reserve maintained by every one here, when alluding, even in the most distant manner, to public affairs, proves the fear that all have of doing so; and there are so many good reasons why they should be afraid of committing any imprudence, that one would not willingly tempt any one into forgetting them.

Some years since, and when the restrictions laid on the expression of opinion were by no

means what they have become of late, we were crossing the Romagna, on our way to Southern Italy, where we were proposing to pass the winter, and had taken a vettura, in conjunction with a gentleman who was a native of the district, and was then proceeding to Macerata and Tolentino, both of which lay in our route: during the larger part of our journey, the gentleman spoke with much intelligence and feeling of certain abuses which he described, and concerning which we gave our opinion with the freedom usual in our own country, joining him in the lamentations he uttered respecting the deplorable evils in question.

All this was *bel et bien*, as say the old French writers, or would have been if it had not proved to be the very reverse; but what followed amazed us not a little at the time, although it would scarcely do so now.

The gentleman, namely, who had conversed with the most perfect freedom through the early part of the journey,—and all unincited by us, who are no firebrands at any time, and desired but to listen and be informed—the gentlemen, I say, as his journey drew to an end, and he was soon to

leave us, began to get uneasy, his words became less unrestrained, and after such circumlocution as might be expected in so strange a case, he fairly gave us to understand that he was alarmed at having said so much, nay, even went the length of entreating that we would not repeat what he had told us! He still declared, nevertheless, that what he had related was much within the truth, and not a tenth part of what he might have told.

We were greatly shocked at the manifest terror of our companion, and at his supposition that what we alone had heard could be turned to our fellow-traveller's injury; but he was not to be reassured, although we did our best to convince him that no harm could ensue. He was still uneasy, and admitting that it was not likely we should wilfully turn his words against him, he evidently feared indiscretion, accident—one cannot tell what, in short, for fear does not reason, and this man's case was an instance in point. But then, why did he speak at all, since no one had invited him to utter a word? We would fain have asked him that, had it been civil to do so; but instead of the question

so naturally presenting itself to our lips, we took pains to convince our frightened companion that, warned as we had been, we could not even by inadvertence, repeat any portion of his remarks. The poor Italian then seemed a little comforted, and in due time we alighted at the place where he was to remain.

It was a fête day, and the Romagnolo very politely conducted us to the Church, whence a long procession was then issuing, with the head of Santo Niccolo and other relics, borne aloft as usual, before the people. Having seen this, our fellow-traveller accompanied us to the hotel, where breakfast awaited us: the gentleman was much pressed by my companion to join us at that meal; but he was not to be prevailed on, although I did not fail to add my own request that he would do so. He would do nothing more than sit beside us—but this he did the whole time; and when we departed, he saw us into the carriage, standing, in friendly talk, by the door of the vehicle, until it drove off.

At the moment, we had forgotten his previous fears, so new was the whole matter to us in those days; but when left alone in the carriage,

we chanced to return to the subject, it instantly occurred to us that the pertinacity with which our travelling acquaintance had remained beside us, although refusing to partake of our breakfast, while he was yet certainly fasting, had, perhaps, not been without its purpose; he had probably intended thereby to make himself certain that we had committed no indiscretion, and to be enabled to regain his quiet.

If it were so, I am still glad that he succeeded, and was most particularly so at the time, since I could not but compassionate his fears; but what a state of things! and if it were thus then, how much more reason must the dwellers in these countries now have to fear? wherefore—and that is the gist of this long story,—we are now extremely and perhaps even superfluously cautious, never alluding to public matters, and all the more disposed to avoid giving occasions for imprudence in others, from the lesson received by means of that Romagnolo. Thus we made no complaints to the poor "Praguer" of the Loretanska Platz, and did not encourage those he seemed half disposed to make for himself, but went growling down the hill instead, and had

afterwards, not grumbling *less*, very certainly, to climb the same height up again.

That second and most superfluous ascent took us once more to the garden and monastery of the Premonstratensian Monks, at Strahow,—within a few hundred yards of which we had been when stopped by the Wallachian sentinel—and we spent some time very pleasantly in rambling through the gravelled and amply shaded walks of the garden. We rested, between whiles, on the stone seats, cut in the rock before certain caves, representing hermitages, which are hewn out in different parts of the grounds. Some of the younger Dominicans were strolling, like ourselves, about the garden, and looked as though they found it rather difficult to get rid of their time, whereof we thought it a pity that they should have so much, seeing the treasure that Time is, and the grievously too little that men of their class (for they were manifestly of the people), usually have at command. We have, however, remarked that the number of monks and priests in Prague, and other Bohemian towns, is by no means equal to what we have seen in many Catholic cities, more especially in Italy, and *most*

particularly of all, perhaps, in Genoa, where they do indeed most richly abound.

Returning from the gardens of the monastery, we paid our second visit to the Sternberg Palace on the Hradschin Platz, wherein is the picture gallery of the "Gesellschaft Patriotischer Kunstfreunde," or Society of the Patriot-friends of Art; but, with the sole exception of some few small pictures, by Dutch and German masters, we found nothing worthy of remark. The collections formerly existing in this palace have been removed to the "Väterlandisches Museum," or National Gallery of Prague, which is in the handsome Kolowrat's Strasse, a street of the Neustadt, or New Town of Prague, built, as before remarked, in the fourteenth century, by the Emperor Charles IV., and therefore no longer "New," though still so called.

Near the Sternberg Palace is that of the archbishop, a building of slight pretensions, if compared with its opposite neighbour, the Schwartzenberg Palace, the imposing mass whereof is one of the most conspicuous features of the view before you, as you approach the Hradschin from the city below. The ancient

church of St. George is also within the precincts of the Hradschin; it was built about the year 912, by Duke Wratislav I., and some portions of the original building still remain. Such, for example, are the low pillars of the nave, the crypt beneath the high altar, and the two towers.

The Princess Milada, daughter of Boleslas I., who had received the veil in Rome, from Pope John XIII., founded a convent for nuns of the Benedictine Order in the immediate vicinity of this church. The sisters were for the most part of the most noble families of Bohemia, and Charles IV. granted to the abbess of his day the dignity of a princess, with the privilege of crowning the queens of Bohemia, in conjunction with the archbishop.

The church is now used for public worship, only on the festivals of St. George and St. Ludmilla, the grandmother of St. Wenzel, whose tomb, with that of several Bohemian princes of a very early period, still remains in the church.

Descending from the Hradschin by a long flight of steps, adorned at the summit with a statue of St. Philip Neri, we recross the bridge, and regain the Altstadt, or Old Town.

Immediately beneath the quaint old tower already mentioned, and in front of the church belonging to the Knights .of the Cross, has of late years been erected a bronze monument to the Emperor Charles IV., which is highly worthy of notice.

This work, completed in the year 1848, was undertaken by the university, in memory of its Imperial Founder, and was given to public view on the five hundredth anniversary of the institution. It consists of a colossal statue of the emperor, who is surrounded by allegorical figures of the four faculties: theology, philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine, with those of the two archbishops, Ernest of Pardubitz, and Očto of Valassim, the historian; Veneš, of Waitmile, and the architect of the cathedral, Peter Arler. The sculptor Hähnel, of Dresden, modelled the figures, which were cast by Burgschmidt of Nuremberg, and very beautiful and effective is the result these artists have produced.

CHAPTER II.

Old Town House—Stormed by the Hussites—Tragical fate of the magistrates—Vengeance of the Emperor Ferdinand II. —Wars of Religion—Council chamber — Old oriel window — Ancient astronomical clock—King Wenzel's dungeon — Hussites in torture—Column of the Virgin—Teyn Church—John Huss—Cup of the Utraquists—Zeal of Jesuit Fathers—Curious "Instructions" of Pope Gregory to his Nuncio —Crusade of Caraffa — Sufferings of the Protestants—Why now referred to—Tombs in the Teyn Church—Tycho Brahe—Utraquist Church of St. Gallas—Tandelmarkt—St. Lawrence of the Dominicans—Tomb of Bohemian Chronicler, Hajek of Libocan — University of Prague — Matthæus of Choterina — Olympidarius Palæologus—Intolerance in Bohemian Clergy of both Confessions—The Carolinum and its reverses—The Clementinum—Modern art in Prague—Norwegian landscapes—The Midnight Sun.

BEFORE our windows, on the northern side of

the Grosser Ring, that is to say, there stands the Altstadter Rathhaus, or Town-hall, a building rich in old memories of all kinds, religious, political, and festal, since it has not only been the scene of many a grievous act of violence and cruelty, but was also frequently that of the tournaments and other festivities of those rude ages, whose very pleasures were often but a modified form of danger and strife. Witness the "jousting" in which John of Luxembourg, father of Charles IV., and afterwards killed at Crecy, was thrown from his horse, and very dangerously wounded.

Still more grievous were the spectacles exhibited in the following century, by the conflicts, undertaken in the name of religion, of which this building and the open square whereon it stands were but too frequently made the arena.

On the ninth of March, 1422, the Town-house was stormed by the Hussites, when the magistrates were cast from the windows and killed; similar acts of violence took place on the twenty-fourth of September, in the year 1483, when such cruelties were perpetrated that, according to a German writer of the present

century, "the like can be found only in those blood-stained annals which record the monstrous atrocities of the first French Revolution."

Only five years have elapsed since the gallery was taken down, from which twenty-seven nobles and magistrates passed forth to their death on the scaffold, after the battle of the White-hill, and the fall of Frederick the Fifth, while hundreds of those of inferior station were hanged from the windows, and from other places in the vicinity, before the vengeance of Ferdinand the Second was appeased.

After the battle of Lützen, moreover, in the year 1633, a large number of military officers, eleven of whom were nobles, received their death, after trial by court-martial, for cowardice, alleged against them by Wallenstein, at whose suggestion it was that they were executed by the sword and the axe; or suffered the still more ignominious death of the cord, as the rank borne by each might determine.

No part of the structure is of higher antiquity than the early part of the fourteenth century. "The house of Wolflin" having been purchased in the year 1338, "for the purpose of

building a council house, with which the Altstadt, then called Die Grössere, or larger town, had not previously been provided, on the site thereof."

The tower remained unfinished until 1378, and the chapel, which is still in existence, was not consecrated until the year 1381.

After an extensive fire, in 1399, which consumed several houses in its neighbourhood, the Rathhaus was much enlarged, but the form of the building was irregular without, and highly incommodious within; these, with other considerations, determined its partial removal, and in 1838, the beautiful structure, which has now taken place of its larger portion, was commenced; the tower and chapel only, comprising within them the most interesting parts of the old Rathhaus, being left in their former state.

In the first is the council chamber, whose fine oak roof Murray expresses a hope that they would not touch, when removing the greater part of the building, as they were doing at the time when his useful Guide for "Southern Germany" was passing through the press; and they have spared it, very happily, as well as the chapel with its beautiful oriel window, for which that ex-

cellent aid to the English traveller, also expresses a well-grounded anxiety.

The old clock, showing the twenty-four hours, the rising and setting of the sun and moon, the signs of the zodiac, and various moving figures, has also been spared, though more than once threatened.

This work of the old Magister Hanusch, completed by him in 1490, was, indeed, on the very point of dissolution in the year 1787, when the council of state had even issued the decree for the sale of that ancient marvel, under the dishonouring title of "old iron;" but its life was saved at the critical moment, by some friends of the olden time.

The neighbouring peasants attach to this clock certain notions of their own, respecting the permanency of the Capital itself, which they consider to depend much on the preservation of their favourite wonder. They regard it accordingly with the utmost reverence, and during the time that the town was crowded by the pilgrims to St. John, we could not but remark the solemnity with which some better-read brother among the peasantry was continually pointing it out to the

admiration of his companions, to whom he would frequently give long discourses concerning it.

We were then not acquainted with the reasons which caused all the passers-by of that class to make a halt, shorter or longer, before that clock; but have since been told what has just been related, yet we do not give the report as authenticated fact, not having a sufficiently good authority for the same.

As much might be said for the entrance to the dungeon, beneath the tower, wherein, according to the tradition, King Wenzel the Fourth was for three months kept prisoner by his subjects. This entrance, as shown to us by the present *custos* of the same, would not, as we think, have given passage to a man grown; but the guide persisted in his assertion. The dungeon itself cannot now be explored.

In the old council-chamber, which happily remains intact, are numerous statues, and other decorations, among which is a figure of the Saviour, with the following words, addressed to the magistrates assembled, inscribed beneath it: *Juste judicate filii hominum.*

Massive chains are crossed and entwined be

neath the ceiling, and these, the guide assured us, were the sole support thereof; but we took leave to accept this declaration with certain grains of allowance; as we did also that which he likewise made respecting the grotesque masks of the chapel. These he affirmed to be the portraits of heretic Hussites, who, having been put to the torture, were thus taken in the manner, "while expressing," as he said himself, "the little liking they had for the process to which they were subjected," and so handed down, in faithful portraiture, for the admonition of all future heretics.

A column supporting a figure of the Virgin, is one of the ornaments of the square or place in which the Rathhaus stands; it was erected in 1650, by the Emperor Ferdinand III., in memory of the Swedish siege, and its results. Four angels then stood at the angles of its base; but one of these was destroyed by a bomb sent in by Frederick of Prussia in 1757, and it has never been replaced. A minute image of the Virgin, and certain relics of various saints, are enclosed within a small shrine, formed in one side of the pedestal, and before this there are

usually devotees kneeling in prayer; sometimes, indeed, they assemble in large numbers, men and women; nay, during the passage of the pilgrim bands, so frequently alluded to, the relics of this shrine were not left at any moment without some dozen or twenty of these poor creatures chanting the litanies before them.

A marble fountain, said to have been constructed by King Rudolph the Second, has also its place on this square, but has been much neglected, and is unhappily suffered to fall almost to pieces.

Opposite to the principal front of the Town Hall, stands the "Teyn Church." Of the Prague churches in general, there is little to be said, the unfortunate tumults occasioned by the Utraquist controversy having more than once caused them to be given up to the fury of a blinded populace; such distinctions as they may once have possessed, are for the most part destroyed, but the interest attached to the Teyn Church, though for the most part of an exceedingly melancholy character, is of that kind which cannot be effaced by violence, and will never be diminished: still less can it be forgotten.

A small chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, is said to have been erected on this spot by Spytithnew the First, some time previous to the year 912; but the building was destroyed by order of the wicked Drahomira, mother of St. Wenzel.

The name Teyn was given to the chapel in common with a royal residence, of which it originally formed part, from the Bohemian word "Tyniti," stockaded; and they were so called from the fact that both were surrounded by stockades, or a defence of the character indicated by that word. The church in its present form was built by the German merchants, then a rich and powerful body in Prague, in the year 1407; but the two beautiful towers, unique of their kind, were not added until 1457, when they were erected by the excellent, but unfortunate king, George Podiebrad, who was crowned in that church. In the year 1462 the figure of this great monarch—a man infinitely superior to the age he lived in—was placed between those towers, together with a large gilded chalice, the symbol of the Utraquists, whose faith he professed; but after the battle of the White-hill, in 1623, Ferdinand the Second caused both to

be removed at the instigation of the Jesuits, and erected a figure of the Virgin in their place.

The towers have twice been struck by lightning, and were greatly injured, in 1679 and 1819; but in both instances they were carefully restored in the original form.

The church presents but little architectural beauty, if we except the lofty windows of the choir; the interest attached to its walls, arises rather for the importance of the events which have taken place within them, and which, far from confining their consequences to the people of Bohemia, affected, and still continue to affect, the whole Christian world.

It was in this church that "the bold Johann Militz," or Milicius, preaching in the time of Charles the Fourth "found means wholly to change the faith of his light-minded contemporaries," as a German catholic writer expresses it. Here, according to the same authority, the holy saint, John of Nepomuck, declared the truth to the people, and here "the hot-headed Gallas Czahera first taught the doctrines of Luther, contributing in no small degree to the errors of his time," by his zeal for

those doctrines, and the eloquence of his speech.

Of the church, as built by the German merchants, John of Rokycan, the wise and eloquent preacher of the Utraquist tenets, was appointed pastor; he died in 1471, and was buried under the high altar; but in the year 1622, his body was torn from its resting place, by order of Ferdinand the Second, whose Jesuit preceptors thought the lesson likely to be a salutary one, and the remains of Rokycan were then burned before the eyes of the people.

Up to that time the Utraquist and Catholic services had both been solemnized peaceably in this church, neither gainsaying the other, and each alternately occupying the building; nay, even the Protestants were permitted to worship God, after the dictates of their own conscience, under the same roof, and all lived in harmony together.* But this state of things was by no

* The last Protestant preacher was Martinius of Drazowa, who, driven forth in 1620, returned to Prague with the Saxons in 1631, when he once more occupied his pulpit (which still remains) for a short time, during which period he removed the heads of his co religionists

means in accordance with the views of men in whose eyes all heretics were wild beasts, to be exterminated by fire and sword. The councillors of Ferdinand, who were still those by whom his boyhood and youth had been educated and guided, found no difficulty in producing the change they desired. After the battle of the White Hill, the Teyn church was given up exclusively to the Catholic Priests.

"This is no time for weak delays, or for mere covert attempts," remarks the Pontiff himself, Gregory the Fifteenth, in his "Instructions to his Nuncio," and in another part of the same document, his Holiness furthermore declares that he would not sanction even the Augsburg confession, "although that confession," he remarks, "however criminal (quantumque rea), yet departs less from the catholic tenets than do certain of the Catholics themselves."

But Gregory thought it needful to make the best use of the opportunity presented by the

who had been executed in 1621, depositing those remains in a place of burial, after they had been exposed to insult on the Prague bridge for the space of ten years.

reign of an emperor educated as Ferdinand had been, and he consequently recommends the following measures. "The foundation of a Catholic University in Prague,"—I use the Pontiff's own words,—"the re-establishment of Catholic parish priests in all the parishes, and that of Catholic school-masters in every city.

"Catechisms should be prepared for all, but most especially for children and the ignorant populace. Booksellers and printers should all be Catholics; and where there have been heretics, the shops should be subjected to severe examination and frequent visits from the ecclesiastical authorities." The Jesuit fathers and others of the Religious Orders Gregory called into active exertion; but in another part the Pontiff significantly remarks:

"The Nuncio will use the advice of the Jesuit fathers with a wary and cautious confidence."

Without doubt, a very prudent suggestion, for how was it possible to avoid distrusting men who gave so much proof of craft and crookedness as was furnished by the conduct of those fathers?

The Nuncio is furthermore reminded that he

must strenuously oppose the appointment of a Protestant to any public office; "for," remarks his Holiness, "the minds of men being more effectually moved by their interest than by any other consideration, the younger men will by little and little (*a poco a poco*) begin to bend to the Catholic religion, if for nothing else, yet that they may participate in the honours it confers."

Minute recommendations as to the deportment of the Nuncio are added, and he is exhorted to "have great account of Father Beccano, the Emperor's Confessor, not neglecting meanwhile to *take careful note of that father's language and opinions, that we may the better discover his purposes;* and you will make me acquainted with all these things."

As an auxiliary measure, Gregory promised a gift of two hundred thousands crowns to the emperor, besides the doubling of the yearly subsidies already furnished, and which he raised from twenty thousand florins to twenty thousand crowns; but the pope would fain have had regiments raised with this money, and desired also to see them placed under the command of such

Catholics as were of known zeal and determination.

The Nuncio dispatched by Gregory on this occasion was that Carlo Caraffa so well known to German history, whose first care was to secure the banishment of all Protestant preachers and schoolmasters, whom he declared to be "guilty of treasons and offences against all majesty, human and divine."

It was not until intelligence arrived in Prague, declaring the Protestant leader, Mansfeld, to have been driven out of the Upper Palatinate, when all peril had ceased, by the enrolment and entry into Prague of several Catholic regiments, that the measures thus advised could be carried out; and even then the authorities, from deference to the Electors of Saxony, spared the two Lutheran preachers at that time in the city; but Caraffa complained that *the whole nation clung to these men*, that a Catholic priest could find nothing to do, and was unable to gain a subsistence; and the means for moving Ferdinand being well known, the old Bishop of Wurtzburg represented to him that "a glorious Emperor ought not to shrink from dangers, and that if

there were such, which was not clearly apparent, yet was it better for him to fall into the hands of men than into those of the living God."

These reasonings prevailed; the preachers were banished, and their places were at once filled by Dominican and Augustinian monks, with a reinforcement of Carmelites and a large body of Franciscans from Gnesen, in Poland.

And now came the question, whether the national Utraquist Ritual might not be permitted to be retained, in that form sanctioned by the Council of Basle; but Caraffa would not yield on this point, well knowing that Ferdinand would eventually give way. Mass was, in fine, commanded to be performed everywhere, in Latin only, with sprinkling of holy water, and invocation of saints.

"The Great Cup" on the Teyn church was next taken down, all who ventured to dissent were thrown into prison; and on the sixth of July succeeding, a day always previously held sacred to the memory of John Huss, not only the Teyn church, but all the churches of Prague, were kept carefully closed.

I refrain from adding more of these deplora-

ble histories, or might fill many pages with but a small part of the miseries endured by our suffering brethren, the Protestants of Bohemia, during this period and those succeeding it. Had I been writing some twenty years since, and before that most evil purpose, of recalling our thoughtful people from the light of their present faith to the darkness of Romanism, had been conceived, within the secret chambers of those conspirators against our faith among whom it has originated, I should, indeed, not have said so much, more especially in a book of this kind; for to what purpose awaken the memories of old wrongs, that have long slept and been forgotten? but as things are, the most feeble voice should not, as I think, refuse to attempt making itself heard, provided only it announce nothing but the well-proved truth.

There is a monument to the memory of Tycho Brahè, who died at Prague in 1601, in the Teyn church, where is likewise that of the Utraquist Bishop, Augustin Lucian: the statues of Cyrile and Methodius, the apostles of Sclavonia, are also to be seen here; and in the vestibule of the northern entrance is an old basso-rilievo of much spirit and beauty, representing the cru-

cifixion of Our Lord. This is said to be the only known relic of the kind now remaining in Prague.

Next in importance as a Utraquist church, to the Teyn, was that of St. Gallas, "the scene," as a Catholic writer tells us, "of many an outburst of heretic fanaticism." John Huss preached here in 1409. It was presented to the Carmelite monks in 1628, by Ferdinand II.; but the monastery then attached to it was suppressed by Joseph II., and the building is now used as a School of Industry. The tomb of Bohemia's most renowned painter, Karl Skreta, is in this church.

On the square before the church of St. Gallas is held, what is called the Tandelmarkt, a kind of perpetual fair, kept by Jews, for the sale of such things as are used principally by the lower orders.

At the church of St. Michael, which stands in the street so named, the Holy Sacrament was administered to the laity under both kinds for the first time. This variation of the ritual was then adopted by the followers of John Huss, as their sole distinction from the Catholic confession generally, and from the phrase "sub utraque" (species)

they obtained their appellation of "Utraquists." In the year 1399, John Huss here held his first disputation on the doctrines of Wickliffe; but after the battle of the White Hill, the church of St. Michael was given to the Servite monks, instead of that instituted for them on the White Hill itself; but which they found to be inconveniently distant from the city. That monastery also was suppressed by Joseph II., and the church is now a warehouse.

One of the oldest churches of Prague is that of St. Lawrence, of the Dominicans; it is said to have been first erected by St. Wenzel in 929, but was rebuilt in 1253, by the Grand Master of the Templars, Peter Berka of Duba, and was subsequently attached to a convent of nuns. At the time of the Hussite insurrection in 1420-21, a niece of John of Trocznova, better known as John Ziska, was living in this convent, as a nun; and at her entreaty the deplorable injuries inflicted by the fanaticism of the period, on so many of the churches in Prague, were refrained from as regarded this one, insomuch that the nuns driven from other convents found a refuge

for the most part in that of St. Lawrence, which was not suppressed until the year 1784.

The vast pile of buildings is now used for the various purposes of an extensive printing establishment, said to be one of the most important in the Austrian empire, as, indeed, one might judge, from the appearance of things, that it must be. There are still traces of old paintings in the church, and the tomb of the well-known Bohemian Chronicler, Hajek of Libočan, still remains there.

The University of Prague is called the Carolinum, from its founder, the Emperor Charles IV. Its present site was presented to the Institution by Wenzel IV., in 1383; but of the buildings then erected, little, if any, trace can now be found. The whole was entirely reconstructed in 1714-15, when a high tower, which at that time still adorned the former structure, was taken down, and very few portions of the old pile were suffered to remain.

The chapel of the Saints Cosmo and Damiano, in the great hall of the university, with an oriel window of some interest, but by no means equal in beauty to that of the Altstäd-

ter Rathaus, is in fact all we can now find, with the sole exception of the basso-rilievo in red marble, erected in the year 1566, to the memory of Matthæus Collinus, of Choterina, Professor of Greek in the University, by his guest and friend, James Palæologus of Chios, a descendant of the last Byzantine emperors. The figure of Collinus himself, placed beneath a laurel tree, is sculptured on the stone; he has a copy of Homer lying open before him, and on the leaves of the tree are cut letters, which, when united, form sentences to the effect that Jacobus Olympidarius Palæologus of Chios, the Exile, had dedicated that stone to the merits of Matthæus Collinus of Choterina, who, as he had formerly received the wanderer and exile, when, in a stormy hour, he had sought refuge from his friendship, is entreated now to accept in kindness that proof of grateful recollection.

In Greek capitals, beneath the figure of Collinus, is a second inscription, setting forth the same thought with somewhat more amplitude of phrase; there is also an allusion to the persecutions to which Palæologus had been subjected before his arrival in Prague, as well as to those which he

was even then suffering at the hands of the Bohemian clergy, who do indeed appear to have exhibited a degree of intolerance, at all times, whether Romanists or Reformed, which cannot but have been remarkable even in those intolerant ages. As regards the inscriptions, your scribe does not pretend to give them as closely rendered; but the sense is tolerably exact, I think, and that will doubtless suffice you until you can yourself go to visit the pleasant city of their abode, which I recommend you to lose no opportunity for doing.

Most eventful has been the history of this noble seat of learning, the Prague University; but into the details thereof I am not now about to enter; the vast number of students flocking to it before those measures taken for diminishing their privileges, which were brought forward by John Huss in 1409, has already been alluded to; but after that event, not only did foreigners cease to frequent the colleges, in the number previously received, but even the Bohemians themselves had formed the habit of resorting to foreign universities before the close of the century; to those, for example,

of Bologna, Ferrara, Cracow, Heidelberg, Leipsic and some others.

Under Ferdinand II., the University of Prague was delivered over to her most deadly enemies, the Jesuits, when the chairs of Theology and Philosophy were removed to the Clementinum; nor have they since been restored; but the Schools of Law, and those of Medicine, still remain, although certain of the lecture-rooms belonging to the last-named faculty have been established in the Allgemeinen Krankenhaus, or Great Hospital.

The library of the Carolinum is known to have received large accessions from those of many suppressed monasteries, and at a later period, the Kinsky library was incorporated with it. The number of books is said to exceed 103,000, and that of the MSS., some of which are rare and valuable, more especially as regards the history of Bohemia, amounts to upwards of 3,500.

The Clementinum, formerly called the Jesuits' College, was established by the Emperor Ferdinand I., for the purpose of counteracting, by Catholic influences, the effect produced by

the Utraquist doctrines, as set forth in the Carolinum.

The Dominican monastery attached to the church of St. Clement was given to the Jesuits by the Emperor, for their new University; and on his invitation, the learned Father Canisius repaired to Prague, and took possession of the same, in or about the year 1556. But it was not until nearly a century later (1653), that the first stone of the vast building we now see was laid; since that time it has extended its borders until comprising, as it now does, seven courts, surrounded by large edifices, among which are two churches, St. Salvator's and St. Clement's, and several chapels, with four large, and two smaller towers. At the suppression of the order of Jesus, the income of this institution amounted to 2,137,500 florins.

Between the two churches is a chapel, built in 1590, for the Italians then settled in Prague. Beneath the buildings of the library is another chapel dedicated to the Annunciation, with one to St. Eligius, patron of the goldsmiths, this last formerly contained the highly-venerated relics of the saint; but these have been removed, and

divine service is now no longer performed therein. Here are now placed the chairs of Theology and Philosophy, the Seminarium, or Divinity Schools of the Prince-Archbishop, and the Imperial and Royal Gymnasium, or Lower Schools. The library includes 130,000 volumes, and 3700 manuscripts, ranged in numerous apartments and galleries, the principal of which is one of the most beautiful rooms in Prague. Autograph theses of John Huss are preserved here, and in the observatory, which rises in one of the courts of the building, is the sextant of Tycho Brahè, with instruments, both of ancient and modern times, which are said to be of peculiar excellence.

A certain portion of this immense pile is now used as the Exhibition-rooms of the "Society of the Patriot-friends of Art," whose pictures, shown here annually from Easter to Whitsuntide, are now on view. Yesterday we paid our third visit to them, and hope to see them some few times more before the exhibition closes, which it will do next week.

Of historical pictures there are but few; but to make amends, the portraits, which so frequently

encumber our own exhibition rooms *ad nauseam*, are also few. Landscape forms the predominant feature of this agreeable gallery, and many of the works in that kind appear to us to have great merit; among the most striking, are forest, lake, and mountain scenery from Norway; and these are remarkable, not only from the novelty of their effects, but from the manifest truth, as well as the extraordinary beauty of their delineations. I attempt no detail, feeling certain that I could not do justice to these attractive pictures, which, as you stand before them, make you fairly forget that your eyes do not veritably behold the beauties they so pleasantly depict. In a landscape by Saal of Heidelberg, for example, there is a delicious lake, over which there stoop reindeer, whose magnificent antlers, crimson beneath the glow of the summer sunlight, will be calmly lifted up, if you wait but an instant longer:—have faith only, and you shall presently see them bounding off to join their more distant companions.

The mountains and forests too, how beautiful they are, and how admirably are they here depicted! but to what purpose are the poor words

by which one vainly seeks to convey the delight received from a fine work of Art? To very little indeed.

I have just been reading the remarks of those among the Bohemian critics of art, whose opinions are most respected by artistic authorities here, and who, as with us, find much to say on the subject; but there is very little for the satisfaction of the reader in their lucubrations. To what we think the best pictures, they do not render all their due, as it seems to us; and even when doing their best in the way of description, these writers fall greatly short of the impression which they labour to convey.

From this I take a lesson, and mean to hold my peace, doing nothing more than merely mentioning to you a few names of the most distinguished among the artists, with the subjects treated by them.

One of those to which I have just alluded, "the Midnight Sun on Norwegian Hills," by Leu of Düsseldorf, is painted with infinite care, as well as ability; the canvas is very large, and gives ample space for the magnificent spectacle represented thereon with so much truth and beauty.

Cappelen, also of Düsseldorf, and Saal of Heidelberg, have likewise subjects of similar character; the latter displaying the Alps, that rise above the Guldenbrandsthal, as they lie under the deep crimson, and bright rose tints of the Midnight Sun, in the months of June and July.* The picture is one of unusually large dimensions, a circumstance which I mention here, as in that previously named, because, in a painting of this kind, as in architectural effects, size is an element of beauty.

A German critic has been pleased to say of this picture, that his first thought on seeing it was, "Nature in raspberry vinegar." So much the worse for him! since no thought could be more utterly impertinent, more completely *from* the purpose, than is this.

It is true that he confesses himself ashamed of it, and is compelled to admit that the longer he stood before the work the greater became his admiration, and the more he examined the

* The sense of a short passage here, nay, perhaps in some instances, the very words, for the thought was reproduced almost verbatim, was extracted for, and appeared in, an English periodical, published some months since.

more he was charmed; his remark is an eminently unbecoming one, nevertheless.

Now this comes of the necessity which some writers impose on themselves of saying smart things, ay, even at the cost of having them instantly to unsay, as happeneth to my friend now in question, who proceeds to declare that "the boldness of the artist's undertaking is fully justified by his success." And that is true; but what then becomes of your "raspberry vinegar?" Oh, critic of Praga! You, of whom one should have a dozen for six kreutzers, *id est* farthings, or else one buys you dear.

He adds. "There are portraits respecting which we exclaim at first sight—'an admirable likeness,'—even though we do not know the original; and something of the same kind is experienced while standing before this Norwegian landscape of Saal's—for we instantly feel, and cannot but tell ourselves, how entirely true this scene — so unfamiliar to us — must needs be."

Now that is not a bad sort of *amende honorable*, as one sees; but why begin with raspberry vinegar, neighbour Zoïlus? I am much affronted

by that raspberry vinegar, and can't get over it at all.

The scene chosen by Saal is a wild valley, strewn with rocks, between which there grow painfully a few coarse herbs and stunted shrubs; in the back ground is a range of high pointed Alps, covered with snow, although we know that the day is St. John's Festival, and the season Midsummer; their grand and silent forms are reflected in the dark waters of a wide extended fiord, or, perhaps, a high mountain tarn, (for you do not see the end of it, and we cannot be certain which it is), as still and silent as themselves.

Over this waste of mountain and water there shines the radiant Midnight Sun: in the farthest distance, the mountains are tinged with a delicate rose hue, while the shadows are blue and cool; but the bare gigantic rocks of the fore-ground are glowing like molten iron beneath the beams. To the left a brilliant red shines over all, and in the pale blue sky are scattered, at wide distances, piles of clouds in strange fantastic forms, such as we have nevertheless all seen at times in our own beautifully-varying heavens.

The peculiar solemnity of this marvellous,

spectacle, in the presence whereof one speaks, if, indeed, one ventures to speak, in the lowest tones only, that one may not disturb the silence reigning there, is further heightened by the fact, that the painter has permitted no human form to appear. A rein-deer, silently, and with very slow movements, is crossing a low hillock, else not a living creature is seen. You are made to *feel* that it is midnight, notwithstanding the radiant sunshine; a deep sense of the repose in which the beautiful creation is all lying, childlike and helpless, beneath the beneficent guardianship of its Eternal Father, steals over the spirit, and you tell yourself that if abiding there, you would scarcely be in movement, as the clear light might seem to make natural; but would be reclining amidst the mosses, to wait the more befitting hours of active life. The slow, leisurely step of the deer, which hardly does make a step, although about to do so in good time, is entirely comprehensible; this is not the moment for haste, there is nothing waking but himself. The calm security, implied in the unrestrained ease of the animal's attitude, is admirably calculated to intimate this thought: it has been most judi-

ciously adopted by the painter, and is in perfect harmony with the whole profoundly touching and most exquisitely beautiful presentment.

There is manifestly nothing meretricious in this work—no hunting after effect, no condescending to any sort of trick or charlatanism. The master has merely reproduced for us conscientiously what his eyes have seen; but those eyes have looked with the earnest regard of genius, the mind and the heart have been at work with the hand, and the hand has well obeyed their dictates: thus the result is such, that you must see, if you would comprehend it, for all attempts to give you a just idea of the work in mere words, must be totally vain.

We have never yet visited the regions of which this picture pourtrays a part; but we promised ourselves, as we first stood before it, that if life be spared us, we will some day do so, and your servants do not often break a promise thus given to themselves. We shall see.

Another German artist, Becker of Darmstadt, has also a Norwegian mountain scene of great merit, in this charming gallery.

There are other landscapes from various coun-

tries, and of different character, some being of almost equal beauty; those by Count Kalkreuth of Düsseldorf, and by Heinlein of Munich, more especially, may be indicated; but I refrain from further enumeration of the many to be admired, since the mere mention of the works could do but little good. A picture much praised by the Prague people, but one respecting which we could by no means agree with them, is the "Preciosa" of Pollak, which to us appears tainted with that most vulgarizing and most fatal of all defects, affectation, and contrasts, much to its disadvantage, with the "Tyrolese Flower-girl" of Stieler, which is the very perfection of truth and simplicity.

A "Daughter of Jephtha," by the Bohemian artist, Dvořaczek, is not without merit; but the grouping is defective, and we cannot altogether agree with his fellow-citizens (Dvořaczek is of Prague) in their estimate of the picture.

Lhota, also of Prague, has a good picture of "The Emperor Charles V. at the Convent of St. Just." The royal recluse is standing in contemplation of his coffin.

The "Gamester," by Flüggen of Munich,

tells a grievous story in the most eloquent manner; and there is a picture by Jawurek of Prague, in which the same quality is so eminently conspicuous, that the Bohemian critics are reproaching the artist with having told his story but only *too* eloquently. This is "The two friends of John Huss, Counts Chlum and Dubè, standing by the place of his murder at Constance," and gathering a handful of those ashes which are all of their martyred brother in faith that the safe conduct of Sigismund has permitted them to take back to his bereaved country. "Such passages are better forgotten, and artists would do well to avoid subjects of this kind," say the people here, and they are right—or rather they would be right, if those religionists, who formerly acted such deeds, were become incapable of repeating them, as we were accustomed to live in the firm conviction that they are. But matters have changed of late years; if the stake and firebrand can no more be raised in any country, yet is the progress of humanity threatened and impeded in all; we therefore do not amiss to remember what has been and what, perhaps, still is the spirit of those who would

have us involve our purer faith in the darkness of their thought-fettering creed.

Very many works of this exhibition present themselves agreeably to our recollection as we think of our next visit; a cartoon, representing the burgomaster, Van der Werf, of Leyden, replying to the people while they implore him to surrender the city to the Spaniards in their memorable siege of that town (1574), stands conspicuously forth among them; but I refrain from all further attempt at description, and will but slightly allude to one more.

This is Frederick V., Elector of the Palatinate (whom the Bohemians, attached to Austrian interests, still contemptuously call the Winter King), receiving the messenger who brings him intelligence of the loss of all, in the battle of the White Hill.

The work is much praised here, but we cannot admire it; the artist Čermak, of Prague, has treated his theme in a thoroughly vulgar spirit; the figures are not badly drawn, but the colouring is crude, and the expression is neither touching nor beautiful, because it is not true.

We do not share the admiration often expressed for Elizabeth, the wife of Frederick, and think her frequently cited speech, "Rather would I eat dry bread at the table of a king, than feast at that of a mere elector," (or something to that effect, for I write from memory only, and am, perhaps, not strictly accurate), by no means worthy of the approval with which it is quoted; still, no painter, acquainted with her history, would attribute to Elizabeth the common-place character given to her here: the figure of Frederick himself is equally unsuited to the place it here holds; if he looked like that, it were better the artist had chosen some other subject. A page who is gazing anxiously at his master, and one of the ladies in attendance on the queen, are figures of some merit; but that is all that can be said for even them. The artist's compatriots reproach him for having dressed his messenger before he admitted him into the presence, and are saying Čermak ought to have brought him in, dust and all, since men who have such intelligence as he bore, to bring to their lords, rarely take time to furbish and trim themselves; and they may

right, but there are graver faults than this in the work: these appear to have escaped their observation, and I leave the flagellation merited by the one they have discovered, to their care.

CHAPTER III.

Commotion in the "Great Ring"—Infanticide—Fortress of the Wyssehrad—Golden seat of Libussa—The Chronicler, Cosmas—The Maiden War—Dewân, or the Fort of the Maidens—The Tower of Judgment—Revolt of Valasta — King Wratislas I.—The Emperor Sigismund—Religious Wars—Siege of the Wyssehrad—Round church of St. Clement—Duke Boriwoi I. — National Museum — Library — Early Literature of Bohemia — Historical Antiquities — National Ballads— yrdom of Jerome of Prague —Franzen's Quay—Fountain—Military costumes of the Austrians — Culture of her Officers — Corpus Christi, in Munich, in Prague, in Vienna — The Ex-Empress—The Emperor Francis Joseph.

THIS morning we were drawn to the windows by an unusual commotion on the "Platz;" groups of people were talking eagerly together, and looking ever and anon towards the entrance

of the Magistrates' Hall; nor was it long before the cause of the tumult was made known.

A woman accused of murdering her infant, a child five months old, by burying it alive! had been taken into the building. She was then under examination, and the people were eagerly watching the moment when she was to issue from the hall.

We have heard nothing more than this; but the wretched creature is said to have confessed her crime, and to have declared that she did herself tread down the soil on the head of her poor babe! she must needs be mad, the miserable woman; and that is the solution of this frightful mystery at which the judges will most probably arrive; for how else account for a deed so unnatural?

Among the buildings conspicuous from the terraces of the Hradschin is the Wyssehrad, a fortress, constructed, according to the oldest Bohemian chronicler, Cosmas, who wrote in the early part of the twelfth century, by the first Duke of Bohemia, Premysl, when that ruler was engaged in the contest known as the Maiden-War, the monarch intending to use it as

a counterpoise to that of Dewân on the opposite side of the Moldau, which was held by the Amazons.

But in that "arch-old" poem, or rather fragment of a poem, known as "Libussa's Judgment," and of which we hope to see the original manuscript to-morrow, the Wyssehrad is called "The Golden seat of Libussa, inherited from her fathers;" it appears probable, therefore, that this place had been the residence of the Bohemian rulers before the reign of Premysl, and it long continued to be inhabited by them, in conjunction with the Teyn-Hof, and the fortress of the Hradschin.

The Wyssehrad stands on a dark frowning rock, beetling over the waters of the Moldau, and from the highest point of this rock, Libussa is declared, by the legend, to have cast such of her lovers as had not the good fortune to make themselves acceptable to her; but this is mere fable: Libussa, taking the advice of her "Kmets, Lechs, and Vladykas," early chose for her husband, not the peasant, as the legend has it, but the noble Premysl, Lord of Stacyk, who, if taken from the fields to mount a throne, was

not a mere cultivator of the soil, but a well-born and free man, as the best authorities assure us.

A more authentic history makes it probable that from a tower of the fortress, having one of its fronts on the river, there opened a door at the point where the rock rises to its highest, whence criminals, adjudged to death, were compelled to walk forth, their last step being from the threshold of that fatal portal, to the waters of the Moldau, rushing beneath it.

From this to the legend of Libussa's lovers, the transition was not difficult in a fanciful age; and some Minnesinger may have thought it a suitable theme for his tale, when related at sufficient distance from the place of the calumniated lady's abode.

Be these things as they may—and we are not pretending to write history, wherefore we do not vouch for the truth of the matter—to this place we took our way last evening, and very amply did the views presented from the summit repay the toil of the ascent. The Moldau, its bridges, the Lorenziberg, and the Hradschin, being the principal features in the prospect.

The fortress itself, strong and formidable-looking enough, is, for the rest, much as fortresses usually are; or rather it is a somewhat more dreary sojourn than usual, and so the poor yawning sentinel pacing before the postern, by which we entered it, seemed to think. A renewal of that Maiden War, to which the Wyssehrad is erroneously said to owe its birth, with the hostile "Hold of the Maidens" on the further side of the river, would be a perfect god-send to those weary men, who now guard, or affect to guard the Wyssehrad, and who might pace their narrow way to better purpose if they had only something to look out for.

As regards this Maiden War, the chroniclers tell us, that on the death of the Princess Libussa, one of her hand-maidens, named Valasta, displeased at the thought that herself and her companions were thenceforth to be ruled by men alone, took it upon her to raise the standard of revolt, out of which insurrection on her part there finally proceeded a war, by which those two important fractions of the population, the men and the women, were entirely separated.

Valasta built the fortress of Dewân, or the Maiden's Castle, on the hill of Schlikon, which occupies the left bank of the Moldau, and stands opposite to the Wyssehrad, as has been intimated before. From this, her strong-hold, she made onslaughts, which were not without their consequences,—of that you may be very sure, although, as it is men that have written the Chronicles, and not women, the doughty deeds of Valasta and her heroines have never been worthily sung, or said.

What these one-sided chroniclers *have* taken care to record, however, is this, that on a certain woful day, those valiant ladies were taught that if to deserve success be *more* than to obtain it, it is at least not *pleasanter;* for did not the men most solemnly trounce the poor dames? yea! were the latter not compelled—and who shall say by what wicked arts? were they not compelled, I say, to sing *Peccavi*, to that most doleful of tunes, "I'll never do so any more"?

That was indeed the unhappy lot of these my sisters! alas, and woe the while! their fortress was destroyed, their arms were taken from them, and themselves were reduced to make the

dishonouring promise that they would never fight again, with any but their natural weapons, the five fingers of each hand.

The use of these they reserved—that was a point on which their plenipotentiaries would not abate an inch, "scratching, tearing, riving, and rugging;" with the full and unrestrained use of teeth and tongue, these privileges were secured to them, "on the faith of treaties." Whether our Bohemian sisters used their privilege largely or not, the authorities have neglected to tell us; but I find nothing recorded to the contrary.

In the year 1070, King Wratislaw I. founded a church in the fortress, which he dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul; but being at the time in strife with his turbulent brother, the Collegiate Bishop Jaromir (also called Gebhard), he placed the foundation under the immediate authority of the pope, to whom only it was subject. The church of St. Peter and St. Paul received large grants, and numerous immunities, from Wratislaw's successors, and the Dean of the Wyssehrad enjoyed the dignity of a Royal Chancellor, until the early part of the fifteenth century. The Emperor Charles IV. surrounded the fortress with

new walls and strong towers, and at the end of the fourteenth century, no less than fourteen churches, large and small, were enclosed within its circuit, in addition to the royal palace, and many other important buildings.

When Sigismund, brother of Wenzel IV., mounted the throne, which he did on the death of his elder brother in 1419, a large part of the Bohemians, and more especially the inhabitants of Prague, enraged at the oppressive measures by which he sought to enforce his religious opinions, refused to acknowledge him as king; after much sanguinary strife they besieged his fortress of the Wyssehrad, and compelled the garrison to surrender, but not before they had themselves endured frequent repulses. The palace and a great part of the churches were then plundered and destroyed, nor did the place ever recover from the effects of this violence. On the close of the Thirty Years' War a new fortification of the Wyssehrad was undertaken, when almost all the older part was swept away, and corn is now waving on the Halls of Libussa's Palace.

The church of St. Peter and St. Paul still

remains in name, though entirely rebuilt; it retains nothing remarkable except an ancient image of the Virgin.

A small round church, dedicated to St. Clement, and said to have been erected by the Duke Boriwoj I., is also still in existence, but is now closed.

The Vaterlandisches, or National Museum, formerly in the palace of the Sternberg family, on the Hradschin Platz, has been of late years removed to the Kolowrat's Strasse, in the New Town. In this museum, the collections in Natural History are unusually complete, more particularly as regards Bohemia itself: there is a specimen of the Argus Giganteus here, which surpasses in beauty any other that we have seen, with one of the Lyre bird, which is also fine; there are besides, numerous antiquities illustrative of Bohemian history; but of these it would be useless to make mention without a more extended allusion to that history than we propose to make at this moment.

The library, though not large, is highly valuable, comprising the collection preserved from the Hussite wars in the castle of Breznitz, which

has been laid open to the research of the learned during the last twenty years, by the liberal and patriotic cares of Count Kolowrat Kratowsky. Many important MSS., of great value to the student of Bohemian history, will be found in that division of the library. Among the most valued treasures of this museum, is the original MS., unhappily a fragment only, of Libussa's Gericht (Lubusin Sud.), the oldest known specimen of Bohemian literature, and belonging to the second half of the ninth century. There is also a fragment of what appears to have been a much larger work, comprising national ballads, and songs of much beauty. The force and simplicity of some among them are, indeed, very striking, and the charming flow of their regular and even elegant versification is equally remarkable. I am not able to do more than decipher the meaning of the originals, there is, however, a most faithful translation of the whole into German, and from this it was my purpose to give you a few specimens. But Andrè, one of the principal booksellers here, tells me he is about to publish an English translation of them, by a gentleman who, though of Bohemian

name, is a Fellow of one of our own universities, Cambridge, I think; but of this I shall know more in a few days. Meanwhile I reserve my own attempts until I see whether the one I speak of, and which must needs be excellent, will not render what I have done useless: for although the work is to be published here, it will most probably appear in some form among yourselves at home, if, indeed, it have not already done so, which may well be, although I do not know it. The poems were found in 1817, in a vault beneath the tower of the church of Königinberg, by the librarian, Hanka.

There are numerous editions of the Bible in the Bohemian language in this library, the Bohemians having had several translations of it in use among them before that in German by Luther appeared. The "Book of Hours," of the Abbot Ernest of Pardubitz, with exquisite miniatures by Zbyssek of Trotina, is also among the treasures of the collection, as is the Invitation, or rather Challenge, affixed by John Huss to the gate of the Prague University. This last is a manuscript written by the martyr with his own hand; and in it he offers to hold a disserta-

tion on the several points of his creed, with all who shall present themselves.

Another antiquity preserved in this museum, and which is to us of most melancholy interest, is a picture painted, or rather enamelled, on copper, and representing the Martyrdom of Jerome of Prague. The lamentable story is told with a vividness and truth that leaves nothing to desire on the score of fidelity, but makes it almost too painful to look at: the figures are full of animation, and the faces, which have the finish of miniatures, exhibit a singular variety of expression.

Leaving the broad and handsome street in which the Museum stands, we pass beneath the lime-trees, of what is called the Neue Allèe: these, if not of lofty growth, are at least so thick and tufted, that they give a shade which the increasing heat of the weather renders peculiarly welcome.

Among the advantages of our beloved mother country, it must be admitted that we may not count early springs, and accordingly, you, dear people tell me from home that you are still shivering in the east-wind, while we are opening our windows to every breeze that blows, and can

scarcely, even by that means, obtain coolness enough. We are even beginning to look wistfully at the green hills without, and are not far from meditating an escape from those cities, of which, their treasures of art ever excepted, we so soon find we have enough.

The country! the delicious country! We must certainly be with you soon, oh, fields and rocks, and woods, and hills, and rivers of our hearts! Meanwhile, and by way of, what you shall permit me to call elegantly, a *sop*, to still our hunger and thirst for these delights, we leave the city at every opportunity; and now departing from the Museum by the Neue Allèe, as I said, we pass along the Ursuliner Strasse, and get out upon the Franzen's Quay, where we find presented to us, in guise of consolation, the bright emerald slopes of the Lorenziberg, with the cool Moldau flowing at its base.

Few cities can boast of a quay so beautiful, though many have them of ten times the extent. But I would fain have some other name then "quay" for this fine esplanade. The word comes to us as associated with all manner of bales and hogsheads; and these, profoundly as one respects

them, and I make them all my lowest curtsey, would be out of place, to say the least of it,—and being as civil to their bulky persons as one may—among the gay shores and festive islands of the Moldau.

This Franzen's quay, for example, would you willingly encumber its pleasant side walks, well furnished with seats and planted carefully with what shall some day be trees, with the cranes and waggons, and drays, and barrels, and all the other nameless appurtenances—I did not say abominations—of a "Quay?" I trow not! Lend me some other name then, for this fine river-side promenade; or if we needs must call it "Quay," forget, while thinking of it, all that you have before seen of that name.

I do not except even the quays of Paris, seeing that they, magnificent as they doubtless are, have nothing but brick and mortar, however well put together, for their prospect,—while we, fortunate Pragueites, have the radiantly beautiful Lorenziberg, clothed in the richest of green mantles, from its base in the Moldau, to its summit in the clouds,—I had almost said—but it does not go quite so high, and happy are we

that it does not—for if it did, would it have that most delicious colour which now rejoices one's street-wearied eyes?

Along the whole line of the handsome quay, which, apart from all the nonsense wherewith you so often reproach me, and of which I promise you some day to cure myself, is as beautiful as fancy can imagine it, are some of the noblest modern buildings in Prague; they are, indeed, singularly fine, and in the middle part of the range is a spacious esplanade, prettily laid out with flowers, and flowering shrubs. This, too, is supplied—as is happily much done here—with commodious seats, placed to front the river, the Lorenziberg, and the Hradschin. In the centre of this space is a fountain of great beauty. The fabric is of noble elevation, in the early Gothic manner, its chief ornament being an equestrian statue, in bronze, representing the Emperor Francis I., clothed in the robes and decorations worn by the Bohemian sovereigns at their coronation, and presenting a figure in admirable harmony with the rich accessories of the structure. Around the central group are placed twenty-five statues somewhat

larger than life; these are allegorical figures, sixteen of which represent the sixteen circles into which Bohemia was divided previous to the year 1848, and to which mode of division it is said that the authorities are about to return, while the rest betoken the city of Prague, with other peculiarities and qualities of Bohemia. The water is thrown, from numerous lofty jets, into spacious basins, whence it falls into a vast reservoir. The whole work, which is an exceedingly fine and highly effective one, was confided to the architect Kranner, after whose designs it was executed between the years 1845 and 1848.

We are at the eve of the Corpus Christi, and in all the more public parts of the city, chapels are at this moment in course of erection for the ceremony. There are two on the great square, or irregular space called the Grosser Ring; one of them is in front of the Rathaus, and immediately opposite to our windows. Here the archbishop himself is to officiate; we are promised a very imposing spectacle, and if the beauty of the procession be at all equal to, or even approaching that of one we saw at Munich, some years since, on a similar occasion, it will be such as amply to repay the

fatigues of a long journey, even though that were taken for the express purpose of seeing nothing more than the procession of the Corpus Christi.

But I confess that we do not expect so much. That of Munich was prepared under the auspices of the Artist-King, Louis of Bavaria, who walked in it himself, with his sons, all the great officers of his court, the dignitaries of the university, the law-officers, and, indeed, all the high functionaries of the kingdom. He was even said to have superintended all the details in person; and to judge from the result, I think it highly probable that he did so. Much time was consumed in the preparations, and the ceremony had twice been deferred on account of unfavourable weather; but when it did take place, a day of extreme beauty and brilliancy added its own charms to all the other attractions presented by that truly remarkable exhibition. The procession filled all the principal streets of the city; and from the time of its leaving the palace until its return to the same, including the short services performed at the various *reposoirs* or temporary chapels prepared for the purpose, with

that in the principal church, it occupied six hours in the display. Admirably well-filled hours they were, too; although I can easily believe that any one who has seen only the usual processions of these festivals, may fail to comprehend how that could be. So it was, nevertheless; the sight was, indeed, so remarkable, that I feel almost sure of being able to describe it with tolerable accuracy, even at this distance of time—eleven years;—but merely to enumerate all the figures exhibited in that extraordinary pageant, would occupy a good fifty pages, and I have not fifty pages to give.

The military uniforms of the Austrian service are varied almost to infinity, and some of them are highly becoming, although none fully equal those worn by the Sardinians, in the richness of their decoration. I speak of the officers only, and allude more particularly to the epaulette, which is glittering and massive to excess in Sardinia, while it is here replaced for the most part by stripes, which have by no means an elegant effect.

The wearers, whether Austrian or Sardinian, have a much more gentleman-like appearance

than have those of the French armies, whose officers are with difficulty distinguished from their privates; and the reason is a sufficiently simple one. The birth of a private and officer in the French service is, for the most part, nearly the same, which is not the case in the Austrian service. Here, as with us, the officers are gentlemen, and look like what they are. The uniforms and accoutrements are much varied, as I have said; and upon the whole, we like the appearance of the military better than is usual to us in foreign countries. Yet are we utterly and totally weary of them; they fill the streets for ever, they encumber every public place, and although we neither are, nor may be, weary precisely of the individuals as encountered in private houses, yet could we wish that even they wore other coats, to say the least of it. Here the citizen is nothing, and the soldier everything: the latter fairly pushes the poor civilian from his seat.

Then the deplorable waste of time that all these marchings and counter-marchings must needs involve! This continual repetition of that well-known history, "marched up the hill and then marched down again;" this passing of a man's

whole life in making "much ado about nothing;" what a grievous waste it is! waste of everything; but, above all, of that irreclaimable treasure, the moments. How are these, how is time thrown away, and lost, in the lives of such men. And accordingly we are told, by those who well know what they say, and say only what they know, that the young men of the military service are for the most part greatly inferior in cultivation to civilians of the same condition, other things being equal.

There are undoubtedly many among them whose natural tastes impel them to overcome the disadvantages of having their time occupied by the futilities of routine; but for the most part this circumstance produces its natural effect. They make a certain acquaintance, more or less, with such specialities of knowledge as connect themselves strictly with their profession; but for the rest, we find it easy to believe that things are as we have been told.

* * * *

Festival of the Corpus Christi.

Vast bodies of soldiery have been passing all the morning; they have been either going to or

returning from the Hradschin, where a military mass has been performed in the cathedral.

The chapel opposite our windows began to receive its decorations at daybreak, and is now almost completed, but has nothing remarkable, except its size, which is very great, considering that it is but a *Reposoir*, to be removed in a few hours after its completion. The usual decorations—a large picture, candlesticks, and flowers, namely—are placed on the altar, with red draperies and foliage concealing the wood-work around it: the sides of the chapel are formed of slight screens, also in wood, and have figures of saints in niches, painted in chiaro-scuro upon them; these appear to be kept ready for such demands as the present, and appear to have seen some service.

A woman has already knelt long upon the steps of the chapel, although the servants of the neighbouring Teyn Church are still occupied with its decorations, and it is not yet completed: she seemed a moment since to be profoundly absorbed in her devotions, when another woman, most probably an acquaintance, came behind her, and touched her familiarly on the shoulder; she then

rose at once, without appearing to be either surprised or displeased at the interruption, and is now in loud and eager talk with her companion.

Things of this kind were at one time matters of infinite amazement to us, but we have now become inured to such. A person may be seen more deeply sunk in meditation and prayer than we English are ever seen to appear in public, whatever the hours passed in the closet may have to show; when, all at once, and without preparation or transition, the same person shall be observed to turn round and commence the most earnest examination of some trifling circumstance passing near him, perhaps of some idle stranger like ourselves, or he shall commence a conversation with equal lightness, addressing his words to the next passer-by. These seeming contradictions formerly astonished us much, but they have now become too familiar to surprise, although we do not fail to remark such instances as present themselves; and the rather, as we, for our parts, have never been able to desist from our habit of cautious respect, when approaching the place where a fellow-creature is kneeling before his Maker. Here,

however, it is certain that we might spare ourselves that restraint, if we could, seeing that none seem to think it necessary as regards themselves, but interrupt these sacred occupations for the most part as lightly as they would those of the most mundane character.

Small bodies of men belonging to the working classes, and varying from thirty to sixty, have been passing at intervals, for the last hour, preceded by a few musicians, and bearing the banner of their guild, or the patron saint of their trade, as the case may be: they cross the square at a smart pace, and disappear in some one of the neighbouring streets, but form no procession. There is now a very long line of children, boys and girls, defiling before the chapel, erected in front of the Rathhaus, and all are singing the litanies as they go. The boys have their heads bare as usual, the girls form a moving stream of vari-coloured parasols. Very simple that, you will say, and all unlike to the magnificent spectacle of the Corpus Christi alluded to above as presented at Munich; but I describe what I see, and you must take things as they are. These children have been passing

for the last half hour, and continue to pass, so you will perceive that they are at least numerous.

There now came some two or three hundred girls of varying ages, whose heads are likewise bare, and who are not even provided with parasols, because they cannot afford to hide the garlands of flowers by which they are crowned. The effect of this is pretty; most of the girls wear white, and many have their garlands placed on their heads in the picturesque manner in which garlands ever should be placed; but others have not had so felicitous a hand, and remind me of some that I have occasionally seen in the sweet mother land, where it must be admitted that we sometimes blunder not a little *in re* "toilette."

Each of these children throws a flower, or small branch of foliage, from her hand on the floor of the chapel, which was already strewed partially with such; they evidently belong to the more wealthy among the working classes: those preceding them were of the poorer sort, despite their gay parasols, which are used here by all, the women, who serve as porters, and carrying large baskets on their backs, alone excepted.

Now follow the clergy, of whom there is but a small body; they pass the main guard, which is immediately before our windows, and the men, who have long been turned out, all fall on their knees. The mass commences, but the dignitary officiating is not the Archbishop, which we much regret, because we have been told so many good and beautiful things respecting him by a family to whose members he is intimately known, that we greatly wished to see him, and fear we shall now have no opportunity for doing so, since the increased heat of the last two days has determined our almost immediate departure.

The priest now before us, scarcely looks as a man, distinguished even more for excellence than for high birth, as is the Archbishop (he is a prince of the Lobkowitz family) needs must do. It is the Bishop of —— that is now reading the office. He raises the host; the serried mass of people, filling the vast square in every part, is kneeling in profound silence; it is a touching and solemn spectacle; a few moments more and all will be over.

And now they have passed, those moments, the clergy move slowly away, as they arrived;

the guard rises as the priests disappear; the people disperse; the servants begin to dismantle the chapel, even before the last of those kneeling on its steps have risen to their feet, and the pageant is at an end.

And this is the Corpus Christi procession in Prague! certainly very different from what we had been led to suppose it would be; for, without expecting a reproduction of the Munich festival, we had anticipated a something rather more important than this. I remember we were told at Munich, on the occasion to which I refer, that in Vienna, not only the emperor but the empress also, usually walked in the procession in honour of the Corpus Christi, with all the ladies of their court in the richest gala dress; but on the only visit we have as yet paid to Vienna, we were not there at the proper time for seeing this. Here our Prague friends repeat the same thing, and assure us, that, in the time of the ex-emperor, the sight was a most gorgeous one, as we can well believe it to have been.

They add that the dress of the empress alone, as worn on the last occasion of her appearing

in this high solemnity of the catholic church, cost a sum equivalent to many thousand pounds, to say nothing of the jewels, the value of which, they tell me, was incalculable. The poor lady appears now to have done with festivals of all kinds; she is spoken of here as living entirely "surrounded by priests, who are, in fact, Jesuits," a phrase which is not mine but that of my authorities, who are persons feeling competent to speak on the subject. The young successor of her husband has the appearance of some character in his face, which, though quite that of the Austrian family, is perhaps rather less marked, as regards the mouth, than is usual with the princes of that house.

Francis Joseph is said to have a fair share of ability, and the son of the Archduchess Sophia may be expected to possess as much; but we have heard some fears expressed lest a favourite, whose character is violent, whose habits are coarse, and who is a man much older than himself, should do the young monarch injury. Let us hope that this will not be so; for the importance attaching to the personal dispositions of the

ruler in these countries is of a magnitude greatly surpassing what we, in our more favoured land, can conceive of, although we fully appreciate the blessings we enjoy in the character of our own sovereign.

CHAPTER IV.

Rapid advance of summer—Invitations to the country —Music in Prague — "Fanatismus" for Mozart— Adieu to Prague — Departure for Töplitz—"The Pearl of Bohemia" — Road thither — Fortress of Theresienstädt—Lobositz—Ancient Town of Aussig —Legends—Traditions and old chroniclers—Castle of Terror—Hussite Wars—Otto the baker—Battle-field of Culm—Memorials of Victory—Beauty of approach to Töplitz.

WELL have you sung, oh poet!—

> "Man immured in cities still retains
> His inborn inextinguishable thirst
> For rural scenes, compensating his loss
> With supplemental shifts the best he may."

And although we dare not reckon ourselves among the number of those unhappy ones whom you describe as—

"The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And those who never leave their brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air"—

we yet feel what you so truly call "the burning instinct." Thus we must of necessity be gone from these "brick-wall bounds." We must get out of this pleasant Prague, agreeable as it certainly is, and much as we shall regret to leave some of its friendly and cordial inhabitants.

That decided, the only question that now remains is the where to go? Töplitz, Carlsbad, Liebwerda, and St. Johannis' Bad are the localities principally in question, and all have their advantages, which keep us suspended among them.

Liebwerda, as we are assured by the friends who recommend it to us, is always cool, an advantage to which we are peculiarly sensible just now. The Baths of St. John are said to offer a retirement of position, and a simplicity of life that tempt us greatly. Carlsbad we know to be very pleasant, though rather deformed by a "watering-place" aspect, which is one of our most rooted aversions.—*Reste.* Töplitz:—and this, a good Bohemian friend of ours, who has

frequented it with her family for many seasons, affirms to be more likely to please us than any one of the rest. How your servant's liege-lord will decide does not yet appear. We shall see.

The Land of the Cesky is the Home of Music, as you know: there is no palace in which the science is not cultivated *cona more*, and no cottage wherein you will not find one or more instruments. The Praguerites claim pre-eminence in this respect, *comme de raison*, for are they not the capital? But their fellow-countryman, the Bohemian of the provinces, accūses them of a *fanatismus* for Mozart, which excludes a due regard to the merits of other celebrities, and maintains, that in forming the programme of a concert, even though but for a family party, no Praguer would dare to leave out the works of that master, lest he should be lapidated by his brethren.

How far this may be true, we know not, but in any case, the offence is far from a grave one, and if the good folks of Prague do nothing worse than admire Mozart, they have a fair chance for ending well. The people generally, have an accurate ear for music, and this is

fortunate, since they greatly delight in giving specimens of their ability. We were more especially taught the value of their accuracy yesterday, and the comfort resulting from that circumstance, to the ears of the listener, was made fully manifest, when a certain number of the many singers chanting before the Corpus Christi Chapel, had their attention attracted by something passing there, and began to sing horribly out of tune. The effect was something to make *the least irritable* of musicians shiver through every fibre. Happily it was but for a moment; electrified by those unwonted sounds, half-a-dozen of their teachers rushed towards the centre of discord, but even before they could reach it, all had got right again, the Bohemian instinct of sound had already come to the aid of the little sinners, and their chant had returned to its usually irreproachable propriety of character. Well it is, I repeat, that they do not often offend in the fashion above related, for human sense could not endure the din, if these myriad voices were not tolerably in accord.

* * * *

TÖPLITZ—June. We have now bidden adieu for a time, to the City of the Hundred Towers, and are here. Töplitz, the fair and beautiful, has carried it over every other place recommended, and well pleased are we that so it has chanced, seeing that among the many summer-residences that we have visited, there are few, I had almost said none, wherein one may more pleasantly make one's abode for a certain period, than in this pretty and pleasant Töplitz.

The railroad by which *you now leave Prague* for this place, is one of the most agreeable that we have seen. For the most part, a railway passing through a beautiful country, is the most tantalizing contrivance yet discovered, inasmuch as that when you have come to the best of the beauty, you are sure to be buried underground fathoms deep, either by means of a tunnel, where you hide your ill-humour in black darkness, or in a "cutting," where the only objects visible are the dissatisfied faces of yourself and fellow-sufferers. But along *this* pleasant way, nothing of the kind happens; your road, passing first over the Islands of the Mol-

dau, on lofty and handsome arches, takes you next through and alongside of the delightful Baumgarten; whence, by the capricious windings of the river, which the road follows with a beauty of curve most pleasing to the sight, it transports you, by the strong fortress of Theresienstadt and the cheerful little town of Lobositz, to "that ancient burgh" called Aussig, where you leave the "Rail" and take to the "Road."

There is nothing to detain you in Aussig itself; but almost immediately opposite to the town, and rising on the bank of the Elbe, as does "the arch-old Royal Town" of Aussig itself, stands the castle of Schreckenstein, a robber hold, built in 827, to which and to the foundation of Aussig there is a legend attached, whereof the following is an outline.

The Saxons on the border of Bohemia, which is here close at hand, were such neighbours to the Bohemians, as borderers were wont to be in the good old times, and the Cesky did not hesitate to pay them in kind. But the Saxons appear to have usually had the best of it; they drove the cattle and gathered the crops

of the Bohemian fields, not unfrequently carrying off the owners with their fruits.

Then Nicklan, Duke of Bohemia, determined to build a fortress on the Elbe, and committed the care of the work to the Knight Strezek, who constructed the Hold on a high rock, close to the stream. He called the place "Strezeken-Strezekow;" but the Germans name it Schreckenstein, or the Rock of Terror.

Four years later, in the year 831, that is to say, Strezek having gone to pay homage to the Duke at Prague, and being with him at the Wysschrad, received intelligence of an onslaught, which his Saxon neighbours had made on his fortress, and returning in all haste, he fell into an ambush laid for him by the Saxons, and was taken prisoner, his captors remaining masters of the fort, which they ultimately destroyed.

War was then waged between the border tribes for several years, and the Bohemians, finding themselves the weaker, determined first to rebuild the fortress, and then to found a strong town on the opposite shore of the Elbe. They repaired to Prague accordingly, to seek permission from the Duke, who not only gave

them his sanction, but also presented them with thirty marks of gold, and thirty of his men, who were well versed in the builder's art, to be their assistants.

Returning home by the Eger, the messengers were stopped at a certain point in their road by a little old woman, who accosted them with these words:

"Go in peace with your gold on this road, there is no foeman in the path, keep forward, therefore; but on the third day, at the noon-tide hour, halt where you stand, and there begin your town."

Surprised at the knowledge which the old woman possessed of their purpose, and of the treasure they bore, the travellers begged her to describe to them more exactly, the spot where they should begin their labours, that no error might ensue. She replied as follows:

"On the eighth day from this, and when the morning star shall appear, look carefully around you, and when you shall see flame arise, go forward; you shall then come to a little wood, which you must hew down. There begin your city. Call

its name Hanssitz; there shall you combat your enemies and destroy them."

The old woman went her way, and on the third day the messengers found themselves on the edge of the river Bila, at the point where that stream falls into the Elbe. There they paused and awaited the eighth day, when, discovering the fire as the old woman had promised, they commenced their town, the first stone of which they laid in the year 827. They called its name Hanschti-Austi, which the Germans have made Aussig.

So far go the Chroniclers in relation to the first founding of this place; but there are episodes in its domestic history which give so curious a picture of the manners of those rough times, that I have a mind to transcribe one or two of them for your amusement.

Very prosperous was the town of Aussig in the early years of its existence; but under the reign of Ottakar II. it had a dangerous neighbour in the Knight of Vitrusch, Radbod, of the house of Berka von Duba und Lippa; a bad man, who not only disturbed the trade of the inhabitants by his robberies, but frequently

carried off their maidens and richest citizens, whom he then put to heavy ransom,—his custom being to threaten all with open shame and a bitter death, if the money were not forthcoming within the appointed time.

Now it chanced that the men of Aussig had made a grand machine of war, a magnificent catapult, which they intended as a gift for the Emperor Rudolph, but Radbod fell upon the escort, and carried every man thereof, together with the machine itself, to his own castle. There he put the prisoners to death, and hurled their corpses into the town of Aussig, by way of telling the citizens what had become of their brethren and their catapult.

The burghers of Aussig forthwith determined to be avenged, and they brought their purpose to bear in a manner no less ruthless than that adopted by their oppressor. Abiding their time, they waited until Radbod had repaired to Prague, when the wives of the principal inhabitants being invited by the lady of the castle to celebrate the festival of her birth-day, the burghers themselves assumed the dress of the women thus invited, and entering the castle in their stead, they set

fire to the place, and suffered the innocent lady to perish in the flames.

Returning to his home, Radbod found the fire yet smouldering and his wife a blackened corpse. This sight is said to have broken his heart; abandoning all thought of revenge, to the great amazement of those who were awaiting his onslaught, the knight returned to Prague, and was reported to have instantly entered a monastery, his name never being again heard in the world.

But the task of vengeance abandoned by Radbod, was assumed by the knight, Hans von Bunau, who from that hour turned all his forces towards the destruction of Aussig and her citizens, on whom he inflicted unutterable cruelties. One of his victims, escaping with the loss of both hands from the strong castle of Sternberg, to which Hans had carried him prisoner, returned in that mutilated state to his home. Shortly afterwards it chanced that the Ritter Hans was compelled to seek relief for a malady which afflicted him heavily, from the use of the Aussig Baths; but knowing the many wrongs for which the men of Aussig held themselves

his debtors, he demanded from the town council a safe conduct, whereby he was assured of permission to use the bath in security during the time that should elapse between the ringing of the first evening bell and the second.

Hans repaired to the baths accordingly, but was scarcely well in them, before the warder on the tower, whether by command of the council or by his own movement, is not known, caused the second bell to be rung; and the safe conduct of the knight being then at its close, the burghers stormed the bath, fell upon their defenceless enemy, and murdered him with circumstances of indescribable cruelty. A series of outrages followed, all similar in their character and of the most savage ruthlessness, but they give no pleasure in the reading, and the above will suffice to mark the state of manners at the period. Much suffering was endured by Aussig in the Hussite troubles, when the town was first sacked, and then given over to the flames, in which many priests who had taken shelter there, found a fearful death.

At this time it was that the Castle of Schreckenstein was destroyed. Deceived by Sigismund

of Wartenburg, who had secretly gone over from the Catholic faith to that of the Hussites, the garrison of the place opened its gates unsuspectingly to the supposed friend, by whom they were treacherously slaughtered, while the building was laid in ruins.

Nor have we the satisfaction of knowing that this wickedness was duly rewarded—so far as the then life of Sigismund was concerned; on the contrary, perceiving that the Hussite cause was likely to be the sinking one, the villanous Knight of Wartenberg returned to the Catholics, and so mightily aided the Emperor in the ultimate subjugation of the Hussite armies, that he received entire forgiveness for all his offences, and was reinstated in his former possessions.

This now quiet town did not fail to take her share in the troubles of that stormy period, which is marked by what we call the Thirty Years' War. In the year 1617, the "Primator," whose name was Schösser, had distinguished himself by much zeal in the Catholic cause, and was proportionately detested by the Protestants. Four of these met together in the house of one Otto, a baker, and causing the tocsin to be

sounded, they gathered, with other enemies of the doomed man, about the door of his dwelling, which they besieged for several days. Perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, Schösser contrived to get away by night, and took refuge in the convent of the neighbouring Dominicans; but he had left a beloved child in the house, and after a short time spent in the security of the convent, was not to be withheld from going to attempt its deliverance.

The exhortations of the prior and monks were vain; and passing from roof to roof, the father had nearly reached that of his home, when he was discovered from the church tower, and being speedily overtaken by men instantly sent in pursuit of him, was cast from that height to the street below, where he was despatched by the knives of his enemies. For this the baker Otto, with sixty-six of his accomplices, five of whom were women, suffered death by the hand of the executioner at Prague.

In the church is a Madonna, at one time believed to be the work of Raphael Mengs, but of late, declared by good judges, to be from the pencil of Carlo Dolce.

No other object of particular interest presents itself in the town or its neighbourhood, until the battle-field of Culm rises to view; this occurs at the distance of six or seven miles from Aussig. Here we have four monuments raised by the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, in honour of their respective armies. The first on the way from Aussig to Töplitz, is that erected by Austria; it consists of a pyramid in cast-iron fifty-four feet high, and is raised on a pedestal of masonry, at the base of which reposes the Bohemian lion. On the pyramid itself is a bust, in relief, of Count Colleredo-Mansfeld, the general commanding the Austrian forces on that occasion. His name and titles are engraved around it; beneath them is an inscription to the following effect: "The Austrian army to one of its leaders on the field of glory:" the dates of Count Mansfeld's birth and death, with that of the battle, are on the other sides. On the basement are the words, "Terrible to the enemy, as dear to his own people," and again, "From his friends and country, too early removed." On the summit of the pyramid is the double eagle of Austria.

The next, in order of place, on the road we now traverse, but the first in that of time, is the monument erected by Prussia to such of her sons as took part in the fight. This is a simple column or rather obelisk, eighteen feet high, with a pedestal of three feet, and the following inscription: "The grateful King and Fatherland do honour to the fallen heroes. They rest in peace. Kulm, August 30, 1813."

The third monument which presents itself is that erected to the Russians by Ferdinand the First of Austria, who did so in compliance with the wish to that effect expressed by his father, the Emperor Francis, and with good reason, since it is certain that to the Russians and their general Ostermann the important results of the battle were wholly due. One regiment of Austrian dragoons under the Arch-duke John did give Ostermann some aid at a late hour of the day; but it was Ostermann who bore the brunt of Vandamme, the French general's attack, and who nobly held his ground against an enemy more than four times his number, although his left arm had been shattered by a cannon ball early

in the morning, and had to be amputated after the victory.

I have no talent for describing battles, and little love for reading descriptions of them, as given by others, but this was an effort of right against might; and might most unrighteously exerted; it was the struggle of men who were bravely withstanding the Arch Oppressor of all. The man, who, forcing himself upwards at a time when everything sacred had become desecrated and been destroyed, when nothing but the scum of all things *could* rise, was so little able to preserve his senses on the bewildering elevation to which the common disorders, turned to purpose with infinite boldness, had raised him, that he seemed at last fully to justify the old adage, as to where the beggar rides when you have set him on horseback; but with the name of that place your delicate ears need not be afflicted.

I have no gift at writing of battles as I said; but there is an admirable description of this one in Murray, which he quotes from a writer not known to me, although he may be to one or two of you, whose love for such lore is likely to

make you acquainted with the passage; it will bear repetition nevertheless, and though somewhat contrary to my custom, I will borrow it for your perusal, or re-perusal as the case may be. Here it is then.*

* The Nollendorf Pass will now be memorable in history, for the decisive battle of Kulm, fought at its foot, on 30th August, 1813, between the French, commanded by Vandamme, and the allied forces under Count Colloredo Mansfeld. The former had been detached by Buonaparte, with nearly 40,000 men, previous to the battle before Dresden, with orders to cross the Elbe to the rear of the grand allied army, and take up a position on the heights beyond Peterswalde, so as to intercept that communication with Bohemia; but with a strict interdiction against his descending to the plain. Vandamme, however, knowing the small force there was to oppose him in Töplitz, and conceiving that by a bold stroke he might gain the front of the allied operations, and intercept the line of their retreat, disregarded his master's orders, and on the morning of the 29th August, descended and vigorously attacked Count Osterman, who had been left with about 8000 men, chiefly Russian guards, to preserve the communications when the grand allied army advanced on Dresden. Osterman had barely time to post his handful of men across the plain, in the rear of the small village of Priesten, his left covered by the wooded heights, while his right, composed wholly of cavalry, towards the village of Karwitz, was as it were *en air*,

Noble and righteous is the struggle maintained in such a cause as Ostermann upheld,

having but an insignificant, easily turned marshy tract in the distance, when Vandamme made his attack. Yet though Osterman's position was an open plain, overlooked and commanded by a range of heights, occupied by his enemy, though that truly brave warrior had his arm broken by a cannon shot early in the day, though both villages were soon reduced to ashes by a foe outnumbering his own force more than four-fold, he did not for a moment quit his glorious post, nor did his furious enemy gain one inch of ground during the whole day of incessant attacks, by successive fresh forces. The only aid to this invincible band on that long hard-fought day, was given at the last effort of the French, near night-fall, when the Archduke John's regiment of dragoons, forming the advance of the allied column which had retreated from Dresden with the King of Prussia, by the Zinnewald and Eichwald Pass, was dispatched to Osterman's support, by the King, immediately on his arrival at Töplitz. The men or horses of this regiment had tasted scarcely a mouthful of food, or rested for three days, yet they marched with alacrity, and were in time to share with their brave Russian allies in completely repulsing Vandamme's last attempt, and in obliging him to seek his bivouac in his rear near Kulm. During the night, Count Colloredo arrived from Theresienstadt with the Austrian force he had collected, and conjointly with the Russians and other troops that also joined him, on the morning of the 31st, early attacked Vandamme—driving him successively

and on the spot where the poor broken arm was taken off, which is near Priesten, there now

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from all his positions with immense loss. At this critical moment the Prussian corps of Kleist, which was returning from the repulse before Dresden down the Nollendorf pass, in total ignorance of the proximity of such a foe, most opportunely met Vandamme flying in confused masses, midway, and by barring the only retreat, completed the ruin of the French *corps d'armie.* Vandamme, his officers and men, with all their cannon, baggage, and *materiel,* fell into the hands of the allies, a few thousand men excepted, who, by throwing away their arms, escaped separately through the woods across the mountain, and thus regained, as destitutes, their sinking master's head quarters at Dresden. The Prussian, Austrian, and Russian sovereigns, have each erected a monument on the field. The Prussian, of cast iron, bears the inscription, "A grateful king and country honour the heroes who fell." That of Austria is dedicated to the memory of the Prince Colloredo Mansfeld, the Austrian commander, who was wounded in the battle. They stand close to the road, and are placed under the guardianship of a veteran who fought in the battle. The good King of Prussia never passes the spot without visiting the old man, and squeezing him by the hand. The foundation of the Russian monument was laid by the Emperor Nicholas, in the centre of the field of battle near Priesten; it is an obelisk, surmounted by a figure of fame, with a lion reposing at its base."

stands the monument erected by Austria to his memory.

On four blocks of granite rises a rock, the four sides of which are adorned by the Bohemian lion; on this is placed the monument itself, which is crowned by a figure of Victory, nine feet high, this last being called "an exact copy" of the beautiful bronze statue discovered some years since at Brescia, our admiration of which, as expressed to you in letters from that place, written some ten years since, some few among you, people of our hearts, will perhaps yet remember; but the figure here erected is by no means an exact copy of the Brescian victory.

On the front of the monument is the following inscription:—

Vexillariis
Prætorian Cohortium
Russicarum. Interritis Fortissimis. Quod Fide. Virtute Constantia. Irruentibus Gallor Copiis Impares Numero.

IV. Kal. Sept. AN. MDCCCXIII.

Strenue an Receptu Obstitere Fœderatiq Principes Acie Instructu Hostibus, Captis Victoriam Inclytam, Nacti Sunt.

On the back are the words,

Ferdinandus Aug. Fil. Augustus.

A Solo Extruxit xxix. Sept. AN. M.D.CCC.XXX.V. Lapidem Auspicalem. Statuentibus Ferdinando Aug. Imp. Austr. Nicolao Aug. Imp. Russ. Frederico Gulielmo Rege Boruss.

On the sides are names of Russians who fell on the field; and close to the monument there is a small house, wherein there lived for many years an invalid soldier, who had been in the fight, and was appointed to the care of the place.

The fourth structure erected to commemorate the truly important battle of Culm, is a chapel placed on the summit of a cone-shaped hill, and marking the position of Vandamme during the conflict.

Nothing of moment is then presented by the road until after passing Arbesau, when the much-frequented Pilgrimage Church of Maria Schein appears. It lies at the foot of the beautiful hills which have accompanied us from Culm, and is a place which we promise ourselves to visit *au plutôt*. The Thurn-Garten, rising up a finely wooded slope, and further to the left, the ruin-crowned

Schlossberg, next come into view; and crossing a lovely little green defile over a bridge, beneath which there runs a merry-looking dancing rivulet, while the sun is still high, and cheerfully lighting up the clean and cheerful-looking streets, we enter Töplitz.

The houses of Töplitz, like those of Carlsbad, are all known by their signs: and among these we have this morning been making a voyage of discovery. Our Prague friends have recommended us by all means to choose Schönau, a suburban village immediately attached to Töplitz, for our temporary abode, rather than the town itself; and we are much disposed to take their advice, more especially so now that we have seen both. They had told us much that was promising respecting both Töplitz and Schönau; nor were the praises given to their favourite resort undeserved; on the contrary, we find our expectations much surpassed, and are highly satisfied with the choice we have made. It now remains to use the addresses with which we have been furnished, and we shall do so without loss of time.

CHAPTER V.

Töplitz—Schönau—Walk through Töplitz—Palace of Prince Edmund of Clary-Aldringer—Palace-gardens—Discovery of hot springs—The Voladika Kollowstug—Tepla Ulitsa—The Princess Bela—Kostial of Bilin—Early use of waters—Queen Jutta—Töplitz attacked by Johann Ziska—Baths—Earthquake of Lisbon—Effect on waters of Töplitz—Springs of Schönau—Simplicity of life at Töplitz—No watering-place vices—Konigs Höhe—Stephan's Höhe—Bergwerke—Sunday in Töplitz—Wallachians—First excursion from Töplitz—Ascent of the Mileschauer—Baron Humboldt and Decamera—Previous experience of mountain beauty—Anton Weber—Unique establishment of the "Ansiedelei"—Views from the summit of the Mileschauer.

WITH good advice and friendly guidance to aid, we have seated ourselves most successfully in the

pleasant Schönau (fair meadow), and have the prospect of much enjoyment, from the visits we meditate to the various beauties surrounding us. There are finely-wooded hills on every side, with green gem-like valleys between, that make delicious promises, and we have rarely found such to fail of fulfilment. To-day we have taken our first walk in the palace-garden, which is among the most beautiful that we have seen; it belongs to the palace of Töplitz, one of the summer residences of the Prince, Edmund of Clary-Aldringer, to whom a large part of the town belongs, with many of the villages around it. The garden is in what they here call the English style, as distinguished from the straight walks and terraces—quaint and pleasant places they are, by the way—of the French and Italian gardens. Noble forest trees, with bright fairy-like lawns sloping down to broad sheets of water, and traversed by spacious gravelled walks most amply shaded, are the principal features of this charming place; but the details present so much variety, that many visits will be required before we shall be able fully to appreciate the value of this

promenade, which is liberally suffered to remain open at all hours and to all comers.

"Tepla woda!" warm water! Such was the exclamation of him who first discovered the beneficent springs to which Töplitz owes its existence, and the matter occurred in this wise. Nezamysl, a son of the Princess Libussa and of her chosen lord the Duke Premysl, was reigning in Bohemia, and among his knights was the Voladika Kolustug, or Kollowstug, whose abode was at Settenz, a place about two miles from the present Töplitz.

Now the swine-herds of Kolustug, whose noisy charge fed abroad in the neighbouring forests, one day missed a certain number of the animals, and after long search, were at length guided to the place of their wandering by the cries of one among them which had fallen into a deep cleft of the rocks. Approaching nearer, the foremost herdsman perceived thick vapours arising from the spot whence the cries proceeded, and hurrying forward, he discovered, to his infinite astonishment, that a hot spring was bubbling high above the head of the screaming creature, which was still struggling feebly to

escape from the terrible cauldron into which it had fallen. "Tepla woda! Tepla woda!" exclaimed the herdsman, in his native Bohemian, to the companion following him, and both then hastened to make known the discovery they had made.

On the festival of St. John, in the year 762, did this event take place, according to the best authorities to be found for periods so remote; and if it appear unlikely that the exact day can be thus determined, at least the tradition is as old as Töplitz itself. St. John's day is held as their chief *local* festival, in consequence; while "a charger," with the head of the Baptist therein, appears on the arms of the town.

Kolustug built a new castle or fort immediately opposite to the spring thus discovered by his herdsmen: the remains of this building are yet to be seen, as the local writers affirm, in two small towers with pointed roofs, which attract the attention, by their quaintness of aspect, as you enter one of the gates to the palace garden; these are said, but not by the most authentic of the chroniclers, to have formed a part of the castle in question.

All the vassals of Kollowstug were permitted to use the hot spring freely, and the houses gradually erected close beside it formed by degrees a little street, which was called the Warm Street, Tepla Ulitsa, whence the Bohemian name of the place, which is Teplits,* and the German Töplitz, now more frequently written, as well as pronounced, Teplitz.

From the first discovery of the Teplitz water, the spring was conjectured to be medicinal; this was soon ascertained; and its possession was therefore contested by Kostial, Lord of Bilin, a near relative of Kollowstug, or Kolustug, but who, incited by his wife, the Princess Bela, attacked the Knight of Settenz, and laid siege to his castle. He was, however, repulsed by Kollowstug, who killed the aggressor with an arrow from his own bow, and ever after remained in quiet possession of the treasure which his swine had brought to light for him, until the period of his death: that event happened in the year 780.

In the middle of the twelfth century a convent

* Or rather Teplice, from Tepla Ulice; but I spell the words as they are *pronounced*.

for Benedictine nuns was built at Teplitz by Jutta, or Judith, or, as Hazek has it, by Gertrude of Liboçan, queen of Wladislaw II.; and in the fourteenth century, the chronicler Pullenwa mentions *Teplitz ad Balnea* as a place which had been long renowned for the cure of disease. The bands of Ziska, led on by a Premonstratensian monk, Johann Dlaubal, of Selan, fell upon and plundered the convent of Benedictines, which was ultimately destroyed by the Hussite leader, Prokop *Holy*, or the Bald.

In the first years of the fifteenth century we find the Waldstein family lords of Teplitz, and the last possessor of that house, Siegmund, was great grandfather of Albert von Waldstein (whom we call Wallenstein), Duke of Friedland.

It was not until late in the sixteenth century (1580) that buildings of any pretensions to architectural beauty were erected for the baths; the first constructions having been mere walls of enclosure. Under the rule of the Chinsky or Kinsky family, the baths of Teplitz increased from three to fourteen; but after the assassina-

tion of Wilhelm von Chinsky, who met his death at Eger, together with Wallenstein, on that unhappy twenty-fifth of February, in the year of painful memory for all British hearts, 1634, the lordship of Teplitz was conferred, with other gifts, on the General Count Aldringer. It was from a lady of that house, Anna von Aldringer, who married Jeromino von Clary, that the present family of Clary-Aldringer has descended,—the Emperor Ferdinand II. requiring that the Aldringer name should thenceforth be added to that of Clary.

In the year 1838, the old "Stadtbad" or town-bath was taken down, when the following inscription, which then existed there, was removed to the handsome building erected to replace the bath demolished, where what the Teplitzers admit to be somewhat barbarous Latin verses are still to be seen on a tablet above the principal spring:—

"Auspice Triuno cuncta criante,
Joanne Baptista patrocinante,
Neramislaŋ Duce regnante,
Kolostug hic loci dominante,

Ejus per sues in silvis pascentes
Rostrisque thermas suffodientes
Fons noster 762 est detectus;
In monumentum rei est erectus
Lapis hic a Balthasare sculptili confectus."

The Teplitz springs are the only known sources of the kind in Bohemia. "Libussa's heir," says a grateful son of the soil, "Libussa's heir beheld them gush forth, and they have never ceased to flow as freely from that hour to the present day, one solitary moment of time alone excepted. This was in the year 1755, and at eleven in the morning of the first of November. That hour which saw Lisbon a prey to all the horrors of her memorable earthquake, beheld the Teplitz waters cease for a few instants to send forth their beneficent streams." Yet they instantly afterwards rushed back with renewed force and fearful roarings, but the water was for a short time deeply tinged with red; and a similar circumstance is related as occurring, in respect of the Carlsbad springs, at the same instant.

The springs of Teplitz and Schönau are identical as regards the component parts of their waters, but differ slightly as regards the degree

of heat. Two sources alone supply all the baths; that of Teplitz is called the town bath or spring, and that of Schönau the Schönauer spring. They rise out of the sienitic porphyry, which forms the greater part of the Erzgebirge, or iron mountains, and belong to that class called alkalo-saline. They are used almost exclusively for bathing, as those of Carlsbad are for drinking; but, as in Carlsbad, patients are provided with the means of bathing, so in Teplitz is there water for those who wish to drink.

There is also a source considered to be useful in diseases of the eyes, and we have already seen it applied, but it is said to be very little used.

The principal spring rises in the midst of the town, and is now covered by the buildings of the Stadt-bad, the present pile of which was erected in the year 1816.

From this spring are supplied the baths of the Stadt-bad, or Urquelle Baths; the Princes or Fürsten Bath, the Ladies' Bath, the Gürtler Bath, the Herrnhaus Baths, and the Jews' Bath. At Schönau are the Stein Bath, the Temple Bath, the Military Baths, the Schlangen Bath, the

Stephan's Bath, the Sand Bath, and the Schwefel Bath, now called the New Bath.

There are many institutions for the poor of all nations in Teplitz and Schönau, with several baths somewhat apart from the rest, and situated between Schönau and Teplitz, for the wounded soldiers of different foreign powers, as Saxony, Prussia, and others.

The value of these waters as a curative application is too well known to need mention here, and as much may be said respecting the high fashion and aristocratic pretensions of the place, which have been familiar to us all, to you, to me, to every one, our whole lives long; but what we, who do not come for the waters, and have nothing to do with fashion, find delightful in this charming abode, is its enchanting simplicity: it has none of that watering-place character with which, as you know of old, we are so mightily given to quarrel, and which we found to be so conspicuous at Carlsbad. Here, you might fancy yourself in a somewhat primitive, but handsome, clean, prosperous, and cheerful market-town of our own dear land (some few peculiarities of costume, &c. excepted),

saving, too, that I do not know one so exquisitely situated.

The beautiful basin, or valley, in which Teplitz stands, is formed by the Mittelgebirge, or central mountains of Bohemia, and is not a dead level or plain; on the contrary, its surface is varied by numerous hills, some of which are of very bold elevation, and all, varying as they do in form, and richly clothed as they are for the most part, with fine woods, contribute largely to impart that beauty to the whole which we have rarely seen equalled. To this I think full justice has scarcely been done by our people, who do not come hither in the numbers that might be expected, from the great advantages of all sorts which the place presents.

Certain of those hills which I have just mentioned, as varying the surface of the valley, come close up to the town; one, called the Königs Höhe, in honour of Frederick William, the late King of Prussia, who frequented the baths constantly for the last twenty-five years of his life, passes behind the greater part of the town, whence it is attained by commodious paths rising from several parts of the same.

This height is opposed at its northern extremity by that of the Stephans-Höhe, which encloses the main street, or rather esplanade of Schönau; behind this there rises the lesser eminence of the Mont-de-Ligne, so called in honour of the Field Marshal Prince de Ligne, who built a pretty Kiosk or Gloriette on the summit thereof. The building was destroyed by the soldiery in 1813, but is now replaced by a circular erection, wherein those who so desire may drink their coffee, while they examine the views around through tinted glass, which now gives the glow of an Indian summer to the landscape, and anon shows every thing around in the cold blue stillness of a winter's morning.

Somewhat further to the west, and at the distance of rather less than a mile from that well-named Fair-meadow, round which the handsome houses of Schönau are disposed, is the bold and picturesque Schlossberg, a hill, on the summit of which there is a castle, as its name implies, or rather the ruins of one, whereof more anon, for I want now to give you a general idea of the place, among the rich resources of whose varied beauties we have so happily fallen.

These hills you are to know then, do not rise gradually out of the plain, and so lose the better part of their effect; but, on the contrary, each rears itself boldly upward in a good spirited independence of attitude, which enables it to present all its advantages, and at one view gives a force of expression—if you will permit me that phrase—to each, which the relative degree of its importance might not otherwise suffice to secure to it.

The mounting one after another of these pleasant eminences hath become a perpetual feast to your poor scribe and servant, who promises you, nevertheless, to be very discreet in expatiating upon them, and to attempt describing such only as are of the greatest moment.

And the restraint of some such promise is most needful, for so charmingly does the aspect of things vary, with the position to which you attain, on these admirably placed heights, that we have a constant succession of new pictures, and should weary the patience of the most zealous reader if we attempted to paint the tenth part of them. It is one thing to look at these exquisite views, with all their perpetual changes

of light, colour, and the other myriad accidents which render the worship of natural beauty a life-time of love; but quite another to labour at comprehending such things by the aid of poor lifeless words, which in too many instances do but mar what they would fain make manifest. Be at peace then, for of all this you shall have only a little, until you can come for yourselves, and take it in earnest, which I recommend you to lose no opportunity for doing.

One fault this pleasant valley must needs be accused of. It has what they here call "Berg-werke," in certain parts of it, the mouths of the stone-coal mines, that is to say; and these send up smoke that but too frequently impedes the view of what is the most beautiful part of the distant range; — the hills which shut in the whole valley, namely, as distinguished from those nearer, which last rise in isolated masses from its surface.

The in-door pleasures, so called, which render many of the Rhenish and other spas and bath-towns attractive, find but small acceptance here, and I count that circumstance among the beauties of Teplitz. As to the gaming-tables, which present such afflicting spectacles at

Baden-Baden and other baths, which we all know, and which need not therefore be enumerated, they have no place in any of those belonging to Austria; she does not permit the existence of that crying mischief, be it said to her honour; and with the exception of a few concerts, the theatre, not always open, and occasional balls, little provision is made for such as cannot dispense with those questionable methods of passing time which mostly abound in the continental bath-towns.

Continually repeated, yet constantly varied visits to the beauties surrounding them, and which are highly appreciated, these are the amusements of Teplitz, and taken as they are, more or less in common with the friends and acquaintance of the visitor, as inclination shall prompt, they do not militate against the freedom of social intercourse, as is manifest, but rather extend and promote it, under one of its most agreeable forms: nay, they cause it more than commonly to prevail and flourish.

Of society, as that term is usually understood, there is enough here, and of the best, for those who bring introductions, or who, by connection or

otherwise, have access to the families visiting or resident in the place; these last being, in many instances, among the oldest and highest, not in the Austrian empire only, but in Europe.

It would be well if some of you would come and persuade the people of this good little town to shut up their shops on the Sunday, as they do even in that great wicked city of our dear love, called Prague, for as yet, the Teplitz folks have not seemed to think it needful. All day long they keep their shops wide open; it is a pity, and I would rather not have to say it of them—but so it is.

The tall, dark, long-haired Wallachians, too, who frequent the town through the summer, would be much improved if the Teplitz people would teach them to wash their faces, and would give them no harbour, but on condition that they practised the lesson daily, or, perhaps, and lest that might be too oppressive, say once a week, or once a month, for one should not be over exacting; but sometime in their lives they might be asked to do as much, and especially here, where lack of water is not to be dreaded. Those Wallachian faces, when the owners take off

their broad shadowy hats to say good morning, or good evening, as you meet them on their way, have an amount of character that one cannot appreciate at all its value, for the crust of dirt which hides it. Some are full of spirit and life, others melancholy to desolation; two or three we have seen look half "hébétés," as though neglect and suffering had destroyed their faculties—but common-place, not one.

The people call these summer-immigrants Draht-binders, or "Wire-weavers," from the principal profession they exercise in these parts, which is that of repairing such cups and pans as careless maidens break in their hurry, and which these rough-looking men then dexterously involve in a complicated net-work of wires, looking far too delicate to have been produced by fingers such as theirs, and above all, too laborious, and, one would suppose, too expensive a process to be applied as we see done here, to the commonest earthenware. Yet so it is, and to effect this is the object of the Wallachian's visit to Teplitz; he comes with the summer and departs to his hut, which is a mere hollow in the earth, as you doubtless know, when the

winter returns. Those now here have received permission from Prince Clary, to occupy the large buildings that surround a farm, which he has at the foot of the Schlossberg; and to this place we often see groups of them returning, as we come in from our own walks in that direction.

* * * *

Among the most important of the visits due from him who dwells in Teplitz, to the beauties around her, is that to the Mileschauer, or Donnersberg, the highest and most remarkable of the range called the Mittelgebirge.

Baron Humboldt, who has seen so much and climbed so many mountains, places the Mileschauer in the fifth rank, as regards the beauty of the views to be obtained from it; and the Brazilian traveller, Decamera, who had previously seen the greater part of Europe, as well as of his own country, calls those views the most beautiful that he had ever enjoyed.

Nor do we think this opinion at all exaggerated; but that it may not appear to be so, you must understand clearly, that there is no ques-

tion here about comparison of height or extent, but of beauty only; and that premised, we think Decamera may be justified in what he has said.

For ourselves, we cannot profess to have seen all, but we have seen a very large part of what is best in Europe; and setting aside the view of lakes and rivers, of which there are none to be seen from the Mileschauer—small parts of the Elbe and the Eger excepted—we consider the view from it to be decidedly among the most enjoyable that we have ever clambered for.

The ascent from Lake Lucerne to the Righi, which I name because it is among those best known, presents a wonderful succession of rich pictures, unequalled in their kind. The descent from the Faulhorn, also well known, displays a world of such marvels, in the wondrous glaciers lying cold, glittering, lifeless, interminable, before you, as are never to be forgotten, and cannot be equalled. Many other mountains, more or less familiar to us all, might equally be cited, and every one with some peculiar characteristic, in the perfection of

which it stands alone; comparison is therefore difficult; besides that, it is totally needless. The beauty of Nature is ever so perfect in itself, that no one feature of its loveliness needs heightening by the depreciation of any other. Each is perfect where it stands, and the place that knows it could ill afford to know it no more. One cannot spare any one, small or great, all are valuable, all dear, and all to be delighted in; there is never too much or too many; one has place in one's love, for each and for all.

We remember other enjoyments of a similar kind to that from which we have just returned, with infinite gratitude, and shall now add this ascent of the Mileschauer to the most delightful of our recollections.

There is a little history attached to the place, moreover, which we heard immediately on our arrival here, and which made us doubly desire to make its acquaintance—or, perhaps, as regards the history, I should say the acquaintance of him who is the subject thereof. This is no other than mine host of what is called the "Ansiedelei," of the Mileschauer, a series of mud cabins, most curiously lined with moss, which there

performs the office of the more common-place "Hotel."

Thirty years since, if the bath-guest at Teplitz, the more adventurous explorer of her beauties, or the man of science, attempted the ascent of the Mileschauer, it was "at his risks and perils." He found no path prepared for him, and no food to restore his exhausted strength when he arrived at the summit; but Anton Weber, mine host aforesaid, hath changed all that, and the manner of his proceeding was on this wise.

Commencing life as a small farmer, unfavourable seasons, the loss of cattle, and other misfortunes of similar kind, had sufficed to make his first hopes vain, and he became an innkeeper in Mileschau, the small village standing at the foot of a castle so called, which lies immediately beneath the mountain. But neither did that avail him, and sinking further, he next betook himself to the neighbouring hamlet of Wellemin, where he rented a lowly road-side tavern.

Here again his expectations were disappointed; grief and approaching despair were but too eloquently written on his countenance, and were

not well calculated to increase the number of his guests, who consisted for the most part of people belonging to the immediate neighbourhood, and loved to be received with cheerful aspect in the place of their evening assemblage. This is the account rendered by Weber himself of his own condition, and here follows a letter written by him some years since, on the subject of his early efforts.

"I see well, that I cannot live in this place any more than in the others," he represents himself as exclaiming, in the depression of his heavy lot, to a guest who was seated before him. "I see already, that I cannot make bread for my children here, and we shall be driven to the top of the Mileschauer before all is done."

Now this was as who should say—"driven out of the world altogether," at that time, and was simply the expression of the unhappy man's despair.

"Well! there are people up there too, at times," was the reply that he received, and it was given in the careless tone of one entirely indifferent to the matter in question; but those words awakened in the half despairing man, a thought

which no one had yet had the idea of realizing, and which he did not afterwards abandon.

His first step was to ascend the mountain, "that he might see for what reason it was that the gentry paid it their visits.

"I gained the summit he says," (no light undertaking in those roadless days,) "sure that there were grand views to be had from it, and I remarked that people must indeed come to the top at times, since there were pieces of paper scattered about, which had evidently enclosed articles of food carried up and consumed there. This circumstance gave me courage to attempt undertaking something in the place, if I could only obtain permission from the Lord Count (Graf von Hrzan), and had but the means to begin.

"I first proceeded to beg the permission of his Excellency, which my gracious Lord granted me at once, and having obtained that, I borrowed a few tools, got once more to the mountain-top, and with tears in my eyes, set hand, in God's name, to my labours.

"My first thought was to provide a place in the manner of a cellar, wherein I might lay by

such things as might be required, and one day when I was digging in this, and had got to a fair depth, I heard voices approach, and soon afterwards people speaking, immediately above me.

" Creeping out of my hole, I saw three gentlemen, whom I greeted as I best might, but who gazed at me very hardly, and I did certainly not look like the most pleasing person in the world to meet in such a place. I drew nearer to them, and they then asked me what I was doing there; I explained my intentions, describing what I desired to undertake, whereupon they encouraged me to proceed, approving the plan I meant to adopt, and requesting me at once to furnish them with refreshment. Unluckily, I had nothing with me but a little dry bread and a bottle with some water, which I had brought up for myself; but I took courage, and set what I had before them. The gentlemen took each a mouthful of bread and a draught of water, saying that it was at least something; they then looked well around them, and having presented me with a gulden-müntz (about two shillings), they departed.

"I then continued labouring till night, much encouraged by what had happened, and returned to Wellamin in great spirits, showing my wife and children the gift I had received, that they also might take courage, which the sight of it caused them to do. The following day my wife and children went up to help me, and we carried to the top of the mountain some bread, some butter, and a few bottles of beer, all which I concealed at night in a cleft of the rock, and sought it again each day, that I might have it ready, to serve any one who might come.

"I had not long to wait; there came gentlemen now and then to the mountain, requiring various refreshments, and I furnished myself in the best manner I could. After a time I built a hut with branches of trees, filling all the crevices with moss to keep out the air; I also prepared a few beds of moss, for such guests as might wish to pass the night on the mountain. But the cabin of leaves did not offer a very good shelter against the weather. I therefore erected one covered with thatch, and it was scarcely ready before there came five gentlemen between the 14th and 15th of July, 1825, when one of

them made a note of their doing so in the strangers' book, wherein he wrote the following lines:—

"Since first the bright sun's golden beam
On Mileschauer's top did gleam;
We five are they who first have kept
Their star-lit watch up here, or slept,
In peace:—and now we rede all such
Who here may come, to do as much.
For on the mountain's shining height
Soft blow the breezes fair and bright,
Glad thoughts arise in the saddest heart
As in nature's blessings we each take part.—
Mark how the glorious eyes of Night
Cast on God's world their glances bright;
Holy her aspect, and softening it fills
The bosom low sinking 'neath various ills,
With hope for the future: and then comes Morn;
See her the east with her radiance adorn.
And tell me now, doth not thy heart arise
To him who hath given the star-lit skies?
And all that at morn stands fair arrayed,
With his own all-powerful hand hath made?

"I then set myself to build another hut; this time I constructed it of stone and moss; that was a somewhat more convenient lodging, but soon proved to be insufficient for my visitors,

who began to increase rapidly. I now laboured therefore with all my force as much as the time would permit, encouraged by the contentment of my guests, and the better prospect, which I soon saw opening before me."

This is the principal part of Weber's letter; and since it was written, which is some twelve or fourteen years, the efforts made by the now happily prosperous man, for the amelioration of his elevated abode, have been astonishingly great. With no other aid than that of his own family, as it is said, he has cut paths through the woods that cover the mountain, removed enormous blocks of stone, levelled the heights about the summit for the further extension of his accommodations, and filled up hollows, for the same purpose, with an amount of labour scarcely to be conceived, by any one who has not seen the change that he has effected. His visitors are very numerous every year, and "many of the highest names in Germany," remarks one of Weber's compatriots, "nay, not of Germany only, but of Russia, France and Italy also, may be counted among those of the guests." His late Majesty Frederick William, King of

Prussia, was a frequent visitor to the good host: and in his train, on almost every occasion, was the celebrated naturalist and traveller, Alexander Baron Von Humboldt, who has visited the Mountain, as Weber himself informed us, no less than thirteen times.

"May the reward due to his labours never fail him," writes another of the good host's German guests. To this wish we cordially say, "Amen," and hope more of the names of England, as well as of Russia, France, and Germany, will some day be found in the books of the Mileschauer.

But we think it well to remark, that the walk from the foot of the hill to the top is rather longer than a lady should undertake, unless she be more than usually strong. Horses are to be hired for the ascent, or those who prefer it may be carried up in chairs; for myself, I found it possible to walk, and did so, as I hope to do again; but it is more prudent to ride.

The distance from Töplitz to the foot of the Mileschauer is about eight miles, and is very commodiously passed over in a carriage for seven out of the eight, when a somewhat rough cart

track has to be taken for the last mile of the carriage way. This got over, you alight from your carriage, and by a pleasant wood of pine, birch, and hazel, you gradually gain the summit, much assisted in doing so by the seats of stone and moss, which have been raised at certain distances, from about the middle of the ascent to the topmost level, by the hands of Anton Weber and his family.

Arrived at the highest point, we found Weber himself, a healthy looking man, apparently about fifty years old, or perhaps something more, together with the good wife who had partaken his first hopes, and been his helpmate in the toils undergone. They both received us very pleasantly, and set their, now sufficiently numerous, servants to supply us with refreshments, which we found very welcome; themselves also taking due care for the wants of their guests. The good woman was still in her peasant garb of the old times, and neither husband nor wife appeared to have changed their habits in the more prosperous circumstances, they have now happily secured, except,

perhaps in the bright contentedness of their aspect.

Over the rude steps which form the entrance to the series of moss-lined huts here delightfully replacing the ordinary saloons of hotels, are half-a-dozen doggrel verses, bidding the traveller welcome; and many others, slightly varying in their subjects, are hung about, within or near the various lodges.

Some few among the huts or cabins have stoves, and can thus be comfortably warmed; others are bed-rooms, and in these the beds are invitingly clean and fresh looking,—their handsome silk coverlets, of bright crimson, clear green, dark blue, and rich amber, according well with the pleasant colouring of the mosses, wherewith all the lodges are lined, and thus not looking at all out of place, although it might seem at a first glance that they would do so. These silken coverlets are, however, the only moveable of city-like luxury admitted into the lodges; chairs of rude workmanship, placed round a strong table, with seats ranged along the walls, and turned into sofas by a thick covering of soft moss, with numerous pillows of the same, serve to furnish the

greater part of the huts. In the centre of the lodges is a rustic pavilion, whose columns are formed of trunks of trees undressed: this serves alike for the dining hall and ball-room of the often very numerous company.

We were ourselves fortunate enough to choose a day when only a few quiet visitors besides ourselves had ascended the mountain, this gave us a better opportunity than we should otherwise have had for examining all the buildings, which are very curious, as well as in considerable numbers; the same circumstance also left our good host and his wife at leisure to talk with us a little: that conversation we had much desired, and greatly enjoyed.

The mossy hut of which we were ourselves constituted masters, and whereof we at once took possession, has its little white-curtained windows directed towards the rising sun, and is one of those containing a stove, being well supplied moreover with the soft and fragrant sofas before alluded to. In the bed-rooms Weber told us that he could accommodate fifty persons with good beds, and could even lodge many more, if the case required it, although less commodiously.

A simple flower garden gives added cheerfulness to the look out from some of these primitive lodges; and a small chapel, with its bell and crucifix, completes the range of buildings on the southern side. Not far from the chapel is a kind of bazaar, in which a few specimens of minerals, &c., gathered on the mountains and among the neighbouring hills, with small articles in Bohemian glass, and other trifles, are sold, to those who desire to carry away some memorial of their visit. Shadowy trees surround the whole; and at the most advantageous points are six tolerably spacious projections not unlike bastions, but formed of the natural rock, cleverly turned to account by the ready hand of Weber. They are all well defended at their outer edge,—where they hang over the precipitous face of the mountain,—by a wall, breast high, and afford views of the most exquisite beauty in all directions. Some of these natural bastions have tables and comfortable seats at their inner extremity; and here, those who prefer it, may take their refreshment, or sit with their books and maps, or rest to enjoy the rich prospects, as their inclination may decide.

And what a view is that thus presented! The greater part of Bohemia, even to the Ochsenberge in Moravia, the hills beyond Prague to the Schneckoppe in the Riesengebirge, the Lausche, near Zittau, and the Schneeberge, near Tetschen, with the high and dark summits of the Ezgebirge, from Nollendorf to the heights beyond Kaaden, are all within the range of sight.

The nearer view presents us with the vine-clothed hills of Aussig and Lobkovitz, the exquisite valley of the Bila, and the slopes around Teplitz, though not the town itself, which is concealed by the intervening heights: villages, hamlets, churches, castles, and farms, enliven the graceful undulations of the plain, while inferior elevations rise more or less boldly at various distances, many of them bearing the ruins of antiquity,—some of these being relics from the very greyest old times of the former world,—on their summits.

I do not give you the names of these various places, having often travelled in weariness of spirit over pages filled with such lumber as mere lists of names. But I exhort you to come and

see all for yourselves; amply, and more than amply, will you be repaid.

It has long been the ambition of Weber to raise a tower on the highest point of the mountain; and he has, in fact, made the commencement of one, circular in form, as is desirable, on account of the exposed position of its site from the plain: this commencement is of respectable proportions, but is only an intimation of what is intended, being raised from unhewn stones, without cement, though perfectly well put together, and good work of its kind. To the top of this tower, on which there waves a snowy banner of considerable amplitude, the visitor ascends by stairs of corresponding simplicity, and is hereby enabled to command the country immediately beneath him: the soft beauty of the scene thus presented to him is, beyond all expression, delightful.

I attempt no description, because I agree with a Bohemian writer on the subject, who says,—"no description can do justice thereto," and because I have made failures enough in that way already. But again I say, come and see. Furthermore, whoever shall please to build a romance of the

old times, may here find a commencement in the grove which still marks the spot where stood Premysl, the peasant-lord of Staditz, eating his mid-day meal by the side of his plough, when found, according to the popular legend, by the ambassadors of the Princess Libussa, who had selected him as the partner of her throne.

At some distance beyond that grove is the Berg Rathen, amidst whose wilds dwelt Alberta, the daughter of a knight who had been unrighteously despoiled of his possessions, and who became herself the leader of a robber-horde: this band, says tradition, in conjunction with those of Pasko and Polc, two robber-chieftains equally formidable, kept the whole neighbourhood in continual fear.

Here, too, we see those hills, at the foot of which an act was committed in the Seven Years' War, with which you will have less sympathy than even with the robber-deeds of Alberta. A woman of Dubkowitz, namely, there accepted gold from the Prussian, in return for which she traitorously conducted the troops of Frederick through defiles of the mountains, with which she

had become acquainted while gathering fuel among them, thus enabling the enemy to fall upon her countrymen in their rear, and obtain a comparatively easy victory.

You may likewise see the vine-covered slopes of Melnik, still rich with the plants procured from Burgundy by that benefactor of his country and truly great monarch, Charles IV. From these vine-grounds Bohemia is well furnished to this day with the good red Melniker wine.

Very numerous are the expressions of delight and admiration recorded, both in prose and verse, in the "strangers' books" of the mountain; but I refrain from reproducing these, although most of them are well to the purpose, and some have considerable merit. Over the doors and within the huts are also couplets or stanzas, all of which are written in a cheerful and thankful spirit: some invite the visitor to the rational enjoyment of the beauties around him: others allude to the comforts provided by his host, and are in a more playful strain.

We enquired of the good woman if she remained

on the mountain with her family till late in the year; but she told us that they all usually descended, in the early weeks of October, to the little village of Mileschau, where they pass the winter, and do not return to the summit until the first days of May. She added, that on one occasion, when they had prolonged their stay beyond the usual time, they found themselves half buried in snow, on awaking in the morning, and had to dig themselves a path before they could make their way out.

We passed some hours most agreeably at this interesting, as well as beautiful place; and then took leave of the kindly host and his good helpmate, earnestly wishing them the life-long enjoyment of that prosperous condition which has at length become the due reward of their labours. A day of such weather as was perfection for our purposes had favoured us from the beginning: bright sunshine, tempered by a delicious breeze, had enlivened all, and greatly diminished our fatigues: an evening of glorious beauty lighted us home, where we arrived well pleased and thankful for this one

more added to the many happy days which it has been our privilege to enjoy in places of similar character, though not often of equal attraction.

CHAPTER VI.

Esplanade of Schönau—Konig's Strasse—Gardens of the Trinkanstalt—The Ladies' Fountain—A word for Poplars—Dux, the Seat of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland—Avenue of its Palace Gardens—Palace of Wallenstein—Bronze Tazza—The Thurn Gardens —Probstau — Classes resorting to the different Gardens — Bilin—The Daughter of Kascha—The Borzen Tower—Bilin in the Hussite Wars—Castle of Bilin—Valley of Ziska—Subterranean way—Eisenberg—The Caves of the Borzen—Ascent of the Biliner Stein by De Luc, Andrada and other naturalists—Pilgrimage Church of Maria Schein—Cloisters —Frescoes—Wonders of the Linden — "Mary in Misery"—Sufferings in the Taborite Wars—"Mary in Splendour"—Festival of the Birthday—Concourse of Pilgrims — The Thirty Confessionals — "High-princely Town of Töplitz"— Strange Anomalies— Rye Harvest.

DURING the first fortnight of our abode in Töplitz — or rather Schönau — we had the

pleasant heights of the Stephen's-Höhe immediately before our windows, and very industriously did we profit by that advantage.

In the early morning; at the bright noonday; and beneath the setting sun, as well as under the clear moon-beams, did we spell out the various beauties of our brightly clad neighbour; yet never did we return to that pleasing occupation without finding some new beauty: the bold slopes of this elevation, though of no great extent, are covered with trees and rocks of the richest colouring, which give infinite variety to their aspect. Along the summit passes a terrace-walk, well gravelled and supplied with seats, as is the case with all the heights surrounding Teplitz and Schönau; here are frequently to be seen gay parties availing themselves of these resting places, or standing occasionally to look around them on the singularly beautiful spectacle, presented no less by this than by the opposite and neighbouring hills.

These heights and the cheerful esplanade on which our house stands, with its clear wimpling brook, green turf, and well-grouped trees, have supplied ample occupation for such idle moments

as the delightfully well-filled hours of the traveller's laborious life permit him to bestow: here we made our abode for the first fortnight, nor can you do better than select the same, unless you wish to be nearer the Palace-garden or the Library. But these are at the farther end of Teplitz; they are my dear companion's daily resort, and for this reason we have now chosen rooms in the Königs Strasse, where we have the Königs Höhe, with the more distant Wachholderberg, and the Garden of the Ladies' Fountain, or Trinkanstalt, for our prospect, and are equally well placed.

It is much the fashion, among us at home, to quarrel with the tall and somewhat formal poplar; but the acquaintance I have long since made with it, in foreign countries, has quite reconciled me to this tree, and I am more than ever in charity with it here, where it attains to enormous height, with a fullness and beauty of growth that leaves nothing to be denied. An extremely handsome range of poplars supplies shadow to the broad commodious way called the Königs Strasse, on which stands our present dwelling, and at the end of the neighbouring

suburb, there is a very long avenue of the same tree; these are the finest of the sort that we have seen in any place: the avenue affords a shade scarcely less impervious than the arches of a cathedral, to which it bears that close resemblance wherewith all are familiar.

Talking of an avenue reminds me of Dux, a seat of the Wallenstein family: we paid a visit some days since to this place, in the gardens of which there is one much admired by the good folks of the neighbourhood, for its length and the high growth of its trees. A very remarkable specimen of its kind it doubtless is, the firs, and other trees composing it, rising to a great height; but clipped in such sort that no masonry could form a more effective or more perfectly level wall: the silent statues, appearing at wide distances, along the whole length of the avenue, and amidst the dark foliage, have a peculiar and striking effect. All these things contribute to produce a formal and artificial appearance; but since that was probably the intention of the contriver, we have not the right to quarrel therewith, even though we give the preference to a different manner. The wood on the opposite

hill has been cut through to appear as if continuing the avenue of the garden.

But there is, in fact, the space of at least two miles between the close of the avenue and the opening of its counterfeit presentment on the mountain side; nor did we perceive that the rugged-looking furrow thus formed in the woods climbing its brow, appeared to make one avenue with that of the garden: at a word, the desired illusion had not been attained, so far as we could see.

Some visitors speak of the garden at Dux, as superior to that of the Clary Palace, in Teplitz; but they do the latter much wrong. The grounds of Dux are not by any means remarkable in any way, whereas the Palace garden of Töplitz, though not of great extent, is a place of enchantment, to which no words can do justice, its beauties awaken increased admiration at every visit.

In the Castle, or rather Palace of Dux is an armoury, in a cabinet of which are kept the boots and lace collar,—still tinged with crimson, —worn by Wallenstein at the moment of his assassination, with the halberd which pierced him through. There are various antiquities

in what is called "The Cabinet of Curiosities," and in the Porcelain Cabinet, which includes a large collection, are many of those paintings on majolica, the designs for which were formerly attributed to the world's one Raphael Sanzio of Urbino; but which we now know to have been executed for the most part by a certain Raphael of Faenza.

In the great hall of the Palace are frescoes painted on the ceiling by Wenzel Kerner, and depicting Heinrich von Waldstein, as he presents his twenty-four sons — all on horseback, and attended by twenty-four men at arms—to the King, Premysl Ottakar the Second. This singular occurrence took place in the year 1254.

Among the pictures of the gallery is the portrait of that Wallenstein, whose history is too well known to us all. It is by the hand of Vandyke, and is a work of such merit as might be expected from the reputation of the master; but I wish I had not seen it. An authentic portrait of him whom Germans call "the great Friedlander," had not come in my way before, and I had formed an idea respecting his face, which was much more in harmony with the firm conviction I have always entertained of his

fidelity to his worthless sovereign, than would be inspired by the picture in question—if the expression attributed to him by that work were the only evidence of the fact.

A large tazza or basin of metal, which Wallenstein caused to be cast at Nuremberg, from the guns taken by his troops in battle, is placed in the second court of the palace; but inasmuch as many works of this kind offend by the profusion of their ornament, so does this fail to satisfy, because of the total absence of all decoration, which causes the large blank surface to exhibit a bald and poor appearance.

Among the numerous drives and walks in the immediate neighbourhood of Teplitz, one of the most agreeable, from its cheerful and elevated position, is that of the Thurn Garten, and these grounds have an entrance close to Schönau. It is a convenient as well as favourite resort of the Schönau bath-guests. The promenade consists of pleasing park-like grounds, through which there passes a clear stream, the name whereof, as I greatly fear, will offend the delicacy of the sensitive. For do they not call it the Sau-bach, that is to say the pig's, or, I am even afraid, the *sow's*

brook? Alack and alas! it is even too true! I am right sorry to confess so much, yet such is indeed its uneuphonious appellation, and dainty ears must e'en bear it as they may. But to make amends for that, the waters themselves are ever singing to the passer-by, with a pleasant voice, which does not in the least remind him of their name; and there is, besides, a Tyrolese harper, with two maidens, who are his companions, all doing their best to make you forget that afflicting sound of the *Sau's-bach*.—Fie upon Sau's-bach!

Still further consolation was offered to us by a certain Gloriette or Kiosk, which crowns the summit of the gravel walks, that here, as elsewhere, climb up and wind among the picturesque rock-strewn heights, giving to view the pleasant Schönau with the Dobrowska Hora or Schlossberg, which is one of the most conspicuous and boldest elevations of the immediate vicinity.

For the present we do not propose to lead you to that joyous Gazebo, but will have you take the whole length of the Thurn-garten, which, inviting us to its lawn-like glades, now covered with richly-scented hay, is furthermore preparing for us the almost equally welcome

refreshment of coffee, rendered needful, before making further progress, by a long walk. Seated beneath trees of ample shade, we avail ourselves of the convenient opportunity presented by almost all these Bohemian gardens, and instead of wasting our time by returning home for the restoratives required, as one must do, except in some few rare instances, at home—we take our food and rest where we find them. Here, the company, though birds of the gayest plumage, are for the most part of the middle classes, while in the Schloss-garten or at Probstau, Doppelburg, and some few other places, you see persons of much higher distinction, as well as some few of the inferior classes, for there is little or no exclusiveness in these cordial lands, and many of the most agreeable places of resort, which belong to private families and are the hunting-boxes of the owners, are nevertheless equally supplied with places for refreshment, and are open to all comers.

The varied slopes of the Thurn-garten are covered, for the most part, with plane, maple, tulip trees, and oaks, from the shades of which you emerge into cheerful meadows, which con-

duct you to the large village of Thurn, and thence to the favourite drive of Probstau.

This is a well-wooded, but somewhat monotonous, because perfectly level space, beneath whose shades are broad and winding roads, terminating at the extremity by a "restauration," which, though less tasteful in itself, and not more agreeably situated, is more fashionably frequented than many others, which to us appear even pleasanter and more attractive. The Princess * * * * for example, was twice taking her coffee at the table next our own, during the few times that we have visited the gardens; more private carriages are to be seen here than in any other of the drives around: it is true that you have at Probstau the near vicinity of the Erzgebirge Mountains, with their deep, mysterious-looking valleys, the colouring of which is a perpetual feast. We, for some good deed, all un-remembered, yet which we doubtless have performed at some moment of our praiseworthy lives, have the privilege of enjoying this glorious sight from the windows of our bed-room, or, to still higher perfection, from a lofty terrace at one end of the house: we have but to mount two flights of stairs, and climb

thereafter a kind of ladder, when the entire range, in all its shining loveliness, rises fair before us.

Our *praiseworthy* lives! That word recalls to my recollection some curious things that we saw yesterday, and also certain reproaches which some of you occasionally load me withal, for that excursive fashion in which I do "whiles" hop from point to point. Alas! and it is even so—there is no denying it. Nay, much am I tempted even at this moment to sin in that very sort, and fly off to the "curious things" in question; but I restrain myself. I remember your most certain disapproval, and dreading the remonstrances to ensue, I resign myself to telling things in the order of their occurrence. Wherefore, I go soberly to the little town of Bilin, where we had previously been.

Our business there was to visit the rock known as the Biliner Stein or Borzen, with the Sauerbrunn or chalybeate waters, which are the chief attraction of the traveller to that place.

In the commencement of the eighth century, it was, according to local tradition, that the Princess Bela, a daughter of Kascha and granddaughter of the hero Korok, made her seat on

the eminences which surround the Borzen. There, as the fable—which is but a fable—relates, she built a castle and founded a city, giving her name to both, as well as to the valley and the river flowing through it. Bilin suffered much in the Hussite wars, as did too many other places in Bohemia, and after a long siege by the people of Prague under Johann Dlaubal, in 1421, the town was taken and nearly destroyed by that leader and his Hussite followers. Then falling into the hands of King Sigismund, the successor of Wenzel IV., almost immediately afterwards, it was nearly as much injured by his troops as by those of the enemy. The place now belongs to the Lobkowitz family.

Beneath the castle, which no longer retains a trace of its ancient origin, are extensive subterranean passages; one of them extends to the neighbouring valley, called the Ziskathal, and others proceed in opposite directions. Some parts of these passages have long since fallen to decay; but many are still in a condition which permits the curious in such matters to traverse them at pleasure. Not many years since, on re-

moving the fallen ruins of one part, for the purpose of passing into another, a sheaf of arrows, with a bow and other pieces of armour, were discovered; human bones, lying at no great distance from the place where they lay, giving cause to fear a dreadful conclusion to some melancholy history, at a period of time long distant.

The mineral collections of the Bohemian naturalist, Reuss, and those of Eisenberg, which have been brought hither, are preserved in the Castle of Bilin; they are considered highly valuable, and are examined with much interest by those well acquainted with the subject they illustrate, which is unfortunately not our case.

The Biliner Stein rises boldly to the south of the little town; it is an imposing mass of porphyritic rock, starting immediately from the plain, and visible for miles around. On the one side it exhibits deep clefts, and the black front of the mass is entirely perpendicular; but at the back, the acclivity, though sudden, is not such as to be insurmountable, and even ladies, if tolerably strong, may ascend it.

About half way up the rock is a cavernous

opening, at the entrance of which there stands, or rather leans, a rude column of basalt, according to Urbani, sixty feet high. Penetrating into the cleft for about forty paces, a kind of wall appears, and this, as the same authority informs us, being climbed over, two narrow passages present themselves—one going to the right, the other to the left, and the latter conducting into a series of more extensive caverns, the extent of which has not yet been ascertained: we are assured that the parts explored present features of considerable interest. The whole range is known by the name of the "Borzen-Michel-Höhle," or St. Michael's Caves of the Borzen.

A magnificent view is said to be obtained from the top—nor can it be otherwise; but not having climbed the rocks, we cannot speak from knowledge; yet, as we did ascend to the summit of the opposite hill, where the nature of the ground is such, that we were able to command nearly the same extent of view, beside that, we looked immediately down on the Biliner Stein itself, we can safely affirm, that whoever shall make the rough ascent of the Borzen, cannot fail to be amply rewarded for his pains.

Humboldt, D'Aubuisson, Dekamara, De Luc, Andrada, and other naturalists and travellers of distinction, have left memorials of their visits to, and ascents of the Biliner Stein; all expressing their satisfaction with the result.

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When thinking of more distant visits to the attractions around us, in this bright region of blue skies and sunshine, we almost forget to take into consideration that great question of the weather, so imperatively demanding our attention at home. The summer has been, and continues to be, extremely favourable for out-door occupations; for although the sun is hot, the air has remained free from sultriness; and with the precautions of ordinary prudence, we have suffered but little from the heat here, although beginning to feel it much in Prague, and assured by our friends there that its effects were much to be dreaded in that city.

Yesterday we availed ourselves of this pleasant state of things to visit the renowned Pilgrimage Church of Maria-Schein, which we found, as we had expected, in a position worthy of Paradise: or to be more precise, in a valley of most exqui-

site loveliness, at the foot of the Erzgebirge, and at a point of those hills where they exhibit the best of their beauty.

The present church, which may be seen from a great distance, is a modern building of few pretensions to architectural beauty, but the towers which crown it have that peculiar orientalism of form and character, which we have remarked as distinguishhing those structures in Prague and other Bohemian towns. The circular cloisters, which are of great extent, are more remarkable,—if not for beauty of architecture, at least for the peculiar significance of their decorations.

The whole circuit is divided into seven spaces, by seven large chapels, erected by as many different towns; or by the nobles to whom those towns belong, or on whom they depend—"In honour," as their own authorities tell you, "of the Seven Sorrows of Mary."

But before giving you a more minute description of the frescos, which, with other decorations, make the principal interest of the cloisters, you shall have the origin and history of the place in the words wherein it was set forth, for the edifi-

cation of the people, at the city of Prague itself, and no longer since than last year. The book is called, "A Picture of the Pilgrimage-Place, Maria-Schein, near Teplitz, in Bohemia, to be kept by the worthy purchaser in pious remembrance of that place of grace.—Prague, 1851."

Having thus set forth its pretensions, the book then proceeds to relate that, "In the year 1437, on the 8th of September, the Feast of our Lady's birthday, a serving-maid went early in the morning from the Hill-town, Graupen, to the valley below, proposing to gather a little food for her master's cow before the divine services for the day should begin.

"Seeing that the grass was growing very freely around an old linden-tree, before which there flowed a bright stream, the girl proceeded thither and began to ply her sickle"—as you shall see the maidens, her fellows, do, to this day, if you will but come here, dear friends;—"but desiring to solemnize the holy day with due devotion, although then compelled to give her hands to the needful work, she sang a pious morning song to the honour of Mary, the mother of God, as she gathered the fodder for her cow.

"While thus employed, a poisonous adder crept forth from the grass, and wound itself with the quickness of lightning round the arm of the maid. 'Jesus-Maria!' exclaimed the terrified creature, as the venomous reptile attained her shoulder, and was approaching her face; and as the words were uttered, she raised her eyes towards Heaven, and there, streaming from the linden, and falling full upon her, she beheld clear beams of light, amidst which there appeared that Mary, the mother of God, on whom she had called, and who was now to be seen in the loveliest of forms, with her dying Son on her knees.

"Comforted by this appearance, and strengthened by her faith, the maid now saw the serpent-monster unwind itself from her arm as quickly as he had wound up it; then, without having done her the least injury, the venomous adder buried itself in the deep grass, and disappeared from her sight.

"She hastened back to Graupen, and, sacredly inspired, related what had there so terribly, and at the same time so miraculously, happened.

"The Graupen burghers heard this event with

much amazement, and discoursed anxiously with each other concerning the same. They decided, in their pious faith, that, as God hath often permitted his favour to appear and be seen of men in a very wonderful manner, so would he perhaps here also bring some marvellous thing to light, and in his great mercy might have appointed that pious maid to be the instrument thereof.

"And as was their discourse, so were their deeds. They set forth that same hour, conducted by the maid, and proceeded to the wonderful tree. They instantly began to examine the linden carefully, and their first amazement was to perceive a deep hollow therein, which gave cause for many anxious conjectures; but their astonishment reached the highest point, when, in that hollow of the tree, they discovered a well-preserved image of God's mother, and one exactly in such form as the maid had described."

It is a Pietà;—the Virgin seated, that is to say, and bearing the dead body of Christ across her knees.

"Seized with the deepest reverence at what

they beheld, and at what their hearts were feeling, they did not permit themselves to touch or further disturb the miraculous image, but hurried in their turn back to Graupen, where they prayed the pastor of their souls (their Seelsorger) to lift up the figure in a holy and worthy manner, bringing it into Graupen, and placing it in a suitable part of the church.

"The pious priest of the place, to whose ears the miraculous discovery had reached, hastened to fulfil the noble wish of his good Church-children; and to complete the whole ceremony as solemnly as was possible, he caused all the church bells to be sounded. At the head of a great procession, with the Crucifix carried before him, and in the midst of prayers and songs of praise, he bore the sacred image to Graupen, and set it in the church thereby.

"But the opinion of the burghers as to the fitting place for the image was changed, as they spoke further on the subject, and they decided that on the very spot where it was found, by the lime-tree itself, the figure ought to be fixed for the veneration of the people. To this also their pastor agreed. By his priestly power he

consecrated the lime-tree-altar, and set the image in a safe place within the little chapel, which the people built there. And now did God permit wonderful things to befall there. By the intercession of the blessed Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, the blind were made to see, the lame to go. Sickness never before cured was here healed, and great sinners were converted to a true repentance.

"The graces proceeding from this image were soon bruited about, wide over the land, and the poor oppressed ones came with their afflictions from far and near, in the hope of obtaining help and acceptance from God, through the intercession of the Blessed Mary."

"MARY IN MISERY."—The image of Mary in the linden was a representation, as all acknowledge even to the present day, of one out of the seven sorrows of the Virgin, and shows us that one namely, when she, the deeply-troubled mother of God, beheld her divine Son, Jesus, lying dead on her lap; wherefore the true-hearted feeling that the people had for her sufferings, caused them no longer to call her "Mary of the Sorrows," but "Mary in Misery,"

and it is certain that the neighbourhood, by reason of its poverty, might well have deserved itself to be called miserable; nay, it did indeed become so much talked of, because of the fame of this image, that the whole region was long known by the name of the "Misery;" but that name was a title of honour and renown.

How this image came to be found in that linden-tree is a still more mysterious question; but, according to the pious tradition, the following are the circumstances:—

"At Schwatz, near Teplitz, there was a convent of nuns, and in the Hussite wars the convent was destroyed, when these nuns were driven forth to poverty and wretchedness. Then did some of their number take refuge in the neighbourhood of this linden-tree, there to await the end of their lives in a pious concealment; and by these nuns the image was here preserved, remaining hidden, after their death, until it pleased God again to present it to rightly believing Christians, in the manner above described."

Whether the poverty of these poor nuns, thus driven forth, gave rise to the name of "Mary in Misery," as some think, we do not

pause to enquire, but return to our linden-tree, now become a tree of health, whither young and old, poor and deserted, sick and suffering, all came flocking to obtain the peace of their souls.

"The spring, moreover, that, bursting forth near the linden-tree, supplied refreshment to the tired and thirsty pilgrims, must likewise be taken into consideration, since this also, with trust in God and in Maria, became, in like manner, a spring of health, and numberless pilgrims left the place, not only restored and refreshed in body, but also healed in soul." * * *

The German writer, Fichtenbaum, gives a different account of the origin of the image, and says that "where the Church of Maria-Schein now stands was, in old times, a thick wood, in the midst of which stood a hut of mud and straw, wherein there dwelt a little old woman, much revered for her piety. This recluse, on a certain occasion, made a pilgrimage to the Monastery of Kaad, and having performed her devotions there, she expended the few pieces of money still in her possession on the purchase of an image of the

Virgin bearing the dead body of the Redeemer in her lap.

"This she placed amidst the branches of a pear-tree which stood before her door, and the people of the immediate neighbourhood soon came to join her in her daily services offered before the same. After a certain time the report of miracles performed by this image began to be spread abroad. A rude chapel of wood, and later still, a little church in stone, was thereupon constructed, ultimately to be succeeded by the stately building we now find;" but it is added, "that on every attempt to remove the image from the spot whereon it was first placed, it was found to have returned, as by miracle, to its favourite abode."

"MARY IN SPLENDOUR."—To honour the mother of God in this Image of the linden-tree, Albert of Kolowrat, second Count of that name, caused a chapel to he built there in 1442, which the third Albert of Kolowrat enlarged to a church in 1507: this was dedicated to the honour of the Seven Sorrows of Mary, by Martinus, Bishop of Nicopolis, in the year 1515.

"In splendour and sacred dignity, now stood

the image of God's holy mother, and however high the name of "Mary in Misery" may have been placed in pious hearts, yet it now seemed to disappear, and the place was thenceforward to be called "Mary in Splendour," or "Maria-Schein." But, before we speak further of the name, let us mention certain events which this house of God was called on to witness, and which caused the name of Maria in Glory to be still more exalted.

"Scarcely had the church been completed by Albert Kolowrat the third, before it suffered great injury from the doctrines of Luther, which began to take so much effect, that the place fell into great neglect. But George Popel, of Lobkowitz, the chief Burgrave of Bohemia, took the church to himself. He adorned it with a circular walk, in which he built seven chapels, judiciously dedicated to the honour of the seven sorrows of Mary, appointing a priest, moreover, whose particular duty he made it to read a holy mass every Saturday, as well as on all our dear Lady's festival-days; which memorial is continued even to the present day.

"In 1591, George of Lobkowitz gave the

church to the superintendence of the pious Jesuit fathers at Graupen, but he continued to remain its protector. Other great ones of Bohemia also bestowed large gifts and benefits on this house of God, acquiring great merits to themselves by so doing.

" In 1618, the church again fell into neglect, because the Jesuits were driven from the land by the Evangelical Estates of Bohemia, beside that the owner of the place, Albert Kekula, was himself given to Protestantism, and put the Marian devotion out of respect, within his bounds. Yet did pious worshippers of the mother of God take especial care that the beloved image should be placed in security, and Wenzel Wilhelm von Lobkowitz must be named with distinction among those true Christians, since he caused the image to be carried to Dux for safe keeping, and long kept it there under watchful guard.

" When the Battle of the White Hill was gained by the Catholics, in 1620, Ferdinand II. called the Jesuits back to Graupen, and gave them their ancient privileges; yet the church remained shut three years longer,

and it was not until 1624, that the gracious Image was brought back from Dux.

"Then the Thirty Years' War was raging terribly, the Saxons poured over the mountains into Bohemia in 1631, and the devotion of Maria-Schein was again interrupted, the church being wickedly plundered; but Karl Maximilian, Baron of Bleileben, was so fortunate as once more to save the sacred image, which he caused carefully to be taken to Prague.

"In 1634 the venerated figure was again removed to the Jesuits' Church at Kommotau, where it remained until peace was restored, in 1648, when the devotion to Mary began to bloom again with a new and pious joy; high songs of praise then rising to the Queen of Heaven, the Great Saviour in need, from every quarter of the realm.

"In 1652 the Jesuit Fathers built a house for the priests whose services were required by this devotion, and Christoph von Lobkovitz made the church a settled cure of souls. In 1701 the new church, as now seen, was commenced, and on the 5th Sept., 1706, the gracious image, which had been kept during this time in the

Leitmeritz Chapel, was placed on the high altar with solemn festivities.

"From that time forth the church has remained free from great disturbances, as has its name of Maria-Schein, which was then formally given thereto at the consecration of the building."—

I now leave the German's book, which proceeds to give a long account of how the name Schein, or Scheune, originated, and which I take up at another page, where, speaking of the cloisters, it says, "No sooner do their sacred bounds receive us, than the great and miraculous events of this God's-House are placed before the soul. With a holy awe the minds of the pious are filled as they behold the thirty-one great confession-seats adorned with their penitential pictures: the eye regards, and the heart anticipates, the great moment when, thinking of our salvation, we receive the Holy Sacrament of Confession."

I continue this no farther—you have here a sufficing specimen of the manner in which the people are taught. All that is most essential kept out of view, the whole attention absorbed

by superstitious observances. I will but add that another Bohemian writer of the same class declares the image to have returned, of her own accord, three separate times to the linden-tree, until at length it became understood that her worship was to be established there, and not elsewhere.

Nor let it be said that these books, thus printed for the people, are the mere evidences of perversity of taste, and superstition on their part, while the printers are the interested purveyors of such works, as might be the case at home; but this remark does not apply here. No books are printed in Bohemia without the express sanction of the authorities, as is well known; and these books have an object that is by no means unintelligible. Men must think of something; and for the purposes of those who rule here, they cannot do better than think as these books inculcate.

The Church of Maria-Schein is not remarkable for beauty of architecture, nor is it of great extent, having six altars only in addition to the High Altar; on this last the Sacred Image is placed, and over it there is a baldachin or canopy,

richly carved and decorated. Immediately before the altar rises the spring, that in old times flowed by the linden-tree, which stood where now stands the altar itself. This spring—of cool delicious water it is—has been conducted under the church and across the court of the cloisters; a small circular building in the form of a chapel is raised over it, and the pilgrim descends to the clear and continually running stream itself by three or four steps, cups, from which he may drink, being also provided; a beneficent and valuable arrangement, by which thousands of the poor wearied creatures who fill the whole district, and crowd all the neighbouring hamlets at certain seasons of the year, must be constantly comforted and refreshed.

But to us the most remarkable feature of the place was the cloister. Over its thirty-one confessionals are arched spaces, each of which is filled with a fresco painting, of no merit as a work of art, but telling each its particular story of miraculous interference on the part of the image, here worshipped, in the most eloquent manner, and becoming thereby a very powerful auxiliary to the preacher, so far as the listening

multitudes are concerned. Many of these paintings depict the events related above; the maid with the snake winding round her arm, and all that ensued therefrom, for example, with the various removals of the image, and the occasions on which zealous Catholics had saved the latter from unbelieving hands, all of which are here pourtrayed. This series of events concluded, more recent facts are set forth in like manner.

A man who had become apostate, for example, *id est* Protestant, has taken his blind horse unwittingly past the Church of Maria-Schein, which is there in presence, when the blindness of his horse is cured, or rather removed, and transferred to himself, who is seen stumbling forward with outstretched hands, and eyes horribly blighted; while that no doubt might remain as to the agent in that work of vengeance —the Virgin of this shrine, our Lady, with the Saviour in her arms, namely, is painted in the air immediately above the sufferer, whose expression of countenance clearly proves him to deserve the name, and whose whole appearance is well calculated to warn such as cannot read

the inscription beneath, wherein the history of the event depicted is furthermore set forth, for the benefit of such among the peasantry as may be better taught.

A second picture shows a man on horseback attempting to cross a frozen river; but the ice has given way, he is sinking through the cavity, and it is manifest that, but for the intervention of the figure seated in the clouds above him, he must there miserably perish. Another fresco shows the heretic servant drowning, in a case where a carriage with its horses has been overtaken by a flood, while the believing master is saved by the same miraculous interference.

Further on, we have Count Martinetz falling from the window of the Hradschin, out of which he has just been thrown by the infuriated Bohemians; but from between his lips are proceeding the words, "Maria, Mother of God," and the Virgin, or rather the group of the Divine Mother with her Son before described, is seen above him in the air, reassuring all who look at the depth to which he is descending, as to the safety of his person.—And that is one advantage which these painted histories have over the written

ones—they reach the perceptions of the wholly unlettered masses, and are perused with a degree of interest not always accorded to their printed brethren.—A thief, who has committed sacrilege by stealing in a church, is taken in the manner,* close beside this scene of the Hradschin, and receives his death from the power of the same beneficent hand which has brought safety to Martinetz. Men and women, deaf, blind and halting, are seen to approach the shrine in one direction, and in the same picture they are beheld departing joyfully from the opposite door, all cured of their maladies by the power of the image.

The seven chapels have their names from such towns as have most largely contributed to their construction or maintenance, and over each of them is a fresco, referring for the most part to some event in their history. Thus the

* Or as the learned—and who is not learned now-a-days!—exhort us to say "in the Manor," alluding, as these same learned furthermore instruct us, to the game laws of the good old times, when to be taken within the Manor was held to imply guilt of intention, and ensured a fully adequate punishment.

"High Princely town of Teplitz" is recorded as having caused a certain picture to be limned, in perpetual remembrance of its ancient devotion to the Virgin of this shrine, and in token of its gratitude for the deliverance received at her hands in the year 1793, when the whole place was in danger of falling a prey to a raging fire, which destroyed one hundred and fifty-five houses and eleven barns in two hours, and was only stayed by the intervention of the miraculous figure. This appears in the air accordingly, over the heads of the despairing people, who are wringing their hands above the roofs of their houses, which the painter has forgotten to make as tall as themselves. On the 8th of September, the birth-day of the Virgin, a solemn procession still yearly takes its way from Teplitz to Maria-Schein, there to pay its devotions, in commemoration of this event, at the chapel, which was renewed and beautified in 1810, by Prince John of Clary and Aldringen.

The arch-old (uralt) town of Bilin, "out of her always great and ever-increasing devotion to the same image," has also her fresco in this place, as have the "royal" "arch-old," or "praise-

worthy" towns of Brüx, Leitmeritz, Ossegg, Kulm, and Dux. These frescoes then, are the curious things to which your poor scribe and servant alluded on a former occasion; and curious indeed they are.

There are large escutcheons in stucco, each with a painted medallion or inscription in its centre, raised over the confessionals; but they produce a bad effect as regards the frescoes, besides that they make it difficult in some cases to read the inscriptions appended to the latter, which is much to be regretted, seeing that their quaintness, and the naïveté with which they draw on the believing power of their reader, are altogether perfect in their kind; a high recommendation with me, who love that things should be what they are, with all their hearts, and in right good earnest, as are these inscriptions and their frescoes, every one of them.

Immediately without the cloister is a spring, which, from its appetite-giving property, is called the Fressbrunnen; but as our complaint at the moment was rather more appetite than was convenient,—the distance of our dinner from the mouths that were to eat it, considered,—we did

not think it prudent to drink at the "devouring well," but refreshed ourselves with the sweet and pure spring of the linden-tree instead.

The monastery of Maria-Schein is a building of great extent, and the college founded for the Jesuits in 1652, by Christoph von Lobkowitz, is said to have become rapidly rich by the various presents made thereto, and to the church, by Zdenko Leo of Kolowrat, Marcus of Aldringen, Francis, Duke of Sachsen-Lauenberg, and other great benefactors. The numerous pilgrims have also brought large contributions; and in 1665 the Lady of Geiersburg, Anna von Bleileben, gave the domain of Lobochleben to the Jesuit College, by her last will and testament.

A circumstance to which our attention has been frequently called in Catholic churches again presented itself here. I allude to the discrepancies observable in their treatment of objects which they hold sacred. Our conductor did not approach the altar without genuflections, in which you may be sure we declined joining; but when, on my remarking that I could not see the sacred image, which is indeed nearly concealed beneath gold, silver, and jewels, he desired me to stand

on the altar itself, it was our turn to draw back, and we could not choose but hesitate:— "Go forward; there is nothing to prevent it," said the man, as we stood on the uppermost of the portable steps which he had placed for us, but which did not yet permit us to see the faces; and as we still hesitated to place our feet on the altar, he repeated, "Step forward," in a manner that showed him to be wholly unable to comprehend the cause of our delay.

Thus exhorted, we did not repeat our refusal, and approached the figures in the only manner that permitted me to see them. And now you will say, perhaps, that the altar itself is but a table; the genuflections of the man were to the image, and not to the altar. Doubtless they were to the image, and the altar is but a table; yet the careless mode of treating these things which I have described, never fails to produce a peculiar impression, and when in Italian churches the attendant quietly takes a burning candle from the altar, to show you the transparency of a column, for example—as in St. Mark's, at Venice —does it not occur to you that he might have taken some other light for the purpose? It

always appears to us that he might, (thinking as he does), and we are constantly surprised that he does not seem to feel this. But enough said, and I go back to my story.

The fields are covered with cheerful labourers, busy with the rye harvest. That of barley is also commencing in some parts, and we take our way through the golden treasures so amply spread around us, with very joyful, and, I would fain hope, not unthankful hearts.

Rest and refreshment,—both much needed, and taken at the "Wilhelmshöhe,"—have restored our strength, which was somewhat tried by the long morning at Maria-Schein, and we return by Probstau, in which you also will have to make frequent halts when you come to Teplitz, and whence we next proceed, through the Thurn Garten, to our welcome pillows in the Königstrasse.

CHAPTER VII.

The Wachholder-berg—Wood-walks—The Pheasantry —Kosten Deer-park—Hunting Lodge of Prince Lobkowitz—Magnificent Trees — Doppelberg — Seat of Prince Clary—Weisskirchen—Church and Relics of St. Valentine — Eichwald — Muhlberg — Schweitz-Jäger — Ancient Hill-town of Graupen — Heilige Steige—Imitation of that near St. John of the Lateran in Rome—Curious Works in Wood-carving—Frightful Representation of Purgatory — Castle Rosenberg—Wilhelm's Hohe—A Woodland Paradise—Probstau Consolations—Oblaten—Experiment recommended.

ONE of the most agreeable walks in the immediate vicinity of Teplitz, is that to the summit of the Wachholder-berg, which rises to the east of the town, and the approach to which has of late years been rendered much more commodious by

paths cut in the woods through which you pass to it, after leaving the Castle Garden. This wood, which in itself makes a no inconsiderable addition to the many delightful promenades enriching this fortunate town, is called the Galgenwald, and the new paths cut through it by Prince Clary are named Caterinenberg, after one of the young princesses of his house.

The heights once surmounted, all the beauties so liberally presented by the varied slopes of the Erzgebirge, lie before you;—deep sequestered valley, dark wooded hill, and hamlet-covered plain are all your own — happy you! for the sight is a true benediction. If you have strength for a long round, keep well along the summit; and then, taking to your left, continue across the country till you come to the Fasanerie or Pheasantry, at Zwettnitz, whence you have a close and perfect view of that "Castled-crag," called the Schlosberg.

Having taken your coffee in the well-placed seats of the little terrace commanding this view, you may then return at leisure by the handsome avenue of poplars, which forms the entrance into Teplitz from the old Prague road: then, if you are

not pleased with your round, you are more difficult than it is wise to be.

A few days since, we paid a visit to the deer-park of Kosten, a hunting-lodge belonging to Prince Lobkowitz, who liberally permits all comers to partake with himself in the enjoyment of its beauties. In the entrance hall are the heads and antlers of some twenty deer—all duly ticketed and labelled, with the day of their owner's death, and the hand by which he fell. But more interesting to your servant was a magnificent oak of many centuries, an object of much attention here, as are other noble specimens of the same tree, and not without good right to be so.

Handsome rides and drives are cut through the domain, while chairs and tables of rustic character, and pleasantly harmonizing in their weather-toned colours with the scene around, are placed judiciously at convenient points, inviting to the leisurely enjoyment of the views, which here, as everywhere else throughout this well-named "Paradise of Bohemia," present themselves in lavish abundance.

From Kosten we proceeded to Doppelburg, another hunting-box, at the foot of the Erzge-

birge, and also open to the public. This belongs to Prince Clary, and appears well to merit the praises bestowed on its beauty by all acquainted with the place. Our own visit was too hasty a one, and we propose to repeat it in a few days, the rather, as we were then prevented from ascending to the terrace of Count Chotek, which we have it much at heart to do, anticipating the most glorious of prospects from that elevation.

Meanwhile we have just returned from Weisskirchlitz, another drive in the pleasant neighbourhood of Teplitz, and about two miles from the town. A small circular Temple—so-called—on a green height, rising advantageously above the general level, and permitting Teplitz, with its surrounding hills, to come well into the picture, is one of the attractions of this place. It is called the Louisen-Temple, from the Princess Louisa of Prussia, consort of Prince Radziwill; and the rocks which strew the spot with their large masses have received the name of the Louisen-Fels, or Louisa's-Rocks.

Some years since, this place—known also as the Schweitzer-Mühle—or rather Weisskirchlitz itself, was much visited for the sake of an or-

chestra, composed of boys belonging to the school of the district; but their performances are now discontinued.

The church of the village is dedicated to St. Valentine; and a peasant, with whom we had some conversation, informed us that the shrine was much resorted to by the Hill-people (Berg-Leute), seeing that St. Valentine was especially powerful in all diseases affecting cattle. "There are relics of the Saint in the church," he added, "and many wonderful cures have been effected by them." Over the door, by which you pass through the high wall surrounding the church-yard, are lines to the following effect:—

> "What you now are, once so were we;
> What we now are, you soon shall be:
> For you and we must have one doom,
> In this dark region of the tomb."

These lines, the sense of which I give you in our own mother tongue, are in that Bohemico-German, with which the critical Saxons and Prussians who visit Teplitz are fond of making themselves merry, as I have mentioned before; but all peculiarity of expression is lost in a

translation — as is manifest — and the truism, propounded as above, alone remains.

* * * *

The more direct road from Weisskirchlitz to Teplitz is wickedly bad; and as this is a point on which the good people of these lands take leisure to consider long, before they begin to mend, they will most probably suffer it to remain in its present deplorable condition, until you have all had an opportunity of grumbling over it, as we have done, however distant may be the period of your arrival here.

For those who are very pitiable to the springs of their carriage, or dainty of their feet, as the case may be, there is, however, the remedy of making a long round by the Eichwald road, which is considerably better certainly, although little could be truly said in praise even of that.

Eichwald itself is most deliciously situated in the very bosom of the Erzgebirge. Unhappily it has the usual bad quality of all the villages here: a site—to the beauty of which no words could do justice—ruined by the dwellings that should increase its attractions.

If *we* had such positions, and in equal pro-

fusion, a thome, what should we not make of them! The few spots where we have anything approaching to this in loveliness, sufficiently reply. But here, to our infinite regret, we find all the dwellings disorderly—many absolutely squalid. The white villages shining forth from amidst the dark green foliage, and looking so invitingly beautiful in the distance, are found to be—when you draw near enough to convince yourselves of the fact—but heaps of dirt and misery; their dazzling white-wash the only clean thing about them. Thus, it is here, as when driving along that glorious Terrace, the pass of the Cornice; (or when, going further east, you travel by the Riviera Orientale;) you have nothing so much at heart as to get speedily out of the wretched towns and villages, which you have just before been so eager to reach: so in this beautiful Bohemia, no sooner have you attained the captivating hamlets that sit enchased among their rocks and trees—like the jewels they ought to be—than you hasten to rush through them, because you dare not breathe in their precincts. For it is a disgusting feature of these villages, that the odours whereby they

poison the air are no less offensive than the sights wherewith they presume to desecrate the beauty, which they so little know how to profit by.

Eichwald is by no means one of the worst specimens of this malady in the land—on the contrary, it is in fact much better than Bohemian villages usually are; and though not equal to its situation, is, at least, not so much a disgrace to it, as they are but too often found to be.

On a height called the Mühlberg, and which rises to the north-east of Eichwald, Prince Clary, to whom the village belongs, has built a charming gloriette, and to this he has made commodious walks—or for those who require them, bridle paths—well furnished with seats, commanding the best points of view. All these advantages, obtained as they must be at enormous cost, are given up to the enjoyment of every visitor, with a liberality truly worthy of the character universally attributed to their noble proprietor. You have no lodge-gate to besiege; no guardian to propitiate; all is open to you, and at all hours. Nor here only, but in the palace garden at Teplitz itself, which is one of the summer residences of the prince, it is the same; there

is not the slightest restriction on your freedom of movement from daybreak to dark night. You may ramble through the exquisite gardens at your will—a small portion in the centre being alone reserved; and that so slightly fenced with invisible rods of mere wire, that all have the privilege of seeing even this part, although but few receive invitations to walk therein.

Returning to the Mühlberg, I have only further to add that, from the pavilion before-mentioned, you have the whole of the valley in which Teplitz stands, with its innumerable heights, lying before you; and beyond it is the entire panorama of the Mittelgebirge; the Mileschauer, or Donnersberg, rising boldly in the centre of the range. Another hunting-lodge, belonging to Prince Clary, and called the Schweitz-Jäger, is close at hand, and from this eminence also magnificent views are obtained.

Between Eichwald and Maria-Schein lies the ancient Hill-town of Graupen, a place which has interested us greatly, and to which we contemplate an early re-visit.

The formal-looking old houses have an air of antique propriety which is very quaint and

pleasing; they turn their high-pointed gables to the steep street rising rapidly up the mountain-cleft in which the town has been pleased to nestle itself. Like its more important neighbours, Graupen distinguishes each dwelling by a sign; that of "Stadt Teplitz," given to one of the largest dwellings, evincing its respect for the metropolis of the whole region, as Teplitz is manifestly considered to be.

The Church of Graupen, dedicated to the "Ascension of Mary," is of high antiquity, and is mentioned as early as 1384. Few pilgrims to Maria-Schein neglect to pay their devotions here, more especially since the middle of the last century, when the "Heilige Steige," a staircase of Polish marble, constructed in imitation of that on the Piazza di San Giovanni Laterano at Rome, was first erected.

Three pieces of the "true cross" are inserted, as the sexton informed us, in the central flight of stairs, of which there are three separate flights; the two staircases that form the sides are mounted and descended in the ordinary manner, as in the Roman prototype, but that in the middle can be ascended on the knees only,

the more devout worshipper repeating a prayer on each step: the pieces of the cross serve as "Stations," where the pilgrim makes a longer pause, and repeats an added prayer.

The two morsels of the cross, placed at the top and bottom, were pointed out to us by the attendant; they are not visible, being covered over by plates of brass, in the form of crosses. "They would have been quickly worn away," the man remarked, "by the lips of the worshippers, had they been suffered to remain exposed to their contact."

The piece on the central step of the flight we did not see—its brass covering, rather—not being of those who approach it in the only manner permitted.

The Condemnation of Christ by Pilate, is represented by three groups of highly-animated figures, placed above the Holy Stair. In a sort of balcony is Pilate, with the Saviour and the attendants; while from windows on each side lean forth the eager Hebrews, crying, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" The figures are carved in wood, but are coloured to represent life, and have all the effect of those in stucco in the

numerous chapels of San Francesco D'Assisi, at the Lago di Orta; at the still more renowned Pilgrimage Church of Monte D'Oropa, at the Sanctuary of the Virgin at Varalla, and in other places in Italy where the pilgrimage churches are to be found.

Among the various objects shown to us in this Church of Graupen were figures of Christ in prison and in the tomb, both painfully real, with a group of some thirty figures, all writhing in the flames of purgatory, and producing an effect that must be frightfully startling to the weak of nerve, among those who believe themselves to see the representation of a reality in these suffering creatures. Several children are among the condemned; and we may readily conceive the eagerness with which the peasant-mother pours forth her hardly-earned pence, when she is told that the masses she may buy with these have power to free the child she mourns, from agonies like those here represented.

Where, indeed, is the parent, the husband, the brother, or the friend, who would not gladly hasten to spare those dear to him a single moment of such torture, at the price of

all he possesses? What is gold in the face of a spectacle like this?

Well it is that those to whose blunted senses these pictures are addressed, do not take them so entirely to heart as they might do, or as it is intended that they should take them; for if they did, what mother could retain her reason, with the thought ever pressing on her heart that her child may, by possibility, be *there?*

I have ever felt thankful to see that there is a sort of re-agent, if the term be permitted here, in the minds of those apparently subjugated and bowed down to these remorseless creeds; a force which counteracts their effect, not by the strength of reason, but by the carelessness of disregard: the terrors thus vividly presented are in fact as though they were not, they glide over the mind without really affecting it. A rapid glance, quickly averted, at these fearful things, or, as the beholder passes them, a solemn shake of the head, perchance, which seems to say much, but means wondrous little; such is the reply to those who would press on them the deeper consideration of these matters: or a sigh may follow, and then the whole subject is

cast aside, dismissed from the mind, and forgotten. So let it be! The ordinances of omniscient and omnipotent wisdom do not permit that the great mass of mankind shall be rendered miserable by inventions that have no foundation in truth; these ordinances are never to be baffled, and accordingly, while certain of the believers in these dangerous creeds are doing their utmost to embitter their lives, by carrying to their ultimate consequences the dogmas propounded, they fail of their purpose, notwithstanding all their efforts. The shadow still refuses to become the substance, which some are striving, in their fear and anxiety, to make it; they are careless and happy, for the most part, in spite of all their labours to the contrary, or when that is not so, the result is madness!—a truth of which I could, if need were, cite more than one most grievous proof. Our reason has not been made to support these burthens that men would lay on her, and if she cannot throw them off in practice, however seeming to submit to them in theory, she sinks beneath their weight, and the man becomes a maniac.

Red glass, casting its lurid glare into the midst of the tortured creatures represented by these figures, does much to enhance the effect; but enough said of these enormities.

Our guide lastly showed us the picture of the High Altar, which he told us was painted by a native of Graupen, who had received no instruction whatever, and had never left his village. It is not a work of high art, as may be readily supposed, but has considerable merit, and is by no means beneath the average of the pictures commonly found in remote village churches.

The ruins of a castle rise above the town, and have a fine effect, as seen on the descent from the upper part of Graupen. The original name of this building is lost in the darkness of antiquity, but the place is now called Rosenberg, and is crowned, as is a neighbouring height, called Wilhelmshöhe, with a pavilion, beneath which the wearied pleasure-seekers recruit their exhausted strength, according to the good and sensible custom of the country, while they enjoy the delightful prospect spread out before them. Many of the picturesque old houses of Graupen retain traces of frescoes, in one of which we

distinguish an Adoration of the Magi; another, of much later date, exhibits the Vision of St. Francis Xavier; and a third has an angel or child, with various tools around him, the sense of which we could not ascertain, and think it probable that the owner's calling may be all that he meant to intimate by this fresco on his dwelling, as we are assured is the case by an old physician long resident in the district.

A somewhat longer detour amidst these exquisite hills than was quite prudent for walkers of no great strength, was rewarded by the discovery of a perfect fairy-land, hidden preciously away in their recesses; beautiful little glades of the brightest and softest green, framed in among the dark pine woods at one place, bordered by miniature streamlets of crystal clearness at another, and losing themselves in the deep recesses of the woods at a third, served to keep us in perpetual delight, until, after being several times lost, and again discovering our whereabouts, we finally became altogether bewildered in that delicious solitude, and regained our true direction only by the aid of some wood-cutters, whom we encountered just as we were beginning to wish,

with some earnestness, that we knew which way our noses ought to be pointing.

Much comforted by the recollection of that laudable German custom to which I lately alluded, of giving good cakes and coffee to him who shall need them, "moyennant finance," your somewhat exhausted servants then took their way towards Probstau, where they found sufficing consolation for the creature, to which they did full justice, not forgetting to command certain "oblaten," a large wafer-like biscuit, as the name implies, whereof an experiment on the merits, is not on any account to be omitted by any one of you, who may be so fortunate as to come this way.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dobrowska Hora—The Schlossberg, or Castle Hill—Count Kinsky—Legends of the Pagan Times—Vela and Valadog—Lastha—The Dark Powers of the Dubalstein—Beautiful road to the Schlossberg—View from the Castle Terrace—Toils of Bohemian women—Deference to the *Herrnschaft*—Bad division of labour—Who should carry the pig?

DOBROWSKA HORA.—Such is the Bohemian name of what the Germans call the Schlossberg, and we English, as I scarcely need say now, in days when all read German, the "Castle Hill." This has been several times the end of our less widely extended excursions, being at but a short distance from Schönau; but we have in almost every instance been hurried away from the ruins either by a threatening cloud, or the lateness of the hour. To-day we have had bright

sunshine and leisure enough, both of which are required for a satisfactory examination of the place.

Entirely separated from the range of the Mittelgebirge, to which it belongs, the Schlossberg rises boldly from the level plain, and carries its ruin-crowned front aloft in proud independence. The history of the castle is closely connected with that of Teplitz, to whose lords it has almost always belonged, and the domain was in possession of Wilhelm von Kinsky when the latter was assassinated, with his father-in-law, Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, who lost his life, as you will but too well remember, at the lamentable banquet of Eger.

When the unhappy widow of the murdered lord of Kinsky had taken refuge in Dresden, Ferdinand bestowed the castle of which we are speaking, with the lordship of Töplitz, on his general, Count Aldringen. In 1634 a Swedish army stormed the castle, and cruelly wasted the surrounding country. These troops departed after a time, but returned in the year 1639, and were not expelled until late in the following year.

Much terror was experienced two years later

from the same cause, the Swedes, hard pressed by Piccolomini, making an inroad upon the immediate neighbourhood; but they passed forward into Saxony without further mischief. After the peace of Westphalia, it was determined that this fortress should be destroyed. The decree to that effect went forth in 1555, and at the end of that year the works were levelled with the ground.

The neighbourhood of the fortress cost Teplitz grievously dear in the Thirty Years' War. Before that period, the place is little known to authentic history. But the Dobrowska Hora makes a notable figure in the legendary lore of the people, many of whom still hold the ruins to be the abode of evil spirits.

According to those who now relate these more than half fabulous stories, at the time when the wise Libussa ruled the land, a great hunting party once assembled on the spot where the castle was afterwards erected, but which was then a wild woodland. Here it chanced that Vela, a daughter of the Valadika of Bilin, first met Valadog, a young warrior of noble race, to whom she soon afterwards promised her hand.

Libussa, to whose court the fair Vela belonged, and where she was distinguished by her grace and beauty above all her companions, refused to grant her permission for the nuptials, believing she saw cause to fear for the happiness of both; but Vela's entreaties prevailed, for Valadog had sworn by the Dark Powers of the Dubalstein, a rock that rises high above the Elbe, to remain ever true to her love, and the maiden was not to be entreated from his side. He bore his bride accordingly to his castle on the Veltava, which we call the Moldau. Here they lived together in much happiness.

Not far from the domains of Valadog dwelt the knight Boruslas, whose only daughter, the beautiful Lastha, was sought in marriage by the felon lord, Heldrich, of Kameayk, but neither father nor daughter would listen to his suit. Resolved to obtain by force the hand thus refused him, Heldrich attacked the castle of Boruslas, whom he slew, but was in his turn slain by Valadog, whom Boruslas had summoned to his aid; but who arrived only in time to save the castle and the daughter—the life of the father had departed.

Entering the abode of his dead neighbour after the victory he had obtained, Valadog no sooner beheld Lastha than he became the bond-slave of her beauty, and, concealing his married state, together with his true name, he presented himself as a suitor for the hand of the orphan. Her gratitude for the service he had rendered her was soon changed to a warmer affection. Lastha became his wife, as he wickedly caused her to believe, and in course of time presented her false lord with a fair son; but the light love of Valadog had vanished, and he soon afterwards cruelly gave her to know, that her child was the heir of sin and shame. A prey to despair, the wretched Lastha forbade the traitor her presence, and, taking her infant in her arms, she determined to seek her less unfortunate rival, the equally betrayed Vela.

Uncertain of the fate of her husband, the lady Vela had withdrawn to a remote dwelling, called the Rosselberg, which he possessed in the woods, where the town of Kosten now stands; here she, too, had become the mother of a son. Lastha found her seated, with her child, on the verge of a precipice; and maddened by the sense of

wrong that each had to bear and to relate, the wretched women cast the sons of their betrayer into the gulf that yawned below, and threw themselves headlong after the infants. "But Satan," relates the legend, "whirled the miserable Vela back to her seat, since she had yet more wrong to endure, and more crime to commit, before she might take shelter in the grave. The bodies of Lastha and the babes, the foul fiend bore to the father, relating what had passed, but omitting to speak of Vela's deliverance from the death she had sought. Stung by remorse, the knight buried his dead; but, returning no more to his castle, he passed his days in wandering through the woods, where he roamed in a state of madness, until his brother, the knight Kolonska, took him into his own care, and having built a castle on what is now called the Schlossberg, which Libussa had presented to him, and which he called Dobrotska Hora, he gave that place to Valadog as his residence."

Partially cured and restored to his liberty, after a period of restraint, Valadog was one day rambling in melancholy mood about the wilds that surrounded his abode, when he met Vela,

who was still in all the bloom of her beauty. Believing her dead, and confused as his faculties were, the knight did not recognise his wife; but, caught by the loveliness she displayed, he entreated her to become his bride; and Vela, conducting him to the Dubalstein at Libochowan, where he had aforetimes vowed eternal fidelity, there asked him if he had ever loved before. He assured her that she was his first love, whereupon she consented to become his wife.

Now Vela had allied herself with the Dark Powers; and leading her false lord to the Geiersberg, on which rose a wild waste of frowning rocks, she broke a leading branch from a young tree, and waving it in the air, there instantly upreared itself a stately castle, into whose magnificent apartments she led her astonished lover.

But he had no sooner entered than he perceived the history of his own life, blazoned in colours of fire on the walls, which were, nevertheless, of ice only, as he presently perceived, and but little calculated long to endure that fiery limning. Horror-struck at the sight he beheld, Valadog turned to seek the enchantress,

and then recognised his abandoned wife. He sunk at her feet, and implored forgiveness; but whatever had been good and right in Vela, had departed since her compact with the Dark Powers; she pronounced over his bent head the curse of utter loneliness, and condemned him to pass his days deprived of love and peace, until the fate she had reserved for his punishment should overtake him.

She then drove him from her presence; and Valadog sought refuge in the Schlossberg, where Kolonska tried all methods known, for setting him free from that enchantment, but without effect.

So lived the knight, until he one day bethought himself of his old love for the chase, and went forth with his hounds to hunt the stag; but in the wilds he met with Vela, and her maledictions were such that they caused the earth to open, when horse and rider, with all the hounds, were swallowed up in the abyss. Thus ended Valadog; but from that time forward he has been occasionally heard to be driving through the woods with his pack—a wild hunter; and those who encounter him, affirm that he constantly

lisappears over a precipice, which, from the howling of his dogs, as they fall into the deeps below, is called the Houndstone. Vela now became the teror of the neighbourhood, and was called the Witch of the Dubalstein.

She long sought to envelope the brother of Valadog in her magic toils, but was shot by him with an enchanted ball. As she thus received her death, the Wild Hunter swept by, bearing her with him as he passed, when all rushed together into the abyss that yawned to receive them.

Now I think you will call that enough of *Glamourie* for one sitting; there is another legend of a similar kind related of the same place, but I reserve it for another day.

The ruins on the Schlossberg are of considerable extent, yet have not the character of solidity and strength usually remarked in buildings of the sort. This you will, perhaps, attribute to the haste with which Kolonska may, perchance, have erected it, his afflicted brother waiting the while; and it may be so, though I do not vouch for the fact; meanwhile, if the ruins be not very imposing, the views you obtain from

amidst their crumbling walls. are magnificent. The whole range of the Mittelgebirge, from the Paskopole to the Biliner Stein on the one side, with the chain of the Erzgebirge on the other, are fully visible; while between them are towns, villages, monasteries, and churches, interchanged by dark woods, richly cultivated fields, fair green slopes, and castle-crowned heights: at a word, there is everything required for the perfection of landscape but water—of that we have very little, and it is to be regretted. Yet are you not disposed to complain of the circumstance, when gazing from the Schlossberg on the beauties around you, so entirely satisfying is the wealth of loveliness there presented: it is only when enumerating what you find, as I am doing now, and seeking to give an account of it to others, that you become sensible to the absence of water as a want, although you perceive it, as a matter of course, in the repeated circuits you make around the ramparts, from which every part of the glorious panorama is fully visible.

A casemate, still remaining in good preservation, affords a kind of dwelling to the present

guardian of the ruin, no part of which retains a roof: a deep well supplies water for the Castellan, who is besides a *restaurateur*, and for his guests; these are very numerous, and rarely fail to draw on his resources, after the somewhat toilsome, yet infinitely delightful ascent.

All our old acquaintance of the surrounding country are to be discerned from the terrace of the Schlossberg: the various points to which we have rendered the homage of visits, so justly their due, present themselves one after another to our glad recognition. Here we have the dark red roofs of Maria-Schein, their clear bright colour harmonizing finely with the varied tints of the woodlands amidst which they seem half buried, and by no means to be confounded with those brick-coloured tiles that you wot of as glaring out upon us at times in the beloved *Heimath*. The wild heights of the Geiersberg, of whose monster crest there is more to follow, forms the back-ground to this picture. Close beside the Pilgrimage Church is the picturesque hill-town of Graupen, green pastures and black pine-woods stretching high beyond, and the lofty Mückenberg, with its aerial chapel, crowning all.

In the north-east we have Nollenberg, also with its chapel, raised in commemoration of his defeat, on the point which Napoleon Bonaparte had presumptuously destined to be that of the monument to his triumph: then follows Kulm, with its three memorials of the great battle: these last you do not distinguish at this distance, and can but make an approximation to their site. From Kulm your eyes pass delightedly over the summits of the Paskopole, the Kletschenberg, the Mileschauer, and the Great Francis, pausing between, for many a white gleaming church, clustered village, or ruined castle—that of Kostenblatt, for example, of which more anon—until you come round to the Bilíner Stein in the west, and to the Cistercian monastery of Ossegg, with its neighbour mountains, the Meinenfelsen, the Riesenberg, and the Spitzberg, in the east. Gardens, orchards, parks, corn-fields and farm-houses innumerable, complete, and give the last touches to this exquisite picture, or rather series of pictures: in our estimation these have rarely been surpassed, and seldom will be, were it only that they have a quality which we greatly value, that, namely, of being clearly perceptible, and

fairly within one's powers of enjoyment—not lost in barely visible distances, and painfully to be picked out of the dim obscurity.

There is sublimity in the vast extent of the far-stretching plain. Yes, I grant you that, and the rather if you will give me such a sky thereover as shall make me deep shadows with abounding lights;—then is there sublimity and beauty in the plain. Neither do I fail to acknowledge the grandeur of the limitless ocean, and the magic attraction of far mountains, blue in the distance; but for the objects of my best love, for what I call my *home view*, give me ever but as much as I can truly see. If a river, let me bask in the beauties of either shore; if a lake, give both its banks to be within my ken; with all their loveliness, or nearly so, for I permit the windings to make concealment at their pleasure, and you may have promontories and fairy bays therein to your utmost fancy. Where there are woods, I would fain look through their sunny glades, and mark where these are lost again amidst the deep shadows. When I have hills —most beloved of all, hardly can you find me enough of them, with all their exquisite recesses

—let them never be so far off but that I can see their every treasure, their soft sweet valleys, their bold brown rocks, the purple heath of their summits, the crystal stream of their narrowest glens: not a particle of all these can I afford to lose, and great distance deprives one of so many of them! Take you the far-away prospects, therefore, if you doat on them the rather, but leave me the blessings that I can hold beneath my hand, the nooks that I may "poke" among, *more mio*, they suit best with my humbler pretensions, and above all they have my whole heart for their own.

There are various modes of approach to this charming Schlossberg; a delightful carriage way, more than one fair bridle road, through the pleasant woods, and footpaths, not too steep for the feebler "Bath-guest," who will besides find seats at easy distances for his repose.

At the foot of the hill is the remaining arch of a fallen gateway, which proves that the outworks of the castle comprised the whole eminence on that side. The slopes are now covered with birch and oak, offering a grateful shade. These trees are preceded by cherry trees, which

clothe the lower levels, from their junction with the highway leading from Schönau to the Schlossberg, and thence to the villages on the plain beneath its opposite point. A little above this point, and to the left of the road, is a statue of the bishop and martyr St. Adalbert, which is erected on the spot where, according to a legend that you shall have hereafter, the knight Hinko of Bleilcben met his foeman Waldemar in combat. The figure has no merit as a work of art, but looks well in the distance, and being of dazzling whiteness is visible from afar.

Passing along this last-mentioned way, you have the discomfort of seeing women bending beneath such loads as make one's back ache to look at,—what then to bear! This is one of the iniquities of these else well-behaved regions; their women are fairly turned to beasts of burthen, and that to such an extent as to wring every womanly attribute from out of them, so far as external appearance goes. Hard, brown, coarse, and prematurely furrowed with wrinkles, the badly-treated creatures present a painful and humiliating spectacle, their bare arms weather-stained, their shoeless feet distorted with immo-

derate toil. Here, too, there are so many of these poor women looking *uralt* (arch-old), that my companion affirms them to have been gathered together from all parts of the land, and brought hither to be what he calls "used up."

"Used up" they do indeed seem to be, and I would fain have their task-masters think they were so, and let them take rest. And what comes of all this labour? what have they for their reward? Seeing one yesterday looking more than commonly lamentable, and pointing her out to the notice of one from whom I hoped at least compassion, with a grievous exclamation of "the *poor* woman!" "Woman!" quoth my friend in reply, "*that* is not a woman!" Alas! my sisters! and this, then, is your guerdon. Ye are not women! What, then, have they made you? This too, from the lips of the very kindliest of men. Yet I could perceive, and was almost compelled to acknowledge a sort of reason in this remark, so altogether spoiled and wasted do these toiling creatures appear. Nor were the words uttered in levity or thoughtlessness: they were rather the expression of the speaker's angry impatience, as the conviction

was pressed on him that no remedy need be hoped for this abominable system. The men walk upright with unburthened backs, while their women lose all grace, all comeliness, nay, even the very form their Creator gave them, beneath the fardels they bear alone. Not an hour since, we saw from our windows an instance of the merciless fashion after which they are permitted by their husbands to abuse their feeble powers, in a couple passing beneath our windows. A woman, the heavy basket, familiar to all who visit these parts, strapped to her back, was bearing therein a more than sufficient load for one stronger than she seemed to be, but on her left arm she carried a pig, no less! which she maintained there with evident difficulty; she grasped the muzzle of the animal with her right hand, (thus drowning its cries, in her respect for the repose, or rather for the *gentility*, "save the mark!" of those before whose dwellings she was passing, poor soul!) while her own slight frame was shaking and quivering, as she tottered along, with the immoderate exertions she was making. And the man's share in all this, what was it? Why, he carried the rope by which one leg of his pig

was bound! Yes, the tall strong creature stalked along with the rope—by which, when the houses were once past, the pig was to be driven, and which was even then fastened to its foot—carried coiled up in his hand, and connecting his unembarrassed bulk with the poor sinking figure of his helpmate. Helpmate! 'twere pity but she had *had* a helpmate!

You will tell me, perhaps, that, as *he* would most probably drive the pig, when his wife had ceased to nurse it in her poor incapable arms, his office after all was no sinecure; and you are right. Driving a pig, when you have fastened a string to its foot, is not an enviable occupation certainly, and when I see my brethren so employed, I do not covet their office, nor presume to take the string from their hands; but why did not this great lout *carry* the pig, since carried it was to be. Why did not *he* clasp its little black muzzle in his broad brown *patte?* which was better able to restrain its cries than was the less powerful hand of his wife. Yet she did even that part of her work effectually, poor woman, and a plaintive remonstrance, now and then wailed forth, was all that she permitted the patient to

utter. What possessed the wretch, I ask you again, to go stalking along thus with unburthened back and unloaded arms, while the woman beside him was performing so preposterous a task? That is what you cannot tell me, and I pursue the enquiry no farther.

CHAPTER IX.

Neglected worthies—Gardens of the Clary Palace—The Green Drawing-room—An important Hour—The Water-Terrace—Forest Trees—The Galgenwood—Ducal Domains of our own Derbyshire—Woods of Staunton-Thornhill — The Duchess Elizabeth's Drives — Foxgloves—A Pilgrimage Procession—Sorrows of the Past—Jacobel of Miess—John Huss, and Jerome of Prague—Horrors of the Calixtine Wars —The Meierei—Valley of Kresmusch—Table-land of Porsaz—A Day in the Wilds—Difficulties—Velbina—Quaint Habitations — Frescoes — Under Anthony Frolic's Rod—Fire-walk, or Teufel's Mauer—Tribulations — Exquisite Woodlands — Lost! — Perilous Descent—Kostemblatt — Ruins of Kostemlalti — Kathka the Wicked.

AMONG the "races meconnues," and which have never "received all their praise," is that of fishes. None can doubt this fact, who, to their previous

acquaintance with these unjustly neglected worthies, have added that which you may all make with them, if you will but come to the Palace gardens of this pleasant Teplitz. Take your stand by the upper fish-pond only, having care to present yourselves under the proper auspices (a few cakes, or pieces of bread in either hand, being the ceremonial of approach), and you shall see how becomingly they will receive you.

It is true that some of them do open a somewhat round and simple-looking mouth, by way of greeting, to the morsel of bread you "exhibit," but these are of the more rustical quality; there are who shall dance around you with a grace and animation for which I have never heard fishes receive due credit. Spring high in the air they will, after a fashion that the Elslers and the Taglionis might envy, and if they plump back rather heavily into their waters again, that is because the constitution of carp is somewhat delicate withal, and doth not brook long residence in these upper regions.

I do not affirm them to be altogether perfect, these finny friends of ours; they have their faction fights, and will dispute for a booty of

bread moreover, as do two-legged creatures for the matters *they* covet. Fierce is then the combat, furious the melée, and it is not until the object of contention has disappeared in the gratified throat of the fortunate pretender, that they resume their grace of deportment, and proceed to entertain their visitors with a renewal of those gyrations before alluded to.

Respecting the garden itself, it is not possible to speak in terms of due praise. Of the many promenades that enrich the town, this is, without doubt, the most attractive, and we, who rarely twice visit a walk of the kind in any place—because we prefer the more open fields, woods, and hills—seldom pass a day without giving some time to this; nay, we even find our delight and admiration increase with every visit.

A happy mixture of garden, dressed grounds, and park, this promenade offers gratification for the tastes of all. Even those who delight in a crowd may find a very gay one, in what my companion aptly calls the "Green Drawing Room," meaning thereby the principal avenue, which stretches from the Gartensaal at the one end, to the extreme limit of the grounds at the other. At the lower-

most part of this fine walk is the place of assembly for all who wish to see, and care to be seen. The good people who comfort themselves with a heavy German dinner at one o'clock in the day, more especially make this place their rendezvous, and wait the sound of the dinner-bell beneath the noble trees with such "patience and indignation" as they best may. Fair ladies here hold levées on the seats, to that end made and provided by the hospitality of the princely owner; and bold cavaliers, in coats of all imaginable colours, the white gleam of Austria's livery largely predominating, pay their devoirs to the same, while they bravely await that hour of combat when the battle-field is a table-cloth, and the weapons forks and knives—the latter of such temper as it shall chance.

Across this, and the partially parallel avenues, runs another broad path, which we usually prefer for our walk, and which, being raised above the general level for the greater part of its length, forms a beautiful terrace, whence you command the exquisitely-varied walks and parterres near the palace on the one hand, while you have an extensive piece of water, its green sloping

banks crowned by dark forest-trees, and the soft retiring glades of the less frequented lawns and groves, on the other.

Large numbers of the trees are of magnificent growth, and the broad shadows they throw, contrasting with the radiant lights of the more open parts, produce a ceaseless variety, with so rich a series of accidents in colour and shade, that we can never weary of delighting in them. So judiciously are the walks laid out, too, that the various groups moving about beneath the lofty elms, oaks, limes, chesnuts, planes and beeches, lending their aid to form the ornament of these beautiful grounds, produce the most admirable effects, seeing that the distances are quite sufficient to mask all the deformities imposed by fashion on the human form, and to render almost every figure, appearing among these privileged shades, a picturesque and agreeable object. But, recurring for a moment to the vagaries of fashion, of these, the almost always over-dressed visitors of Teplitz seem agreed to "se donner à cœur joie," and marvellous are the results! when you are not too far off to be dazzled by their splendour.

This refers to the middle classes only. As a matter of course, those of the upper ranks, here as elsewhere, reserve their gaieties of apparel for more fitting occasions; and when appearing on the public walks, they exhibit, for the most part, that correct simplicity which marks the good taste that is their appanage.

Graceful swans contribute, with our friends the fishes, to enliven the garden waters, and at the upper end of the grounds, where you leave them for the Wachholderberg and the Galgen-wood, is an aviary; but it is not so carefully kept up as might be desired.

For the "Galgen-wood"* just mentioned, I could wish that some one would endow it with a less unmusical name. Galgen-wood! how cruelly it reminds one of what William of Deloraine calls his "Neck-Verse at Hairibee." Yet is the wood itself an exceedingly pleasant

* Such of our readers as do not read German, may ask, What, then, is "Galgen?"—and with all due apologies, begging them to prepare for something startling, we confess that Galgen is "Gallows;"—sound most unmeet for the vicinage of these exquisite regions, and which should not presume to let itself be heard within a thousand miles of their borders.

one, and reminds us, in some parts, of those which extend between the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chatsworth and the woods of Rowsley, belonging to the Duke of Rutland,—not those immediately about the last-mentioned noble's hunting-box of Stanton-Woodhouse, and which join the finely-clothed heights of Stanton-Thornhill, the seat of the Thornhill family, but the long range opposite to them, and on the left bank of the Derwent.

I do not say that the Galgen-wood—let us forgive its ill-omened name—is of equal beauty with those of our Derbyshire, nor are the paths winding among them (though commodious and agreeable) to be compared with the green drives and rides traced through the Rowsley woods by the lamented Duchess Elizabeth, who designed the greater part of them, and superintended their formation herself. But to make up for that, these Bohemian heights have such views, from amidst their sunny slopes, as our English county, rich as it is in beauty, never saw in a dream. Flowers, too, make glad the wilds with colours so vivid, a growth so luxuriant, and a variety so bewildering, that a long book might be written with

the mere description of these alone, if I had but a pen that would venture to undertake the task.

Such of you as know that part of Derbyshire which is close to Haddon, will say, "Do you, then, pretend that you can equal the glow of the foxgloves in our Rowsley woods, with the wealth of your Gallows Hill?" and I grant that this has not hitherto been done, but then I have not been sufficiently diligent in seeking, and the fault is mine; beside that the best time for the foxglove in particular has scarcely yet arrived. Wait awhile, and we shall see.

On the Wachholder Berg, which you gain from these woods, there is one of those refreshment-houses that abound so singularly here. The elevated plane—a minute particle of level ground, discovered amidst the capricious undulation of this fair region—on which it has perched itself, affords a fine extent of view; but I do not invite your soft gentility to enter the "pleasure-house" itself, since we have not yet assured ourselves that it belongs to those wherein you may appear. We are not particularly dainty for our own parts, as you know. I do not faint when I see decanters of beer, and am in no haste to run away

because my neighbour lifts his voice in song; ever premising that he refrains from turning to myself with the invitation to "stösse mit an," to "stimme mit ein," as saith that never-rejected authority, just quoted, in one of his bright anacreontics; and this none hath yet presumed to do, although, if he did, he would have high warrant for the same, since the words are from no less eminent a mouth than that of Goethe.

Leaving the delicious gardens of the palace a few days since, we were aware of a long procession, composed for the most part of peasant girls, but headed by men bearing the cross, church banners and other insignia, which proved that what they were doing was done by authority, and all chaunted with one accord as they went. The head of the procession had got somewhat beyond our capacity of vision, and we could but distinguish uncertainly what we thought was a canopy. The object beneath it we failed to descry, although it was not difficult to guess its character. "Ask this girl what the procession is about," said a friend who stood near, pointing to a young Bohemian close beside us; and I did so.

"She says it is a pilgrimage to Maria Schein" (as indeed I had divined), said I then to my questioner; but the latter, not well acquainted with the idiom of the German speaker, exclaimed,

"All that talk, that you both made, was only to tell so much!" I assured my friend that nothing more had been said, but was commanded at least to repeat what had passed, and to give it word for word; which I did for my companion's edification, and here it is *literatim*:—

"I bid you good morning, my fair child," quoth I, in such "phrase of the land" as I could muster. "Tell me now kindly what bear these peasant maids, and whither go they?"

"I kiss your hand, gracious lady," replied the girl, (she too, using merely the customary formula.) "They bear the Holy Mother of God, and are going in pilgrimage to Maria Schein; but some of them, being foot-sore, fear to be left by the way, and weep lest they should not reach the sacred shrine before the night falls in. Those whom you see now leaving the town are returning from their pilgrimage, and will get home soon after the sun has set."

This was our colloquy, word for word; but the rapid concision of our own mother tongue, with which my friend was principally conversant, has no place, as you know, in the manner of these parts; hence what seemed to be the "long story" to which my somewhat impatient companion had listened.

We pursued our walk towards the Maria Schein road, and just before we got clear of the streets, we heard the music and chaunting of the same company, which we now overtook. We had scarcely done so before all came to a halt, the young girls breaking the lines in which they had previously proceeded, and scattering themselves about the road. The procession was of the humblest kind, banners of faded stuffs replaced the glittering silks of more wealthy trains; the canopy borne over the image was equally poor, and the figure itself had no higher pretensions.

The girls were mostly young, and those who formed the *elite* of the band—for where is the vision of such as preach "equality" to be found? —were dressed in coarse gowns, formed of nothing better than white calico; but then it *was* white, and in the distance produced a sufficiently

striking effect, more especially when taken in combination with the flower-crowned heads of the wearers, most of whom wore garlands, which a nearer view proved to be more or less faded and wretched. Numerous groups had drawn to the sides of the road, and were doffing the shoes and stockings wherewith they had duly adorned themselves for passing through the town, but which it would have been imprudent, not to say extravagant, to commit to all the chances of the road. They were drawing them off, therefore, —and the wiser maidens they, since habit had taught them to pace along more jauntily without such encumbrances—but what pleased us almost as much as even this "frugal mind" of theirs, was the sight of a waggon, which had happily proved to be going their way, and into which the less robust of the party were now clambering from all sides with a deftness of hand and readiness of foot giving proof of their agility, whatever might become of their reputation for endurance of such "pains" as form one great merit of these pilgrimages.

And now, if you think that we, who were lookers-on, remarked on all this in the spirit of

levity that sometimes appears in these my pages, you are mistaken. Apart from the necessity of respecting all convictions that are sincere, of which there was not much question on this occasion, there is the fact that mere decency requires one to refrain from showing contempt for what others are looking upon as important. But in this country there is more than even these considerations to make one serious, when matters concerning the faith are in question. Here, where the purer tenets of Protestantism may be said to have found their second home—(our own Wickliffe having first nursed them into existence)—here, where the calm yet resolute Huss, the bold impetuous Jerome of Prague, and the fervid Jacobell of Miess endured and laboured, thoughts of levity would indeed be out of place. Of the lamentable excesses afterwards committed by those who called themselves Hussites, this is not the time to speak; but let him who shall cite them not fail to cite also the revolting perfidy which their opponents added to their cruelty—a cruelty fully equalling, if it did not exceed, that of the Taborites, the Horebites, and all the otherwise denominated sects into which the great body of the Utraquists or Calixtines ultimately

divided themselves. With the sole exception of John of Prague, sometimes called John of Iron, or the Iron Bishop, there was not a leader on the Catholic side whose name was not rendered infamous by repeated treacheries. The acts of the Taborites proved them to be monsters of cruelty, it is but too true; yet their convictions were at least sincere; while their opponents, who far surpassed them in the dark atrocity of their demoniac excesses, of every kind, had faith in nothing, and did not hesitate to deride in secret those dogmas for which they were daily urging their deluded followers to shed their blood.

The history of the fifteen years which succeeded the martyrdom of Huss is so melancholy that it saddens one's heart but to think of: it is so dreadful that one shudders to recal even the least of its horrors. Let us leave it, then; but is it not a melancholy sight to see the profound darkness now brooding over all in Bohemia? Very certainly this is no place where the mockery of those who err would be in season, if indeed you know of any such, which I do not. This is rather a country to mourn over, and to ask yourself with grief of heart, when the day is to break that shall see

worship of less mistaken kind arising from the altars that stand on all its beautiful hills, and send their incense upward from every nook of its fair valleys. Accepted be that incense! for deep and fervid are the prayers that rise together with it; and they are accepted. Until further knowledge be vouchsafed to the worshippers, that which they have to offer shall be favourably received at their hands. Amen, and so be it. This is the most consoling thought that presents itself, as one marks the melancholy state of things now existing; but oh, people of our own land, come not you back to this deep night of error—to this lamentable darkness of the tomb, as there are but too many now labouring to make you do.

* * * *

In the longer and more extended of our evening walks, we have more than once left the palace gardens, by what all who know Teplitz are familiar with as the Meierei, or farm buildings, and, passing through a delicious glen, beyond which is the wood of the Lippnei, which we leave above us, on our left, we proceed beneath the noble oaks there shading the green turf—that last a comfort to the step, somewhat rare in these parts, where one is much afflicted

by the rolling gravel—and come out eventually on a wide range of corn fields, which are such as we have not before seen in any country, save only in the Austrian duchy of Styria. So vast in size, so luxuriant of growth, and so equally gilt by the pure amber-coloured gold of their heavily waving and richly-coloured ears.

Taking our gorgeous way through these corn-fields, we arrive at the edge of the high table-land, on which we have been this evening, as often before, delightfully inhaling the pure air, and taking in the broad extent of view with all our eyes. And right well are they employed; for when you have got *there*, before you lies the vale, whose boundary is the range of the Mittel-gebirge, but of whose varied beauty no words that I could find would give you an idea, and I renounce the attempt.

This valley, then, presenting itself thus before us, with its own distinctive eminences, wooded hills, shadowy glens, and dim ravines, had been long a visible, tangible, palpable temptation to your two leal servants, one of whom, this scribe, *videlicet*, had no power to resist those myriad fascinations, and the other no very

earnest wish to try for such power. Wherefore, and though the roads were none but the roughest cart-tracks, insomuch that the hope of a nearer acquaintance with that scene of loveliness was but of the faintest, we set off on the fair morning of the last day that rose, and have now just returned from our expedition; wearied enough to make rest pleasant, but though not successful in all the purposes of that high emprise, yet immensely rewarded, and therefore well satisfied with our day, all further mention thereof I must nevertheless remit to the morning, seeing that it is past ten o'clock, and time for we early Bohemians, who rise with the first sunbeams, to be closing our eyes for the night.

* * * *

Exquisite weather we have been favoured with, among other things, since we came to Töplitz; a few showery days in the first fortnight alone excepted. Yesterday was bright and pleasant as could be desired, and we set off immediately after breakfast on our exploration of the valley mentioned above. The Palace Garden, the fair Glen, with its fragrant clover and golden corn-fields, which succeeds to the

grounds, after you have passed through the Meierei, were soon left behind, as were all our other more familiar haunts. We then broke new ground; and first descending a series of rapid slopes, all carefully cultivated, and principally in corn, we came upon the hamlet of Pithling. Here we established a solemn inquiry for some foot-paths, whereby we might make our escape from the rough cart-track which we had previously followed, but which *was* rough to a degree that none who have not seen its like in Bohemia can imagine. The cart-ways elsewhere are as "the High Shrewsbury road" in comparison; only the patient oxen here in use could be persuaded to endure them; nay, even they look very plaintively on the path before them, and seem much puzzled as to how they are to get over it. An *uralt** woman, the only one at that hour in the place—all the 'rest being at their work in the fields—declared there was an excellent footway, the direction of which she described, and even pointed out its commencement, which was well, for we should otherwise have taken it for a mere watercourse; we

* Uralt—arch-old.

scrambled down it as well as we could, and that was but poorly, so far as I am myself concerned, for the descent was fearfully steep. How the poor loaded women contrive to get up or down with their burthened backs, we could by no means guess, and thought we must, after all, have mistaken the way. Yet it was not so; at the next hamlet, which succeeded almost immediately, they assured us that this was the only path; and even seemed to consider us wondrous dainty for desiring a better.

Oh! *sancta simplicitas!* quoth your servants and poor scribe, how good it is to be content with little. Then we jogged on, much rejoicing in "the dangers we had passed," the bravery with which we had overcome them, and the successful way we were making through those unknown wilds; but we should have remembered the school-boy advice, "don't halloa till you're out o' the wood," and so was it seen; but I must not anticipate.

The few houses of the village which we had now reached, and which is called Velbina, are mostly distinguished by frescoes, one of which exhibits St. Michael the Archangel, with the

Dragon beneath his feet, and is a work of no little spirit. A second has the Virgin and Child; a third Santa Barbara; and the last house in the place—there were not more than ten or twelve—has a large wheel, with masonic insignia, as we conjecture; and beneath it is the following couplet:—

"Dies Haus steht unten Gottes Hand,
Und wird bey Anton Fröhlich gewand."

Which may be rendered freely:—

"This house lies in the hand of God,
And under Anthony Frolic's* rod."

The poet, as you will perceive, having taken a slight liberty with his mother tongue in favour of his rhyme.

At this Velbina—the Bohemian name of the place, or, as the Germans call it, Welben—it occurred to us that we ought to be near the Devil's Wall, or Fire Wall—a vast upheaving of black basalt and lava, which Reuss and other

* Mr. Fröhlich, being a personage of solemn demeanour, as our subsequent acquaintance with him taught us, might perhaps demur to this translation of his name; but since he is but little likely to be offended by the knowledge thereof, let it pass.

naturalists cite as one proof, among others, of volcanic influences, formerly, and indeed even yet, at work in these regions.

But hence arose much tribulation; the directions we received, when seeking to make our way to this phenomenon, which is readily approached from the road to Bilin, but not so from where we then were, proved to be altogether insufficient; and after long wandering, we had at last to acknowledge ourselves fairly defeated! We knew not which way we ought next to turn. Woods of infinite beauty were all around us, and we, in the midst of their delicious solitudes, were highly satisfied with our fate, as we reclined to rest on the soft green mosses; but whether the object of our search lay to right or left, or straight before us, was what we could not divine.

Fearing that we should lose our labour, and thus return without having accomplished our object, which is a mortification whereunto these your people do not easily submit, we looked around in all directions hoping to espy something human, whereof we could ask aid; but not a form of any kind appeared, and we began to feel per-

plexed as to our next step. Happily the woods we were wandering about were beautiful to a miracle; unencumbered with underwood, their sunny glades opened brightly—a smiling invitation to us—on every hand; and we could not look in any direction but that some exquisite vista said, temptingly, "Can you do better than come here?"

And it was true that we could not. The fragrance, too, was delicious and inspiriting beyond description. But, on the other hand, there was that never-accommodating traveller, Time, hurrying forward with a speed that would not be entreated to stay, and our strength was not unlikely to go with him, so we still continued a somewhat anxious search for some one to help us. At length, arriving at the termination of the woods in the direction we were pursuing, we perceived a number of figures in a distant field, and towards these we now proceeded.

Arrived within hail, we called aloud; and after a time succeeded in getting to speech of these folks, who told us that we had considerably overpassed the Fire Wall, which was, indeed, not likely to be discovered by a stranger coming

in that direction, being entirely hidden by the woods, and only to be found by one well acquainted with the way. We begged these men, therefore, to let a boy, who was working beside them, go with us as our guide; and after much entreaty, but not before—for harvest work should not be interrupted by mere idlers—they admitted the necessity of our case, and took pity on the lost plight they saw us in. By help of this youth, then, we did at length attain our object, and saw well that what the peasants had told us was true. We could not possibly have discovered the place alone.

We found the "Wall" to be, in fact, a vast mass of lava-like black rocks, on the summit of which we stood after much labour, and obtained from it those views for which, as well as for its singular formation, the Teufels Mauer is renowned. A strange and wild spectacle it is, but more interesting to the naturalist than the mere sight-seer, and the rather, as the face of the mountain is now much clothed with trees and shrubs, which assimilate its appearance with that of the surrounding hills, and partially conceal its peculiarity of structure and character.

There is a small pavilion, built by Count Ledebour, the owner of the property, on a projection of the rocks, and which may be attained from below; but we were above it, and could not descend thereto without a degree of risk, and even danger, that I had not courage to brave.

The next question was, how, having got up to that sublime perch, we were to get down: returning as we had come was not to be thought of, seeing that immediately before us lay Kostenblatt, which was the end of our journey, and to return by the way we had come was to turn our backs upon it.

But then the only direct way was sheer down the mountain side, which I thought impossible of descent, and did not believe myself capable of attempting it.

The boy declared, nevertheless, that by keeping along the ridge to a certain distance, we should find means of descending; and since better might not be, I was compelled to try.

We bade him get on accordingly, and "followed our leader," as best we might, myself in no small tribulation, and unable to keep my feet save by the somewhat Irish method of sitting down and

sliding forward upon them by aid of my hands. Luckily the descent was for some time clothed with wood, and we then made our way from tree to tree without much difficulty, laughing at and pitying ourselves alternately; but on the whole I was almost more disposed to weep than to laugh, for I did not see when the "ploy" was to be at an end, and had had enough of it, while the level plain we longed to be traversing still lay far beneath us. To mend the matter, our trees, by which we had swung ourselves boldly down else impossible steeps, now took their leave and left us!

Pour le coup! that had nearly proved the *coup de grace*, and this poor scribe began to get fairly afraid; the old plan of sliding would not do here; the descent was *too* steep, and any attempt to adopt that mode of travelling must have ended in tumbling headlong. Even the boy had begun to look round him in a sort of dismay, so we determined to keep for a time at our then level, in the hope that some less difficult pass might present itself; and happily, though no very great improvement took place, yet from point to point, and profiting by every

little inequality of the ground, we did at length reach the bottom. But when we had done so, and looked at the place we had come down, I felt almost ashamed of having taken share in such a prank; nay, I should have been truly so, had it been done from choice and not necessity, but I was compelled to it for my sins, and sufficiently *malgrè moi:* that was my only excuse. The mountain side we had descended was frightful to look at; and I question if those who take the usual way to the pavilion, whatever that may be, would not declare it impossible. Some might even consider themselves justified in the expression of a doubt as to its having been taken at all; but that would be a mistake, since there is not the slightest exaggeration in the description here given, which does not indeed come up to the reality. Very certainly the enterprise would never have been attempted by me, had I known what it was to prove.

Having ascertained from the boy that he knew of a much easier way back to his field, when no fire-wall was in question, we paid him his well-earned modicum, received his gladsome adieux, and continued our way, reconciled for once to the commonplaces of the highroad, nay, rejoicing

that we were now to take the more prosaic path presented by the village cart-ways.

These led us finally to our destination, the ruins of Kostomlalti namely, which rise above the mountain hamlet of Kostenblatt.

The castle, whose history is lost in the obscurity of the dark ages, is said to have been built by a knight named Zerotin or Zorotin, but at what period is not known. The first authentic accounts are of 1370, when, according to the excellent and accurate Urbani, the descendant of the first owner, Hubert of Zerotin, held the domain. At a later period it became the property of the Teutonic Order, whose last Komthur, or grand master, Albert of Lippa, resided here from 1420 to 1430. Attacked by the Hussite leaders, Kostomlalti maintained itself intact, thanks to the fidelity of Hans Mazzin, a peasant attached to the domain, who found means secretly to supply the garrison with provisions. But at no long time afterwards, Heinrich of Lippa having fallen into feud with Jakob of Urzesowitz, the latter stormed the castle, which he laid in ruins, since when the building has never been restored. The walls are now amply draped by the mosses

and creeping plants, which never fail to perform that charitable office for structures in their unhappy state.

Urbani remarks, and with justice, that the firm condition of the walls, after they have lain in ruins for a period of more than 400 years, is highly remarkable—as compared with that of others which have not been so long destroyed,—and bears testimony to the great strength of the materials.

After the battle of the White Hill in 1620, the domain fell into the hands of Henry, Count Czernin, from the widow of whose descendant, Anna, Countess of Czernin, it passed to her grandson, Count Philip of Clary. It has now come by purchase into the Ledebour family, and is at present the property of Count Ledebour. Aldobert of Kostomlalti, one of the early possessors of this domain, makes a very creditable appearance in the legends relating to the ancient Ceska and the Dobrowska Hora, wherein he is mentioned as the upright defender of the Ritter Hugo of Witt, when that knight had been expelled from his domains by his treacherous brother, Veslas, who had called Hanus of Blei-

leben, the wicked lord of the Geiersburg, to his aid. This last repaired to the Dobrowska Hora with all his forces accordingly: the righteous cause of Hugo did not prevail, the latter was slain; Kostomlalti was compelled to withdraw his vassals, and the lord of Geiersberg remained with Veslas rejoicing in their victory.

But this triumph of the fratricide was not to endure; outrage after outrage had made him the object of detestation to all around him; and one night, when a storm so fearful burst over the castle that he rushed forth in terror with his wicked concubine Kathka, not daring to remain within the walls, which they expected to fall on their evil heads, the people met them at the gates and slew them both. The foul fiend then appeared in person, and was seen by the vassals —credible witnesses, as who shall doubt?—to bend over that wicked pair, and, making his presence clearly apparent to them, as the lightnings flashed on their dying eyes, he carried them bodily off to his own abodes.

So far our veritable chronicler. Another, no less veracious, gives a somewhat different reading, and tells us that, when Vela, the deserted

wife of Valadog, made her compact with the dark powers, it had been agreed between the "high contracting parties" that this meritorious lady was to return to earth, for a given period, at the close of every hundred years, and during her sojourn there was to use all means for the subjugation of yet another soul to the dominion of Satan.

At the period when Veslas was in strife with his brother Ilugo then, the wicked Vela was making one of her periodical visits to this our world, and to her did Veslas and Kathka join themselves, for the ruin of Hanus or Hans von Bleileben, which they unhappily but too soon effected. Nay, the naive chronicler adds that he too was borne away by that insatiable Satan on the very night which saw the disappearance of Veslas and Kathka.

CHAPTER X.

Convent of Schwatz—An old friend—Milsowska Hora—Ancient acquaintance of the morning—Wayside altars—Sunset in the harvest field—Attempt on the hill-town of Graupen—"Mere hill folk"—Our crest-fallen return—Leo of Chlumec—The twins of Bleileben—Emma of Dachsberg—The chapel of St. Prokop—Changes of name in Töplitz—German criticism—Settentz—Hotel of the pig—Honour to whom honour is due.

RETURNING from Kostenblatt, we passed beneath the former convent of Schwatz, destroyed, as before recorded, by the Hussites in the year 1421, when it is believed that the miraculous image of Maria-Schein was hidden by the flying nuns in the linden tree, where it was found by the peasant girl, as before related.

Count Ledebour has a villa and gardens at Krezemusch, which is close to Schwatz, but being fatigued we did not turn aside to visit them, as is usually done by the guests at Teplitz; we held on our way rather, until the high table-land, from which we had so frequently looked over the enchanting valley, was once more attained. Then did we seat ourselves on a pleasant bank, to review the labours of the day, and count the conquests we had made.

And now had the toil been greater than the pleasure? Were our labours but poorly repaid? They were repaid, on the contrary, a thousandfold; and, if the pains and penalties were somewhat heavy at times, as I have taken care to show you, the delight and enjoyment were infinitely greater; but on these I have not insisted to any great extent, because that would have been to give the history of each moment, for which you would scarcely thank me.

When taking our way back, we came at one point sufficiently near the Mileschauer (Bohemicè—Milsowska Hora) to see the white flag waving on the summit, and, though we were by no means within his ken, yet did we not fail to

send a friendly greeting and wave of the hand to the good host, Anton Weber, with a wish that it might be well with him and rain guests in plenty.

We also encountered our little old woman of the morning at Pithling, and told her the success we had had in hitting the paths she had described, or, rather, that we should have had, if we had not turned aside to seek the Fire Wall. She gave us many a smiling nod and beck, shaking her head, however, at the attempt so rashly made by strangers to find their way from that point to the Teufel's Wall, and declaring that she would recommend no one to follow our example, or attempt the laborious task of approaching it from that direction.

All this discussed, we bade adieu, leaving our aged colloquist in the act of kneeling before one of those small wayside chapels, familiar to all who know these countries, and of which this was a specimen of the very humblest kind. The image of the Virgin was a small wax figure, scarcely perceptible beneath the tinsel of its ill-proportioned crown and other ornaments; coarse muslin and cotton lace formed the robes, but

they were delicately clean; and the little altar, nearly hidden beneath the various offerings laid on it, bore a testimony to the devotion of the poor unlettered peasantry around, which is to me far more touching than the richer offerings found in wealthier shrines. Miserable as the poor trifles there presented were, they had all a positive value to the giver, and were beyond doubt obtained at the cost of sacrifices which have often no place in the thoughts of such as lay gold and jewels upon the altars of their worship. These considerations gave a tinge to our feelings, which made us look with more of sympathy and respect than contempt or intolerance on what many will call this shrine of superstition, and I should pause long before I would advise the demolition of those lowly white walls, gleaming comfort and inspiring thoughts of peace, as they probably may do, for many a wayfarer, as he sees them in the distance, or kneels, in his lonely wayfaring, before the silent fane.

Sunset shone beautifully over all the lovely scene, which we had found so much more lovely than even our imagination had painted it, and

we sat long watching the labourers in a field close beside us, as they threw their last sheaves of ripe corn into the waggons. They were using no forks for this purpose, such as we find in the harvest-field at home, but lifted the sheaf aloft in their arms, which appeared to us a slower, more laborious, and less effective mode of proceeding. The sheaf was larger than it usually is with us, moreover, although I think that in some parts of Somersetshire I have formerly seen them as large. One thing we remark with pleasure; namely, that they do not deform their corn harvest by the use of the scythe, but, reserving this for the hay-field, where it is perfectly welcome, they hold by the more picturesque sickle or reaping-hook for their corn. The harvest thus retains all the poetry of its beauty, of which, to our great regret, we have for some years past seen it partially deprived at home, by the practice lately introduced of mowing the corn. Right worthy of the sickle, indeed, were the sheaves we here saw gathered in; full, equal, free from weed, and admirably rich in colour, they might have been a study for the painter, had they not been somewhat too closely pressed at the

head, and so deprived of a portion of their grace.

This for you of the clod and furrow—beloved of our hearts,—for you, who form the best wealth of our beautiful land,—beautiful and dear. I would you never saw sheaves less rich than these on *your* ridges, friends and brethren; but the truth is, that a growth so luxuriant falls to the lot of none but the most favoured among you, for this region is fertile to a miracle.

* * * *

Just returned from check the second, received from that stubborn little rockery "the hill-town of Graupen," or rather from the storms that guard the vicinity thereof, and have this day repulsed us with heavy loss—of time and patience.

Departing under a sweet-tempered sky, we had all but reached our point, which was the village of Ober-Graupen, and the heights of the Mückenberg, when there came down a thunder-shower which made us glad to get into a hovel, whose like, the Manx peasants, or those of Connemara, many sometimes inhabit, but other men rarely. Here we sat, beguiling the time with sundry talks,

for a total hour, while the rain, which had been but a shower, became a torrent!—a flood! and the road we had just before been ascending was changed to a water-course.

Much amazed was the good woman of the house which gave us shelter, at hearing that the "Herrschaft" thought it worth their while to visit Ober-Graupen, which she assured us was inhabited by *lauter berg leute*, "mere hill-folk."

Mere hill-folk! And this metropolis of yours? this lower Graupen? of what, then, may be the inhabitants that form *her* pride? we were tempted to ask. We did not make that inquiry, nevertheless, but were more than ever curious to see what the place and people were like, that could be objects of contemptuous allusion to such as were content with what we saw there! nay, did even glorify themselves in the same, for what was the good woman's *lauter berg leute* but an assertion of her own city's superiority?

The city Graupen! Oh, ye people of Teplitz, let not her pride and glory be set forth in *your* market-place; for would not its very stones rise up to hoot her pretensions? Well hath it been asked by "our lively neighbours the French,"

Ou la vanité (but they say *la vertu*) *va't elle se nicher?* and here might be fairly the time to inquire further, where, in the lower deeps, is the lowest deep?

But we said not a syllable of all this to our hostess; we were too busy weeping over our blighted hope of acquaintance with these mere hill-folk, which was but too certainly at an end for that time. The rain ceased, it is true, and so long had been the drought, that the roads became passable again in half an hour afterwards; but dark clouds hung in every quarter of the heavens, and we were glad to get us home again, lest worse should ensue.

To the left of Graupen and Maria-Schein, there rises the rude and wild mountain of Geiersberg, the summit of which is covered with the wide extended ruins of Chlumec, a border fortress, cited as among the strong places of the frontier in the twelfth century, and famous, even long before that period, in the legends of the district.

In those old days the castle was called Chlumec. It is now known as the ruin of the Geierberg only, but is among the objects most frequently

visited by the guests of Teplitz. The cause of its destruction was an accidental fire, which took place, relates Urbani, in the year 1526, and was caused by the negligence of a warder: but the people prefer to believe that this conflagration was kindled in much earlier times, and by darker agency; and if the legend which follows were to be believed, we might be half inclined to think they were right:—

"In the *uralt* times, then," saith mine authority, "the castle of Chlumec was inhabited by the Knight Leo, a man of honourable mind and blameless conversation, whom it nevertheless pleased the Duke then reigning in Bohemia to offend mortally by a grievous wrong. Leo therefore conspired with the enemies of the Duke, and having repaired with his offerings to the Raddstein, which was the place of sacrifice to the Bohemian god Peroun, then worshipped by all the Cesky of those regions, he was treacherously assailed, when least prepared for defence, by the liege-men of the Duke, and driven from the altars, after the loss of nearly all his people.

"Returning to the Geiersberg with bitterness

in his heart, the Knight perceived that his castle had been sacked in his absence, and beneath the ruins of her burning bower he discovered the remains of a wife most dearly beloved. The foster-father of his two infant sons (Hanus and Veit, twins yet in their cradle) alone remained still breathing in the desolate house of Leo, and he had but just as much life left in him as sufficed to tell the wretched father where his children were concealed. That done, the faithful servitor expired, and his master remained alone.

"Taking the babes in his arms, the ruined man then sought refuge with a holy hermit called Udalric of Blei, in whose cell he soon afterwards died, and was at rest. The hermit loved the boys with a father's love; he gave them the name of Bleileo, to save their lives from persecution by the enemies of their house; and when they grew to age, and he saw that they were well-disposed to all knightly exercises, as became their birth, he took them to the castle of the Leienstein, where he entrusted them to the care of Gherard, Count of Dachsberg. That noble had them taught whatever was suited to their race, and treated them as his own sons,

giving them a portion in his house with his daughter and only child, Emma of Leienstein.

"It was then that the bands of Thuringen began to prepare for pouring themselves into the plains of Prussia, whose dwellers were now to be converted to Christianity by the argument of the sword; wherefore, the Count of Dachsberg, who had accepted the faith of Christ, resolved to take his part in that God-pleasing work. He departed accordingly, leaving Emma in charge of Hanus, to whom the maiden was betrothed, but taking Veit with himself to the war.

"Now the beauty of Emma was much lauded in the land, and the Count of Käfenburg, a man of great power and riches, became a suitor for her love. He was rejected by the lovely Emma, whose whole heart was given to Hanus; but offended at a refusal which he had not anticipated, the Count resolved to obtain by force the consent that was not accorded to his prayers, and seizing the maiden as she returned from her devotions at Our Lady's Shrine, he bore her off to his castle.

"Now the commands of Hanus were impera-

tive, that while ever the lady was abroad, a warder should keep watch upon her path from the castle-wall, and the ambush, placed by Käfenburg, had scarcely stolen from its concealment, before Hanus was made acquainted with the danger of his bride.

"He did not reach the spot in time to prevent her attendants from being overpowered and herself placed on the horse of the victor. But then began a chase for life and death; the arrows of Hanus could easily have reached his flying enemy, but might also have harmed the lady, her lover was, therefore, compelled to caution; and it was not until the Castle of Käfenburg was in view, that Hanus could overtake his foe: nay, Count Kafenburg had all but gained the bridge, when the spear of Hanus pierced his back, and he fell dead from his horse.

"Bleileben had thus regained his bride; but the kindred of the slain Count were men of might, wherefore, bearing her from her home, he took refuge in the strong castle of his friend the knight of Rothenburg, who not only received them hospitably, but having first solemnized

their nuptials, he then took such measures that Hanus was reinstated in the domains of his father.

"Among the possessions restored to Bleileben, was the site of that castle which Vela had built by magic arts; and on these ill-omened ruins did he now construct the hill-fort of Geiersberg. For a time his wealth and power increased; the Duke made him a Voladika; and all might have been well, had not pride, ambition, and other evil passions become his masters. But these destroyed his love for the good and right, as well as for his beautiful Emma; while they nevertheless replaced affection by the most unbounded jealousy, so that the life of the poor lady was made very bitter, and her only consolation was in the fulfilment of her duties, and in the cares she bestowed on those subjected to her gentle rule.

"At this time the wicked Vela had returned from her banishment to the lower regions, and was once more revisiting the earth. Offended by the erection of a dwelling on the spot she had taken to be her own, she resolved on the ruin of the intruder; and meeting him in the

woods, she declared that his friend the knight of Rothenburg had carried off his wife, offering, at the same time, to conduct him to the retreat of the fugitives. Meanwhile the fearful witch had caused Emma to be told that Rothenburg had fallen from his horse, and required her aid; she then assumed the form of Rothenburg; and when Hanus reached the spot, he perceived his wife bending to offer a restorative cordial to the supposed sufferer. Furious with rage, Bleileben aimed a blow at the pretended knight, but Vela directed it towards the lady instead, whom it struck senseless, but did not kill. Her husband then gave her up to be judged by the nobles her peers. Her innocence was declared, since it was known that Rothenburg had not left his castle on the day in question, and all perceived that Hanus had been misled by magic arts; but the happiness of the poor Emma was destroyed, nor could her husband know peace any more.

"The Count of Dachsberg now returned from the wars, but hearing of these things, he would not present himself openly at the Geiersberg, and came disguised as a blind harper. Hanus

was then absent, having gone to Dobrowska Hora, where he was aiding the knight Veslas in his unrighteous struggle with his brother Hugo, as before related; but finding, on his return, that the old harper had held many conferences with his wife, he believed the man to be an emissary of his enemies, and caused him to be thrown into a dungeon. Veit, the brother of Hanus, whom the Count of Dachsberg had left in command of his followers, then invested the castle of Geiersberg, and was joined by Radbod of Kostomlalti, the sworn foe of Hanus, who summoned Bleileben to surrender.

"Enraged at the sight of his enemy, Hanus hurried forth, and a furious battle ensued. Between Graupen and Maria-Schein there is a spot where four roads meet, and there the two brothers stood face to face as foes; long was the contest, but at its close the sword of Hanus pierced his brother's heart, and where the Chapel of St. Prokop now invites to prayer, Veit the Bleileo fell beneath the weapon of his opponent.

"Hanus also was grievously wounded; and as he lay expecting his last moment, an armed man approached, whom he believed to be the

knight of Kostomlalti; raising his enfeebled arm he sent the last arrow that remained to him from his bow; it struck the object aimed at; for the eye of Hanus was unerring, and his hand had not yet lost its force; but as the wounded man fell at his feet, he saw, with horror, that he had slain his only friend Rothenburg.

"Hanus then perceived that he had become the prey of the Dark Powers, and he fell into that last of depths, for the erring soul, Despair. His corporeal wounds were healed, and he returned to his castle, but it was only to commit a series of crimes, each one darker than that which had preceded it. At length the neighbouring nobles resolved to take order for the extermination of his band and the destruction of his castle, which had become the terror of the country: but they were saved the trouble. The Spirit of Evil burnt the castle with his own hands—do we not yet see the blackened relics?—and he also throttled the knight, whom he carried off towards the Dobrowska Hora, intending to exhibit his work to his friend Vela; but the legend informs us that he met a child

bearing a cross by the way, and at the sight of that symbol he let fall his prey, which was discovered by the knight of Kostomlalti, who caused the corpse of Hanus to be buried in unconsecrated earth."

This amiable personage, the Ritter Bleileben, has been made the subject of a German romance, called, as Urbani informs us, the Wandering Spirit of Teplitz. I promise myself the perusal of this production at some future time; but the work is long, and for the present, I have not courage to attempt it. The ascent to the ruins is said to be matter of much difficulty, by those who have made it, which we have not, and it is believed that the early inhabitants must needs have used ladders of rope or other material, since there seems to have been no other method by which an entrance can have been effected.

That must have made your "morning visit" a somewhat onerous work, as indeed it still remaineth, in certain cases; but if the lady visitant went up by a ladder, some equally commodious fashion of ascent was perchance contrived for her card; and if she had many such visits to pay in a morning, she doubtless often made

the latter suffice. Perhaps they fished it up with a little hook, "in such cases made and provided." But all that nonsense apart, do but think of the vast difference between life in those days—if, indeed, we may call that life which was but a perpetual effort to escape death—and life in our times, when we wander at our "own sweet will," whithersoever we list, fearing no man.

* * * *

From the heights above Graupen, our guide pointed out what he said was the village of Staditz, and the spot where Premysl stood beside his ploughmen, when informed that the Princess Libussa had selected him for her consort. The hazel copse, grown out of the slight wand which the future sovereign held in his hand, and stuck into the earth as the ambassadors approached him, is said to be still in existence; and in the year 1823 a monument was erected there by Prokop, Count Harttmann, in the name of the present possessor of the domain, Count Erwin, of Nostitz, whose guardian Count Harttmann was,—all which I learn from my good friend and valuable ally, the late Heinrich Urbani, whose various works respecting the vicinity can scarcely be too highly commended.

The people of this country have a great gift at changing the names of their places, and there are few of the Teplitz heights that have not been re-named. The former Spitalberg, for example, is now the Königshöhe, or King's-hill, so called in honour of the late King of Prussia, to whom, indeed, the town of Teplitz is in gratitude bound to do all the honour it may or can. Accordingly, the burghers have erected a monument to his memory on this height—a figure said to represent "The Genius of Thankfulness," which stands poised on the globe of the world, and bending forward, holds a laurel crown above the gilded bust of the monarch, which is placed on the pedestal beneath. On the equator of the globe are the mottos of the Orders of the Red and Black Eagles—*Sincere et constantia*, and *Suum cuique*. On the front of the pedestal, beneath the bust, is the following inscription in gilt capitals:—"Honori et Memoriæ. Reg. Boruss. Gratia Teplitz Dedicavit DMCCCXLI."

The effect of the figure may have been good on paper, but is not so in sculpture, more especially as regards the side views, for seen in profile, the drapery (which may be needed, per-

haps, for the support of the figure) produces a very bad effect; indeed, at a short distance, becoming confused with the limbs, it looks not unlike a third leg, being, as it is, particularly hard, and not flowing at all freely, though laboriously endeavouring to do so.

Immediately behind this monument is a whimsical structure, called the Schlackenburg, or cinder-castle, partially formed of the cinders or scoria from iron-works, as its name implies. The Teplitz critics in "art" quarrel gravely with its "architecture," as if architecture were at all in question. The building is a mere whim, but it has the effect of breaking the line of the heights, somewhat monotonous, at the point where the owner has had the good taste to place it, and is therefore a valuable addition to the view. Thus the Teplitzer, learned in the laws—of art, should rather sing praises to, than quarrel with, the good man for his pains, and might as reasonably fall on their cook for his "architecture" of their goose-pies, as on mine host of the Schlackenburg for the fashion of that whimsical congeries of nooks and corners which it hath pleased him to denominate a castle. The place is that be-

loved of German and Bohemian hearts, a "Vergnügungsort," or "pleasure-house," and twice of late have we sat rejoicing in the magnificent panorama to be obtained from its summit. The town itself lies immediately beneath the eyes of the gazer, but at quite sufficient distance to be entirely out of the way; thus it would not offend the eye even were it a less agreeable object than its fair cleanliness, and bright gardens intermingling with the streets, cause it to be. The Schlossberg is seen to perfection from this high perch of the Schlackenburg, and farther off, but still clearly distinguishable in all their beautiful features, are the Erzgebirge on one hand, while the Mittelgebirge exhibit as perfectly their bold and varied summits on the other. Kostenblatt and Schwatz also display their ruins, and for those who prefer the "feigned presentment" to the reality, there is a camera obscura to give you a minified transcript of the whole. We tried both, but greatly preferred the reality. Of this we should never tire, and were we dwellers in Teplitz, should be frequent visitors to the excellent "Gastgeber," who is the owner of the place.

I have said, and you know, that we are not

dainty over-much, but it had got into our heads that this was no place for our visiting. It was therefore not until I beheld "my betters" cheerily taking their way to its fanciful brown-red top, and heard them lauding everything they found there, that I took my courage in both hands, and adventured to do the same. Now that we know them, we like both the place and its host, nor are we without some regret that we did not form an earlier acquaintance with them.

We told you long since that the Germans make themselves very merry with the *improvements* which these good Bohemians are pleased to effect in their Teutonic tongue; the said Teutons maintaining that the Cesky would do well to restrict their amendments to the native Sclavo-Ceskian.

I am not competent to the breaking of a lance in this high quarrel, but *have* occasionally remarked certain deviations from established rule, such as a purist might find it difficult to approve; these little peculiarities the Germans harshly denominate barbarisms, and among many others they cite the inscription on a house erected not many years since at Settenz, and now used as a Gasthoff or inn: the building is said to be erecte d

on the site of the castle inhabited by the Knight Kollostug, in that happy hour when his swine procured him the acquaintanceship of the Teplitz waters, and the owner calls it "Der Gasthof Zur Badauffiinding,"—"The Inn at the Discovery of the Bath." Now this is not a felicitous appellation, and does not find approval even with his neighbours of Teplitz, who are not themselves free from reproach in the article of speech, if we listen to what the critical Saxons say on that subject.

Beneath this inscription is a fresco, which exhibits the never-to-be-sufficiently commended pig, announcing its "trouvaille" in tones that, with but small exertion of imaginative power, you see proceeding from its mouth. To the fresco is added the following couplet:—

"Als der Eber yn Teplitz hat das Bad gefunden,
Sind schon mehr als 1095 Jahr Verschwunden."

But neither has this found favour in the eyes of the learned in these matters, who pretend to discover as many faults as letters therein,—all which I leave to their discussion.

CHAPTER XI.

Teams of Teplitz—Change of plans—Cistercian Monastery of Ossegg—Times of the old Fist-law—Hussite Troubles—The Iron Bishop—Protectors in Imperial Court and Roman Curia—War of Succession—Modern Buildings and Gardens—Chapter-House—Picture Gallery—Library—Summer Dining-Hall—Winter Refectory—The late Abbot Salesius—Festival of the Salesius-Höhe.

One of the heaviest afflictions we have to endure in this place of all pleasantness, is the sight of that most atrocious fashion of the Bohemians, the harnessing of one horse to a carriage built to be drawn by two. Awkwardly appended to one side of the pole, with no comrade to keep him in countenance on the other, the poor ill-placed animal goes sidling along, deprived, by this offensive arrangement, of more than half his dignity and grace, to say nothing of the manifest disadvantage at which he does his work.

The sight of this ridiculous "turn-out" never fails to deprive my usually good-tempered companion of his serenity; and if he hath of late adopted the practice of going what—quoting one of his favourite authors—he calls "a-colonelling" to the Palace Gardens every morning as eleven o'clock strikes, why I think that must be to console himself for the frequent repetition of this unwelcome spectacle, which you are compelled to endure almost every time you venture to look forth from your windows. It is true that he tells me there are more fair ladies visible at that hour than at any other, and pretends that *they* form the principal attraction of that most attractive place; but I adhere to my theory of the one-sided affront nevertheless, for this he is perpetually receiving elsewhere from these unhappy Teplitz carriages, but need not apprehend it in the Palace Garden.

This morning I have myself taken a seat in the Green Drawing-room, held beneath the noble trees of the principal avenue: not solely for the purpose of admiring the rainbow mantles and dazzling parasols exhibited there, although these in their due measure are a sufficiently appropriate

addition to the other beauties of the place; nor am I insensible to the pleasantness of possessing or exhibiting such, far from it! but because the postman had brought me a disappointment, of which I was amiably in haste to make mine easy-going liege endure his share. With that praiseworthy purpose in view, I set forth to join him at an earlier hour than is my wont; the mishap, a knowledge of which I was so anxious to vex my lord withal, being what you shall now hear.

Some pleasant friends of ours—a German family—whose home is in Prague, had promised to meet us here, and we were daily expecting the announcement of the day that was to bring them; but instead of that comes a letter to say that their usual visit to Teplitz has, for this year, been forbidden by their physician, who prescribes the "Molken Kur" instead, and this they are to take at the baths of Carlsbrunn, in Upper Silesia, a place which seems to be but little known in these regions. Thus they are compelled to give up their intention of passing a few weeks with us in this agreeable Teplitz, which, they assure us, is much to their regret, as it certainly is to ours. I even think the

circumstance may affect the duration of our own stay here, since our friends urge us strongly to go to them, seeing that they cannot come to us; and if they report well of this Carlsbrunn (which is as yet unknown to them as well as to us), we may possibly strike our tents, and follow them thither.

All this, and much besides, we have been discussing on our way to and from the Cistercian Monastery of Ossegg, whence we have just returned with a cart-load of dust—be the same more or less—on our persons, and more legends in our mouths than you would care to listen to, perchance. Yet you need not be in any fear of a deluge thereof; you shall be treated discreetly, and will escape with few, if what I mean to tell you be compared with all the store that we have gathered concerning the place: concerning the neighbouring hills, I should, perhaps, rather say, for the ravages of war—a weary repetition of the same atrocious outrages—form the principal circumstances of the Convent's own history, which will, therefore, not detain you long.

The monastery was founded in 1193, by Count Johann Milgost, to whom Slawko, Count

of Bilin, associated himself in the year 1200, and together they endowed the new foundation with rich possessions and high privileges, the latter being confirmed to the Cistercian monks (it was then but a priory) and to their prior, by the reigning monarch, Ottakar the First.

In 1249 the abbey of Ossegg—for it soon obtained the dignity of an abbacy—was plundered and half destroyed for the first time. This was repeated in 1278, when it was burnt; but in 1280 the house was splendidly restored under its abbot, Theodoric, a man of considerable talent and energy.

From that time until 1421 the monastery was left in peace; but the Hussites made fearful retaliation on the monk, John of Prague, called the Iron Bishop, and on other Catholic leaders, who had caused several of their brethren to be torn to pieces by four horses while they had cast others into vessels of boiling pitch, and put hundreds to a death of cruel tortures. The Hussites retaliated, I say, by destroying the monastery and murdering the monks. It is true that the abbot Francis soon rebuilt the house, but it long suffered grievously in the dis-

orderly period that followed; and in 1580 was taken from the Cistercian monks, to whom it had so long been a home, and bestowed on the Archbishop of Prague "for the expenses of his table."

More than thirty years elapsed before the "Sons of St. Bernard" could recover their property; but after that period the powerful protection which they found means to employ at the Imperial Court and in the Roman Curia, obtained for them a full reinstatement in their rights. The church, with its cupola and towers, the library, abbot's dwelling, infirmary, granaries, &c., were almost entirely rebuilt; the cloisters, refectory, and chapter-house being the only portions of the building permitted to retain their original form. In the Seven Years' War the monastery was saddled with very heavy contributions by the Prussians, who would have carried off the abbot as their prisoner, with intent to extort a large ransom for his liberty; but he contrived to evade their search, and they took twelve of the monks in his stead. These they kept in captivity some years: but this was the last of their sorrows; from that time the peace

of the institution has remained undisturbed; and it is said to be now rich and prosperous.

The appearance of the monastery, though sufficiently imposing in the distance, is less so as the visitor approaches its walls, and the monks do not permit themselves that luxury of neatness and fair order, which frequently gives so respectable and even so elegant an aspect to the simplest of our own public edifices.

Here, as at Strahow and many other places of the kind that we have visited, there is an air of neglect and disorder about the approaches, which greatly deteriorates the whole, and destroys that effect which the space they occupy and other advantages are else well calculated to ensure them. The large courts are grass-grown, not because outworn or deserted, but simply from carelessness. The gates are dilapidated, and hanging from their hinges, in a half-desponding half-regardless "I-don't-care" fashion, that is by no means dignified. The vast offices look dirty, disorderly, and squalid, even while betokening the utmost wealth and plenty: all this disappointed us. The garden, too, one of those which, being in the French style, so imperatively

demand the nicest care, was yet neglected like the rest, and we could not but regret that some of the brethren then "in loco," as the servitor who attended us learnedly phrased it, did not bethink themselves of employing the leisure, whereof they seemed to have more than enough, in taking order that the fountains should be freed from the rubbish that choked them, and the terraces cleared from their carpet of rank weeds.

But apart from this heavy drawback, the garden is an exceedingly fine one of its kind; and the kind, although one of which you might easily become tired, if there were not others to give relief, has its own attractions, which are such as we, for our parts, greatly delight in. The stately avenues and white gleaming statues, the cool sparkling fountains and elegant terraces decorated with vases or figures, are all appropriate to those palatial abodes, among the ornaments of which it is that they are usually found, and therefore highly welcome, nay, most pleasing to the visitor, if they are only kept in good order; but that condition is indispensable.

The monastery itself, conspicuous from afar by its towers and dome, is discovered to be in

nowise remarkable for beauty of architecture, when more nearly approached, although amply supplied with ornament. The church is very large, and finely proportioned; the German writers call it "a masterpiece" of its Italian architect, and they praise it highly for the profusion with which its walls and ceiling are adorned with painting and stucco work, as well as for the lightsomeness of character secured by its large windows; but we cannot share their admiration. The attendant pointed out to us a gorgeous marble monument placed on the north, with one on the south of the high altar, and told us they were those of the founders—an appropriate place for them, beyond all doubt, but we can give them no further praise. . . .

The chapter-house, on the southern side of the building, is of much higher interest, a Gothic structure, and still remaining as left by its builders in the thirteenth century. This is one of the most interesting portions of the monastery. Two mighty pillars support the roof, their capitals formed of branches of the vine and of flowers richly carved. In the centre stands a reading-desk in stone, which is mu h and

justly admired. It is said to be a work of the year 1200, and is raised on two columns, with rich capitals, their shafts connected by a serpent, which twines around them both.

Behind the reading-desk is an altar to the Virgin, but this is in the modern style, and by no means in harmony with the place. There are fresco paintings also, which relate events from the history of the order. They were executed in the middle of the last century.

The chapter-house was at one time adorned with magnificent painted glass, as were also the cloisters of this formerly sumptuous monastery, but these valuable works have unhappily perished in the many changes to which the house has been subjected, some few fragments alone remaining.

One of the chief attractions, to visitors of the present day, is the picture gallery, which consists of four apartments, all containing works of interest and merit, some of them by accredited masters. Among these are pictures by Guercino, Bassano, Carlo Dolce, and Annibal Carracci, with others by Poussin, Philip Wouvermann, Gerard Dow, Ruysdael, and Cuyp.

One of Neefs' interiors, a Gothic church, will also be found here; and there is an Allegory, said to be by Rubens, with another of Time clipping the wings of Love, attributed to Van Dyke, both much praised by the local writers. A Chemist in his Laboratory, by David Teniers; a Peasant's Cottage, with accessories innumerable, by Ostade, and a Cow, by Paul Potter, are likewise accounted among the treasures of this collection, for which we had so little time, that the mere list of names you see is all we are entitled to record in relation thereto. You will examine it for yourselves, when you are "putting up" at this charming Teplitz, and that will amply console you for all our short-comings.

There are a few paintings of the old German school in the Ossegg gallery; but our rapid glance did but enable us to distinguish a figure of the Virgin, affirmed to be by Lucas of Leyden, with one of the Saviour by the same master, and a picture of Adam and Eve by Lucas Cranach. There is also one of St. John preaching in the Wilderness, which your servants thought very beautiful, and which is of the same school, but we could not ascertain the master, being

certain that it did not belong of right to Martin Vos, to whom it was attributed by a brother of the monastery, from whose courtesy we received very kind attention.

Over the entrance to the library of the monastery is the highly praiseworthy and appropriate reminder, *Non pro spectaculo sed usu*, but this admonition was not intended for mere idle visitors like ourselves, who are permitted to disregard the same without any qualms of conscience whatever. Yet one can hardly do so without regret, when one remembers the wealth of quaint old authors with which these collections are for the most part enriched. In this particular instance the works are principally theological, and of the scholastic theology moreover: now what little I have seen of that last shall suffice me for my life-time; and works of practical utility on that most important of all subjects are not so frequently found in these places as are the tomes of the schoolmen, beyond whose external boards I desire not, and presume not, to penetrate.

Among the curiosities shown to strangers in the library of Ossegg are some fine old MSS.

richly illuminated, one of which, according to an inscription written thereon, was bought from a foreigner in the Gasthaus at Budin for six thalers, by the abbot of that day (1656), of which period is the memorandum in question, most probably written by the lord abbot himself.

Portraits of the long series of abbots adorn the refectories (winter dining-room and summer dining-room) as well as the "guest-chamber" and some other apartments, of this lordly house of seclusion; but few of these had so much interest for us as had that of the late Abbot Salesius, of whose unaffected piety and admirable excellence we have heard many beautiful evidences related. There are indeed numerous proofs of both remaining.

To this dignitary one of the most frequently visited heights in the neighbourhood is indebted for its present name, and although decidedly averse, in almost all cases, to the change of an old name for a new one, yet we have on this occasion no word of disapproval to utter; and the rather, as the very obscure appellation previously bestowed on what is now widely known as the "Salesius Höhe," was scarcely ever heard

beyond the peasant-huts of the immediate neighbourhood.

In former days, none but the most practised "cragsman" could venture to climb the rocks which compose the mountain, and he who did so could but just find rest for the sole of his foot, while he hastily gazed around him on the various beauties presented to his sight. But these were of the highest order, and the Abbot Salesius, a warm lover of Nature himself, was more than once heard to regret, that so few could attain to the enjoyment of them. He had, indeed, made some attempts to render the way less difficult; but the heavy expenses in which he must be involved before he could complete the meditated path, deterred the prudent father of that very large family—his numerous monks—from proceeding, and for many years all hope of better things, for him who would climb to the summit, was laid aside.

At length the brethren, to whom their abbot had, with time, become an object of the most devoted reverence and love, determined that this wish of his heart should be fulfilled: they were zealously aided from without, and the services of

the convent Gardener, Joseph Teubel, also aiding largely in the planning and superintendence of the work, they finally succeeded in a manner altogether beyond their expectations. On the 31st of August, which, if I am not misinformed, was the birth-day of their beloved abbot, or some anniversary of almost equal significance, the Prior obtained his permission to take the whole convent forth, for the festal solemnization of the day, entreating furthermore, that the abbot, to whom their purpose had remained unknown, would himself be pleased to join the monks at a later hour, and at a spot previously agreed on.

Cold and stormy was the morning of the day, and many fears assailed the brotherhood in regard to their long looked-for festival; but before midday the sun came cheerily forth, and beneath his gladdening rays the monks awaited their abbot, whom they received with the joyous acclaims of trumpets and other festive sounds. He was then conducted by the prior, and followed by his children, to the path by which he might at length commodiously ascend tot he much-desired summit, and, what to him was yet more, could see others ascend to it also. This gained,

a few simple verses, composed for the occasion, were sung to the ever-welcome air of "Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser," and the place received the name of Salesius-Höhe, amidst the acclamations of all present.

The excellent abbot replied to what may be called the "address" contained in the verses, with considerable emotion, as one might expect, and concluding the few words of his answer, he remarked, that in his earlier days he had frequently before his eyes a picture wherein the emulative strife of affection was represented by two wrestling genii, beneath whom was the inscription "Amor non cedit Amori." These words, he added, were now forcibly recurring to his mind; and repeating their sense in his native German, he ended thus—"Never shall the love of the father yield to that of his sons."

A delightful hour was then passed in the examination of all the various additions, excavations, and labours of every kind, by which the work had been rendered complete. Here a firmly constructed bridge, well guarded by hand-rails, connecting two points of rock otherwise unattainable, and between which yawned an awful

abyss: there long flights of steps, or bold additions of masonry, eking out what were else too narrow a terrace, and the whole well provided with seats, preventing even the weakest visitor from thenceforward suffering too much fatigue during his ascent to and enjoyment of that delightful place.

The day was one of those whose changeful skies of cloud and sunshine are incomparably more beautiful and spirit-giving than a heaven of unvaried blue, and beneath their influence the more distant points of view came gradually into the glorious panorama round which the exulting Monks led their no less happy Superior. One who was an eye-witness of the scene, describes the various places, as appearing beneath the rays that gradually fell upon them, almost in the manner of sentient beings, each desirous of presenting his tribute, in turn, to the hero of the day. A rainbow of unusual brightness added its lustre to the whole, at that moment when the abbot, attaining the highest point of the rocks, stood beneath a fair triumphal arch, which his monks had formed of flowers and foliage, and on whose centre they had placed the initial of his name—a gigantic S, also in foliage and flowers.

The following chronogram was likewise written by the monks—or their Prior—on the same occasion; and at a later period, a small pavilion was erected on the spot where the arch of flowers had stood:—

"ABBATI SALESIO FILII PIETATE CONCORDES
VIAM IN VIA IN SAXA PARARUNT."

"DIE SALESIUS-HÖHE DURCH EINTRACHT VEREHRUNG
UND LIEBE ZUGÆNGLICH."

And now, if you think that in telling you this somewhat long story, I have made much ado about little, I must take leave to differ from you. There is no question here respecting the demerits of monastic life, at which we are all so ready to launch anathema, nor yet of its merits—such as they may be. Here we have but to do with a sincere interchange of affection, between a truly good man, and those who, living beneath his governance, had the best opportunities for knowing him, and who proved their estimation of his character by an offering of love, which to me appears infinitely sweet and touching. The earnest deliberation as to how the work was to be accomplished; the efforts, and the sacrifices, re-

quired before it could be even entered upon; the secret labours of all concerned, so unremittingly persisted in, and at length the successful result: then the cloudy morning, threatening to mar the glad surprise those child-like recluses were meditating for their beloved superior, and then the gay sunshine that came forth ultimately to light up all!—Every part of the history delights me to the heart: yea, the tale becomes but the pleasanter as one repeats it, and I forbid you to pretend that you do not like it.

CHAPTER XII.

Ruins of the Riesenburg—The Tower of Plunder—Pandolf of the Riesenburg—Erdmann of Brüx—The First Tone of the Bell—Adela of Bleileben—The Seneschal Bolko—Waldemar of the Gate—Advent of the Brother—Silver Mines and their Wealth—How Lost—A Bohemian Farm House—Salutations of German Peasantry—Silence of Bohemian Wayfarers—Probable Cause—Significant Remark of Pope Gregory XIII.

Of the heights frowning over Ossegg, those crowned by the ruins of the Riesenburg and its dependencies, namely, there is a very different story to be related. "Bad and bold, like the spirit of the time to which they belong," exclaims a German writer, the "mighty remains glare fiercely above the forest that clothes the hill-side." Walls

of enormous thickness, "some fifteen feet—and some more," say the authorities, prove the former strength of this knightly abode, the watch-tower of which still remains, and many of whose numerous chambers are yet clearly assignable to their various purposes, although, for the most part, lying in ruins. Among the parts of which the character of the architecture is still traceable, is the chapel, which was a Gothic building: the carved stonework of the windows remains, but the two doors of entrance have partly fallen; and of the draw-bridges which led to this and other parts of the vast structure, nothing is now to be found, but some few indications which mark where they once have been.

Far beneath the ruins may be heard the rush of the mountain stream, which you nevertheless cannot see; but before you there lies one of those views of which I have already said so much, as making glad this fortunate region, and whereof I will here, therefore, say no more, the rather as its features are very much those you are already familiar with, as seen from other points.

The castle of Riesenburg was built in the ninth century by the Knight Slawko (a name

frequently met with in the arch-old Bohemian families, and which comes, as I am told, from a Czeckish, or Bohemian word, signifying "famous"). In the following age it was the property of the rich and powerful Slawik, father of St. Adalbert, who held it till his death in 984; but his son died, as we know, a martyr to the faith, in Prussia, and from Slawik the lands fell to Borso, Count of Riesenburg.

In the thirteenth century the castle belonged to the family of Choltitz, whose chief, enraged by an affront, into the details of which I have not space to enter, sold all his possessions, abandoned the country, and withdrew into Moravia, where his descendants, the Counts of Zellnizky, Barons of Choltitz, still have their seat. The domain then became the property of various masters, and the square tower of the Riesenburg, which still frowns so darkly on the valley below, frequently served as prison to many a wretched captive, when, as it also formed the treasure-chamber of the robber chiefs who for some time were its possessors, that part obtained among the people the name of the Plunderers' Tower.

When the unfortunate Hanus of Bleileben,

whose story you have heard with that of Geiersberg, had finally ended his pernicious and unhappy life, a certain robber of his bands, called Pandulf, gained possession of the Riesenburg, where he betook himself to his old trade of rapine and murder.

Now that good master in the founder's art, and cunning workman in the casting of church bells, Erdmann of Brüx, had a fair daughter, whom Pandulf carried away and bore captive to Prague; but as the father and brother of the maiden had slain the son of Pandulf in defence of their daughter and sister, the robber, who had finally overcome and taken them prisoners, caused them to be dragged to his castle of the Riesenberg, whither he presently followed with the captive maiden. Arrived there, the robber chief compelled Erdmann to cast him a very large bell, which, being completed, was suspended on the summit of the highest tower. This Pandulf now commanded the hapless father to toll, while his son, who had aided him in the work, was to be led to death before his eyes. Erdmann threw himself at the robber's feet, entreating pardon for his son, and, when

that was refused, begging permission to suffer in his stead; but Pandulf was immoveable, and threatened to put out the eyes of both father and son if he were not obeyed. Hearing this, Erdmann rose to his feet, and, seizing the rope of the bell, which had received no consecration from the church, he uttered a fearful curse on its every sound, declaring that none should ever cleave the air from that metal throat but should pour a malediction on Pandulf and all his race.

Enraged to fury at what he heard, the robber threw himself across the bell to seize the bold man who thus bearded him; but as he did so, the vast body received its impulse from the hand of Erdmann, which his own command had set in motion: the first loud clangour of the bell pealed forth, but with it was mingled the despairing cry of the robber chief, as it spurned him from its shining sides, and cast his quivering form into the dark abyss below.

The shuddering troopers beheld their chieftain's fate, and, terrified at the instant fulfilment of the curse pronounced by the founder of the bell, they set his son at liberty, and permitted both to go free. Erdmann then took his daugh-

ter from her place of durance, and went forth in safety. The castle of the Riesenberg was soon afterwards taken from the robber band and presented as a fief to Slawko, the then reigning Count of Bilin.

In the second half of the thirteenth century, and when the great King Ottakar II. ruled our fair land of Bohemia, saith the legend, speaking further of this domain, the good knight Borscho III. dwelt at the castle of Riesenberg with his nephew and niece, Hinko and Adela von Bleileben. These young people were both the descendants of Hanus von Bleileben, and by the piety of their lives they laboured to make amends for the evils committed by their unfortunate ancestor, when under the influence of the dark powers. At this time King Ottakar made an inroad upon the Prussians, whose pagan hordes, breaking away from the church, had lapsed into heathenism, but were now to be reclaimed by the sword of the king. Those excellent old times!

Count Borscho followed the army, with his nephew Hinko, leaving Adela under the care of his seneschal Bolko, a rough stern man, but a

faithful. Now Bolko had a son, named Waldemar of the Gate, who was mis-shapen and hideous, yet ambitious and bold withal. He, Waldemar, returning victorious and with numerous captives from an onslaught which he had made on the Saxon province of Meissen, found that his father was absent from the castle, and, emboldened by this circumstance as well as by his recent triumph, the low-born man dared to raise his eyes above his place, and presumed to demand the hand of his master's niece in marriage!

The lady returned him such answer as might have been expected, but forgave his offensive presumption; she believed perchance that success had turned his brain. Still undismayed by that repulse, the seneschal's son hoped to prevail in future years by the riches, fame, and power he resolved to obtain, and, leaving the castle, he betook himself to Rudolph of Hapsburg, with whom he sought military service. Here he did not succeed to his wish, not having patience to await the slow awards of time, and in despair he then turned his sword against his mother-land.

When war broke forth against Bohemia, the

seneschal's son took service with the Bavarian hordes.

But the troops of Bavaria, defeated by King Ottakar and his converted Prussians, had to turn their backs and fly. Waldemar of the Gate was then wounded and taken prisoner; yet the generosity of the king released his enemies, and even the traitor Bohemian was set free.

Brave in battle and determined in enterprise, the seneschal's son found favour with the Margrave of Meissen, Otto the Rich, and knowing that priceless treasures lay hid in the ruined vaults beneath the Riesenburg, this Waldemar, taking his servant Gurt, a man bold as himself, to aid him, secretly made his way to those caverns by night, and carried off as much as sufficed him to buy from the Margrave the masterless castle of Reichenburg.

Now this domain, though within the limits of Meissen, was close on the border of Bohemia, so that, dwelling there, the seneschal's son could learn what was passing in the house of his master; nay, he could even occasionally behold the lady of his persistent, however presuming, adoration.

There was in those days a convent at the foot of the Schlossberg, and near the woods then growing where is now that pearl of Bohemia's coronet, the fair town of Töplitz. Thither Waldemar heard that Adela had repaired, proposing to take the veil and there end her days; for a secret sorrow afflicted the lady, and, not revealing the cause, she refused to hear the vows of her many suitors, and determined to be the bride of heaven alone. Then it chanced that her kinsman, the abbot of Ossegg, lay sick unto death, and desiring to see Adela, whom he much loved, the fair novice hastened to comply with his wishes, and remained by his side until the spirit of the abbot had departed to its rest. She then left the monastery on her way homewards; but in passing through a thick wood, her attendants were dispersed by an armed band, and herself, taken from her litter, was placed on horseback and carried into the dark recesses of the Erzgebirge.

It was in the month of November, and deep in the night, the conductors of the lady reached a deserted hut, within which they took shelter from the fast-falling snow. There they brought

food to their captive, who then saw that she was in the power of Waldemar.

Continuing their journey by desert ways, a thick fog, coming in aid of the snow which had covered the paths, caused the adventurers to lose their road, and Waldemar, leaving Adela under the guard of one of his followers, departed to seek help. But he had no sooner disappeared than the man he had left to keep watch declared himself to be an old servant of Count Borscho, and retracing his steps with the captive lady, he conducted her in safety to her convent.

Once more, and on the occasion of her visit to the cell of a holy hermit living near her abode, did Waldemar attempt to carry off the novice; but he was observed by a company of pilgrims, who were reposing beside a spring near his ambush, and they delivered the prey of that bold robber from his hands.

The time at length arrived for her receiving the veil; and at this ceremony the son of the seneschal was present, but he could attempt nothing in face of the assembled people, and had to devour his grief and rage in silence.

War now broke out between King Ottakar and the Hungarians; every Bohemian capable of bearing arms joined the standard of his king, and fain would the seneschal's son have now returned to make amends for previous transgressions against his fatherland; but he could not tear himself from the vicinity of his idol, and so loitered, with sword in sheath, between her convent and his own castle, while his followers vainly pressed him to action.

One morning a fair procession of the nuns came winding from the doors of the convent church, and proceeded to pay their devotions at the tomb of a pious sister, long before laid to rest in a neighbouring chapel. This sacred place was within the precincts of their own abode, but was commanded by an eminence, behind which lay hid the prowling Waldemar, whose eyes but rarely turned from the dwelling of her to whom he had so presumptuously raised there.

Tempted beyond his powers of resistance by the appearance of Adela, who had just been elected abbess, and who now paced forth at the head of her nuns, the desperate man dared to

approach, and was stealthily nearing the Bride of God—whether for the advantage of a nearer view only, as we will hope, or with some sacrilegious purpose, as it may, perhaps, be feared, the chronicle does not inform us; what we do learn is, that a knight, with his followers, chanced also suddenly to appear, directing his steps towards the convent.

This was no other than Hinko, the brother of Adela. A mutual recognition ensued; the knight would fain have captured the bold assailant of his sister, and might then have made of him such an example as we need not insist on. Remembering the gentle habitudes of the time, you can imagine what the fate of the low-born aspirant to a lady's love was likely to become; but with such desperate hardihood did the seneschal's son defend his liberty, that not till life had departed could the followers of Hinko lay their hands on his person. He fell beneath their weapons, the knight not deeming him a fit subject for his own handling; and where the statue of St. Adalbert now gleams white beneath the moon, the life and love of Waldemar were ended together.

There are not wanting those who think that his affection was not altogether unreturned by the proud lady, on whose face it is even averred that no smile was ever seen to appear from the time when her lowly lover fell in that unequal struggle with the crowd of her brother's vassals. But you will tell me this must needs be calumny. You will say she could not have so far forgotten her state, and done so much wrong to the lustre of her descent and the pride of her house. Let it be so; and do you hold your opinion: I also will retain mine own, but do not propose to reveal it.

These hills were, in past ages, rich in silver mines, and many places still bear such names as are even yet wont to be given by the miners of the district to the scene of their labours, as, for example, "The Blessing of God" (Gottes segen), the "Holy Trinity," &c. But the mines have been long abandoned, their ruin having been commenced by the forced emigration of the miners in the early part of the seventeenth century, when they were compelled by the Emperor Ferdinand II. to abandon their religion, or resign their homes, in common with

so many thousands of his subjects in other parts of the Austrian dominions: they preferred the last-mentioned alternative. The Thirty Years' War completed the destruction of this branch of labour, which has never since been resumed.

So saith that positive and matter-of-fact personage, Dame History; but if you are of my mind, and will listen to a well-beloved gossip of mine, the more imaginative Damsel called Legend, the matter fell out on this wise.

Richer than ever were the mines at the period immediately preceding their abandonment, and masses of pure silver so enormously large, were brought to light, that the hill-people became intoxicated with joy, and thought of nothing less than shoeing their oxen with the precious metal.

In the meantime, and while awaiting the realization of that proud idea, a large body of the miners had assembled to celebrate the discovery of a mass surpassing all that was ever seen before, and of whose dimensions the most incredible fables are related. They began to believe that the whole mountain was of silver; but that prosperity, which one would expect to see open

their hearts to tenderness and charity, appears to have had a different effect; and in their triumph they are said to have committed an act of such atrocious cruelty, that if it were true, the result supposed ought, in justice, to be true likewise. They seized a fat ox, says the legend, which was to be slaughtered for their feast, and flayed it while yet alive! exclaiming, as the poor creature lay writhing in torture—

"Every week will we now kill an ox like that here writhing before us, for we shall even be rich enough to do that, since the silver in our mines shall no more fail than this ox shall rise and betake himself, with loud bellowings, to the slaughter-house."

They had scarcely uttered the words, when the ox, which had seemed to be uttering its last groan, arose to its feet, bellowed three times, in tones that made the hearts of its murderers tremble within them, and walked firmly away to the slaughter-house, within which it lay down calmly—but was instantly seen to be not only dead, but already become cold.

There was an end to all rejoicing, as may be supposed; each man withdrew to his hut in

terror; and on the following morning, when they all proceeded fearfully to their work, they found, what their guilty consciences had anticipated, to be but too true—the riches of the mountain had been withdrawn.

Days and weeks did the miners labour in vain; and on the vigil of St. John they assembled to mourn in concert over the ruin that had overtaken them. While thus employed, a fearful sound was heard to proceed from the mountain, which opened at the point where they stood, and the Genius of the mines came forth: a noble and honourable-looking old man, mantled in robes of azure blue, adorned with gold and rich with precious stones, was the form they beheld; and his eyes threw beams like the stars of the firmament.

"What bewail ye here, worthless that ye are?" exclaimed the genius. "Are ye not yourselves the cause wherefore the blessing hath departed from your labours? I had given you riches, and had wealth still left in store, which was all for you; but I have had proof that ye are unworthy of my gifts—they made you cruel where they should have made you pitiable, and

they shall henceforth be apportioned to you sparingly. In the painful toil of your limbs and sweat of your brow shall ye now eat your scanty morsel, until ye have become pitying and mild, as ye have proved yourselves merciless and hard."

This said, the Genius disappeared; and from that time it was, as our gossip Legend, aforesaid, declares, that the mines now abandoned began to be deserted. It is true that, since a story, almost exactly similar is related of the ancient gold mines of the Noric Alps, and perhaps of others, this may, perchance, be a mere undue appropriation of the same by said Legend, and Friend History may, after all, be in the right. On that point your admirable judgment will decide, and I need trouble myself no further in the matter.

We walked to Ossegg this morning from the Palace Garden, by a delicious footway, but little known to strangers, and which led us through a rich succession of corn-field and orchard, now separate and now mingled, the richly-laden fruit-trees presenting their as yet unripened fruit among the luxuriant corn, and neither

appearing to suffer from the presence of the other.

One thing only have we missed in these countries, of all that makes the bright wealth of the early summer at home, the rich perfume of the bean-field, namely. Of this we have had none; neither do we see quite so many of the living creatures here as make glad what we may call the *true country*, as distinguished from the Home Counties and the neighbourhood of great cities in other parts, at home. We have rarely spied a squirrel, for example, and not often seen a rabbit darting across our path, although we are frequently in places where those pleasant creatures might be expected to rejoice one's eyes.

Lovely is the land nevertheless, and infinite is the delight that we have found and do find therein. We walked to Ossegg, then, as I have said; but walking back, after all that was still to be done there, was too much, and the rather, as the clouds threatened rain, although they did not fulfil their threat.

We accepted the aid of a carriage, therefore, and were driven home by a cheerful and open road (which road was none, by the way, for a

certain distance), across a wild, breezy heath, of a character very unlike the rich district we had traversed in the morning; whereunto it offered a contrast, the presence of which we should scarcely have suspected, within limits so comparatively small.

A slight shower, which fell in the early part of the afternoon, caused us to take shelter for a few minutes in what we should call a good-looking farm-house in England; but the poverty of the interior was such, and its total destitution of all the comforts found in those cordial dwellings, happily hemmed in by "the four seas," was so remarkable, that we are fain to hope it was only the abode of a labourer, although we have cause to believe that the master thereof was of somewhat higher degree than is implied by that term with us. Be that as it may, I have seen no dwelling so utterly *depourvu* in our country, certain hovels in Ireland and in the Isle of Man alone excepted.

And since I am in the mood for noting defects in the lovely picture this land presents, let us grumble a bit over the thoroughly "unfarmer-like" costume here adopted by the men working

in the fields. The vulgar and ugly cap which they wear, with their ill-looking blue aprons, assimilate their appearance entirely to that of the townsmen. An apron to till the ground withal! Oh, ye sons of our soil! what would you say to such a weed, fluttering and clinging about your free-going limbs? Could you turn a furrow with an apron round you? I trow not! Any way, you *would* not, whatever you could do. That apron is like the one horse, harnessed where there should be two; a perpetual affront to the eyes of my master, whom they make "all cross and crabbed-like" for a weary time after he has seen them. But enough of fault-finding, and the rather, as quarrelling with these things will not mend them.

You have long since been told—even those few still remaining among you who have not heard for themselves—that in many districts of Germany and other countries where the German language is spoken—some of the Swiss cantons, for example—the common salutation of the peasants whom you meet on the road is, "Gott grüss euch!" while in other parts it is "Gelobt sey Jesus Christus!" to which you reply, "In

Ewigkeit amen!" Here in Teplitz — unlike Prague—the people speak more German than Bohemian, doubtless because so near to the border of Saxony; these salutations are therefore of common occurrence here. This morning an old woman passed us, who, to the usual "God be with you," added "And all his saints," which we had not remarked before.

I have heard Prussians and Saxons observe that the Bohemians are less social than the Germans in respect of these road-side greetings; and it is true that the people do pass each other without a word, in these parts, more frequently than in other continental countries, where we have, indeed, rarely seen it happen. Is this to be accounted for by the ferocious wars of religion which so long made havoc in Bohemia? nay, which tore the land fairly to pieces during the latter part of the fourteenth, and in the first decades of the fifteenth centuries? I think it by no means improbable that it may be so; the unimaginable horrors endured by every man from his neighbour, and inflicted in those most deplorable times, may well have given origin to this unsocial mode of passing the stranger.

That fearful period is a subject on which I am often tempted to expatiate, for the story has never been fully told; but I refrain, although the presence of the scenes in which some of those horrible events took place, has more than once made it difficult to do so, and the rather, as I firmly believe that the relation would, at this time, be not without its utility. Yet I will not enter on the theme, for once begin that dreary account of wrong and violence, inflicted and suffered on all sides, and where would one end? Not till after the expenditure of a lifetime, if the work were to be well and conscientiously performed, while the horrors to be encountered in the task might well appal the stoutest heart. Very melancholy is the history of the Huguenot wars in France—very fearful in parts; but what was the worst fury of that period to the phials of wrath that were poured over the doomed head of Bohemia after the crimes committed by the Council of Constance? what, indeed! Let us rather try to forget than seek to recal those hideous deeds; but while in the country that was so long scourged by their actors, Catholic and Hussite alike, it is a difficult thing to forget them.

"Catholic and Hussite alike."—Yes; for they were so, as regards the demoniac rage and cruelty with which each tore the other with teeth and fangs, as might the very beasts of the desert. But in one grand essential there was a most important difference. For whereas the Hussite leaders did for the most part keep faith with their opponents, and maintain such promises as were given; those of the opposite party constantly exhibited a degree of perfidy that was even more hateful than their cruelties. Deliberately, yet secretly, proposing, from the first, to keep faith only until they should find a convenient season for breaking it, the very wording of the articles composing the treaties they prepared, frequently betrayed, and still betrays, this purpose; until at length it became impossible for the Hussites to give credit to their promises, however solemnly made. Then, indeed, came the hour of wrath, and fearful was the havoc that ensued.

The same weapon — shameless perfidy — turned against those of the reformed faith two hundred years later, was equally fatal to them as a body, however harmless to them as

individuals, when compared with its deadly and degrading effects on those who wielded it—nay, who still do wield the same. Exceptions there were, without doubt, at the later period; for if many had not been sincere as they were zealous, the success which crowned their party must, at that time, have been impossible. Ferdinand the Second himself, for example, the great tool with which the Jesuits performed their work, did most certainly believe that he was serving the cause of religion, as, perhaps, but in different measure, did his contemporary the Emperor Maximilian; but the true actors in those dark dramas, of which these, their crowned and sceptred pupils and instruments were but the puppets, knew well that religion was but the pretext. The subjugation of the temporal to the spiritual power, so far as may be required for the better holding down of the people, was the true end then, as it is now that of those who, though compelled to proceed very cautiously by the altered spirit of the times, are labouring to the same effect in the present day.

Here, then, was at once a broad and essential difference between the parties. The Hussite of

the fifteenth, and the Protestant of the seventeenth centuries, were sincerely contending for their faith; and if there were many among them who proposed to emancipate themselves from the tyranny of their political rulers at the same time, or who hoped to obtain an amelioration of the government under which they lived, these formed but a very small minority, and even of them the political question was but the secondary motive—their religious faith was still the first even with them; while with the masses it was the sole and only motive of action.

And this difference proved to be, at that time, the source of mighty advantages to the Catholic party, who, for that moment, were permitted to profit by their unworthy subterfuges; although the hour must still come, long as it seems deferred, when the fact that it was so will but turn to their confusion. The centuries that have since elapsed are but as a point in the history of nations, and the fruit of evil deeds must eventually be sorrow to the performers thereof, be they individuals or nations.

At that time, however, their cause was promoted, I repeat it, by the difference in question.

The truth of Gregory's remark, before quoted, to the effect that "The minds of men being more effectually moved by their interest than by any other consideration, the younger heretics will by little and little, begin to bend to the Catholic religion, if for nothing else, yet that they may participate in the honour it confers:" this truth, I say, was well and amply proved, as succeeding events but too fully suffice to show.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Teplitz—Old friends of hill and valley—The paradise of Bohemia—Banks of the Elbe—Tetschen—Castle of Count Thun—Enter the Saxon Switzerland—Schandau—The Kuhstall—The Pfaffenloch and Pfaffenschlucht—The priest of Lichtenhain—The crooked Caroline—The Bastei—A well-earned breakfast—Herniskretschen—The Langen-Biela—Frolics of the Flotsam—Ascent of woods to the Prebisch Thor—Woman's work in Bohemia—Serving the masons—Unloading the coal barge—The Prebisch-Thor—Imagination distanced—Amiable deportment.

SÄCHSISCHE SCHWEITZ, or SAXON SWITZERLAND—GREAT WINTERBERG.—A much longer time than usual has elapsed since I last held talk with you, friends and brethren. *Now* we are on our way to that Carlsbrunn, of which I made mention some time since, and have arrived at the

summit of a mountain in the Saxon Switzerland, to which we have ascended for the glorious sunsets and sunrises commanded therefrom, and where we are to pass the night.

The beauty of sunset is one of those that most cordially rejoice our hearts in the mother land, where our varying clouds impart a magnificence to that richest of nature's visible phenomena, which we have never seen surpassed, and but rarely equalled in other countries: but the enjoyment thereof is not easily obtained at Teplitz, where the range of the Erzgebirge conceals the sun for too long a time before he sets. We were, therefore, all the more easily allured by the promise of a fine sunset from this point, nor have we been wholly disappointed, although the colours and accidents of the hour, have not this evening been equal to what we have sometimes seen elsewhere.

But, to resume my laudable practice of telling things in their order, I must recede a little, and relate how we set off on our travels yesterday morning, accompanied by a large and unaccommodating, not to say disagreeable family of trunks, coffers, bags, and boxes, varying much in size

and age, but all of equally repulsive character, and manifestly resolved to make our journey less pleasant to us than it was otherwise promising to be.

We secretly determined, therefore, to part company with these "impedimenta" at the first convenient opportunity; and saying nothing to them of our purpose, we cleverly effected the separation desired before the day was many hours older.

Few wants afflict the dwellers in Teplitz, so far as we could judge, but among them had for some time past been that of rain. What had fallen in the region had been singularly partial. The people of Bilin, not eight miles off, had one day received a deluge, for example, while we at Teplitz had been vainly holding up our thirsty mouths to the skies—we could not catch a drop. Some few days later, it became our turn, and for a certain number of hours there fell torrents on our streets; our neighbours of Graupen meanwhile, as they told us, with dry and dusty lips, two days after, did not obtain so much as a pailfull.

But on the day of our departure from Teplitz,

there came at last a rain that was fairly in earnest; and as we drove along the old familiar ground between Teplitz and Aussig, it fell steadily: a most beneficent arrival it was, and one of which we could not in conscience make complaint; for what are the interrupted pleasures of the idle traveller, when they presume to compare themselves with the wants of the parched field? Yet I will not say that we refrained from all pity of ourselves; we did not; this poor scribe in particular made her moan, from the first downpour to deep in the last, but to no very good purpose, as you will divine.

Uncertain glimpses of our agreeable acquaintance, the Geiersburg, Maria Schein, and others were all that we could obtain through the rain-sprinkled glasses of the carriage; but to these we sent a friendly adieu, as was their right.

At Aussig we took the steam-boat, and despite the rain, which still continued, could well perceive the justice wherewith that part of the Elbe, along whose course we at first journeyed, partakes the name of the "Bohemian Paradise."

It had been our intention to land at Tetschen, where we arrived at mid-day, and there to pass

the afternoon and night, for the purpose of visiting Count Thun's castle and gardens, the latter more especially; but just then the rain was falling fast, with every appearance usually intimating the probability that it would continue to do so; we therefore resolved to proceed, which we did until two in the afternoon.

At that time the sun came brightly forth, and we then determined to land and remain for the night, when the boat should reach Schandau, which is in the heart of the Saxon Switzerland. Commending our luggage, therefore, to the charities of the ship's clerk, or a person who held some such office, to whom the obliging "conducteur" of the boat directed us, we joyfully turned our backs on it all, and, taking only the indispensable toothbrushes, *et hoc genus omne*, we marched lightly ashore, leaving our abandoned goods, to console each other as best they might.

Our first care at Schandau was to prepare for a visit to the Kuhstall, and our host supplying us with a carriage, we set off immediately. At the distance of less than a quarter of a mile from Schandau is a mineral bath, frequented

principally by those of the immediate neighbourhood; but beyond this opens a scene of beauty which will largely repay the visitor, from however great a distance he may come.

A bright stream goes sparkling along with all the capricious windings of the narrow glen through which our path lay, and which is called the Kirnitschthal. This is hemmed in on both sides by mountains, some of them exhibiting only bare grey rocks of enormous altitude, while others are finely clothed with pine and fir trees. The soft green of the small fairy-like meadows, suddenly opening to view, as you issue from certain parts of the close defile, where there is room for the road and the stream only, adds greatly to the charms of the way; and these are furthermore enhanced by the figures, few and far between, it is true, who are labouring in those emerald nooks.

One young woman, mowing the grass of an especially beautiful mead, more particularly attracted our attention, not because she was mowing, for we have now seen but too many women thus employed, but for the remarkable firmness and beauty of her figure, which the movements

required by her occupation displayed to perfection.

It must not be concealed, however, that the scythe she used was a very small and slender one, altogether unlike that which taxes the strength of our robust labourers at home. As she first stood whetting this instrument, therefore, and afterwards set cheerily to work, compelling it, with light and equal strokes, through the soft clear yielding grass, the grace of her action, with the exquisite beauty of the whole scene, made us almost forget the unsuitable character of her labours, which we had in other instances condemned without reserve.

Charmed with every step of our drive, our coachman, who seemed well disposed to share our enjoyment, enhanced it greatly by telling us the names of every mountain and deep valley opening its tempting recesses, or throwing its deep shadows on our path. Many of these names were sufficiently suggestive, recalling stories of pursuit and vain attempts at concealment, made by the unhappy victims of persecution in the old troubled times, of which but too

well authenticated instances are besides related concerning these districts.

Six miles of a drive so beautiful that no words of mine could fittingly describe it, brought us, after many a leisurely pause for admiration, to the point beyond which the carriage could not proceed; and here we left our good man to rest his horses and himself, while we pursued our upward way to the Kuhstall.

There is no difficulty in this ascent, nor is it very fatiguing; the guides call it half an hour, but it occupied us three quarters. "The Kuhstall is a natural arch, or perforation, thirty feet high and forty wide, through the rock; beneath this one passes to a sort of terrace, commanding a most striking view of the valley, which lies far below." So says our English Guide-Book, and no description could be more correct; but what sort of terrace, and how striking is that view! "Rocks are heaped upon rocks," continues one of the correspondents of Murray, "and some of them are crowned with fir-trees,"—all which is true; but the vast scale on which every feature presents itself to the astonished view, is what

one finds it difficult to convey;—this must be seen, to be at all understood.

Through a narrow cleft of the rocks, we clambered up rude and broken steps, partly scratched, —for they cannot be called "hewn,"—in the stone, and partly formed of wood, to the top of the arch, and thence to other points of the rock, connected by bridges of plank, well defended by hand-rails, with the principal platform.

Various names have been given to the different levels, as well as to some of the many chasms which you here see around you, and into which you look with a shuddering sense of awe, notwithstanding the strength of the bulwarks that you lean over, in your effort to pierce these vast depths, while the giant masses still beetling above your head give increased force to that sensation. The Pfaffenloch and Pfaffenschlucht, for example, are two among these names: the first is a cavern, and the second a fathomless abyss, of which the Catholics tell us the following story:—

They say that the priest of Lichtenhain (the point at the foot of the mountain where you leave your carriage), being driven from his cure, in the

Hussite wars, remained long concealed in the Pfaffenloch, or Priest's Hole, whence he frequently emerged to offer the consolations of their religion to such of his people as remained.

But an evil day came, when the courageous pastor found the last of his flock destroyed, and his enemies, the ruthless victors, in their place. Hastily the startled priest withdrew, bearing grief and terror in his heart, but unfortunately could not do so without being discovered. A sad and fearful struggle for life ensued; more than once the hunted fugitive believed that he had thrown out or distanced his pursuers, and he did, in fact, attain his refuge amidst the rocks, but was unhappily driven thence by a dog, which the Hussites had with them. He was then cast, without remorse, into the horrible Pfaffenschlucht!

During the Thirty Years' War, the then priest of Lichtenhain is said to have preached to his people from a rock, thence called the "Pulpit;" and in a ravine, to which you descend by a mere crevice in the mountain, called the Crooked Caroline, there is a cavern wherein the people took refuge from the Swedes. There are, be-

sides, many other rocks and caves that are specially named; but these may suffice.

Now we did not then know, or had not remembered, what we afterwards discovered; namely, that we might easily have passed from the Kuhstall to the Great Winterberg, where we now are; but the fair valley by which we had come, was a delightful path to return through, and we consoled ourselves with this consideration for the loss of time resulting from our ignorance, or forgetfulness.

Having well examined the Kuhstall, we returned then, by the way we had come, and rejoining our carriage, reached Schandau in time to see the strangely cleft rocks of the Schrammstein, gloriously gilded by a fine sunset.

This morning (a very lovely one, making large amends for our yesterday's rain) we were out in the bright, inspiriting air with the earliest beams of the sun, and at six o'clock went with the first steam-boat to Rathen, our object being to breakfast on the Bastei, or Bastion, another of those extraordinary phenomena in giant rock, and cleft mountain, which render this Saxon Switzerland so rich; nor is any part of this

most curious and interesting district more amply visited, or better known than the Bastei.

Leaving the steam-boat, after an hour pleasantly spent on the beautiful river, we at once commenced our ascent through the narrow cleft, or ravine, by a rough foot-path, up which alone the mountain is accessible from this side. We found the walk excessively laborious, and I was myself compelled very frequently to pause for rest and breath. Still, the beauties of the way, at such parts as were not too closely shut in by wood to permit of our then making the acquaintance with them which we afterwards effected, were quite sufficient to reward our toil, nay, even to make it a true pleasure.

After nearly an hour of this salutary exercise, we began to approach the bare grey pinnacles of various forms, to which we had been hopefully gazing up during the greater part of our way. Once or twice we turned aside to points affording glimpses into the wondrous world of jagged rocks lying far below, a good view whereof could not elsewhere be obtained, and which were therefore guarded by massive posts and rails, to enable the visitor to stand securely on the giddy height.

At length we attained the "Bridge of the Bastei," a truly magnificent structure, undertaken within the last few years, and connecting several pinnacles of these marvellous rocks, between which the eye plunges into depths so awful that even the solid masonry on which you stand, while attempting vainly to fathom their profundity and extent, is but just sufficient to give you courage for remaining thus suspended in mid-air, over chasms so tremendous. From the centre of the bridge the views on either hand are such as are presented by no other place with which we are acquainted; I do not now speak of beauty or extent, although there are both, but of the strange peculiarities here prevailing; and these render this region unlike every other.

Those who have seen the Brimham Rocks in the north riding of Yorkshire, will best comprehend the manner of these, when told, that what they have there in miniature—nay, in proportions that are comparatively microscopic—they will here find on a scale of astounding magnificence and grandeur, with the rich embellishment of fine colouring, afforded by luxuriant trees, and the finish of a noble river, winding its calm,

majestic way beneath and among the strange formations.

A Latin inscription records the year when the bridge was completed, and in the centre is a tablet to the memory of "Two worthy men," Carl Heinrich Nicolai, born at Berlin in 1739, and who died as "Pastor emeritus," at Lohmen, and the "Magister Wilhelm Lebrecht Götzinger, Pastor of Neustadt," who were the first to direct the attention of strangers to these regions. Erected by the 'Associated Guides,' in the year 1834.

These, then, were the "Pocock and Wyndham" of the Saxon Switzerland. Peace be to their ashes! Many have received praise for deeds of less value than that performed by them, in laying open these treasures of wonder and beauty to the general knowledge.

From the Bridge you quickly attain the highest summit, where, in times of old, a robber's castle is by some authors declared to have existed; but others maintain, that what these call traces of draw-bridges, &c. are merely excavations made for the concealment of their booty by the robber knights dwelling far beneath. It is a question

of little moment, and one that you willingly forget when on the spot, to think only of what one of Murray's correspondents justly calls "a prospect which, of its kind, is unique in Europe."

To this summit you finally ascend, partly by a steep path, and partly by long flights of steps, which being surmounted, you stand, not on the edge of the precipice, but on a mass of rock projecting fairly over it, and "at an elevation of more than six hundred feet above the Elbe, which sweeps round the foot of the mountain."*

Wide and far, then stretches the river to right and left, the shores immediately beneath your ken being clothed with a soft green turf, through which there go winding the most tempting paths on either bank. A plain of singular beauty extends beyond them, and from the midst of this there rise the enormous grey masses, first of the Königstein, then of the Lilienstein, and further still, of the Pabst-stein, Pfaffenstein, and others, "huge columnar formations, starting at once from the level plain, at great distances from each other, and overlooking in lonely and so-

* Hand-book for North Germany, p. 456.

lemn grandeur, each its own portion of the domain."*

And now, having told you this, with such aid from Murray and others as you see, how unsatisfactory does what I have said appear! How insufficient—how unjust to the claims of the place! Yet I make no renewed attempt, for if I were to write a volume, I could give you no sufficing account of what awaits you in this singular district; wherefore, as I have often done before, I bid you come and see.

We set off with intent to breakfast here, as I said, and now we have done so, with the comfortable conviction of having well earned the food we ate. A good hotel has been contrived on the only space sufficiently broad to hold it; and from this they brought us our much-needed meal, to one of the many tables provided for the purpose on that lofty esplanade, whence we could still behold some part of the wonders around us.

Our strength restored by the usual "appliances" constituting a moderate breakfast, thus pleasantly eaten *al fresco*, we paid visits to every part of the rocks that has been made accessible;

* Murray, *ut supra*.

nor was there one that did not largely reward us. This done to our infinite delight and satisfaction, we then, but very reluctantly, prepared to depart, and commenced our descent by re-crossing the noble bridge; we continued our way thence by a path somewhat different to that by which we had mounted, and which conducted us through a richly-coloured glen, its gentle slopes forming bright green pastures of velvet softness, over which fell deep shadows; from noble trees, grouped as for the study of the painter. Pausing often for the enjoyment of this loveliness, we yet arrived in good time at the fair shores of the Elbe, where we soon afterwards embarked to reascend the river, on our way to the Prebisch Thor.

In going up the Elbe, we again passed the Königstein, whereon there is a fortress; as we did also the Lilienstein, which is nearly opposite to it, on the right bank of the Elbe, and both of which we had seen in the earlier hours of the morning. Next came Schandau, our abode of the previous night, but this we now passed, and proceeded onwards to Herniskretschen, where we landed.

We had much regretted, on our way down the river yesterday, to see the havoc made by the quarrying of stone from the bold and beautiful banks of the Elbe, between Schandau and Herniskretschen; a process by which their rich colouring is destroyed, and irreparable injury inflicted on the general effect of the river in that part. The proprietors have done an evil deed in permitting these ravages, and one for which the traveller owes them few thanks. Grumbling at this, we set foot on the strand at Herniskretschen, but soon forgot our resentment at that "doing what they please with their own" of the Saxon proprietors (unless, indeed, they be Bohemian, for we are again in Bohemia at Herniskretschen) in the pleasantness of that delicious valley, which we found awaiting us when we had passed through the village.

Here, as in all these lovely glens, a bright and joyous Stream dances merrily along, bounding over the rocks that would fain present impediments, and sparkling in the sunlight with a gaiety and life that might well bring a sense of gladness to the heart of Melancholy in person. Just at this moment the crystal Beauty is busy withal;

she hath got a charge of logs from the foresters above, and these she tosses sportively about in her frolics, as one who had no care of what might next become of them. Yet will you do her wrong if you think so; she takes heed that no one of all be left behind her; and when some half-dozen of the graver brethren, a-weary of her gambols, put their heavy heads together, and determine to remain where they are, doth she not come tumbling amain into the midst of their council? Aye, verily, that doth she; and if her gentle hints prove insufficient to compel them forth, hearty cuffs are applied, until the would-be rebels are fain to get themselves afloat again.

Boys are perched on the rocky edge of either shore, and labour to bring to land such morsels of splintered wood as they can coax to come within their reach; mingled with these are women, each holding a slight pole, armed with a hook, in her hand; this she plunges amid the waters ever and anon, as certain little fragments meet her eye, and those stragglers, which appear to form her permitted prey, seldom fail to make shipwreck on the treacherous interruption to their voyage which she holds forth. Then she

casts each quickly beside her on a heap formed of its fellows, and turns again to the stream, as seeking what she may next devour.

The Langen-Biela is the name of this active-minded stream, and it imposes its appellation, as of right, on the valley, which is called the Biela-grund: saw-mills and other evidences of that industry consequent on the wood cutters' vicinity, give considerable animation to the scene. But in these mills only one saw is in use, instead of the many applied at home to each log, and the process is therefore comparatively slow. We have not seen more than one used at a time in any of the saw-mills of these Saxon and Bohemian valleys.

The agreeable companionship of the Biela, which joins the Kamnitz, before reaching Herniskretschen, was resigned with some reluctance; but we were nevertheless compelled to give it up, and then began the ascent to the Prebisch Thor: this proved to be the most fatiguing we had yet attempted, although beautiful to a marvel.

Loitering much, to rejoice over the wealth of grandeur and loveliness enchantingly mingled,

by which our every step was rendered delightful, we were also forced to frequent pauses—myself in particular, for the purpose of recruiting mine exhausted powers, which do not at all times obey my will, when great exertions are to be made.

We were making one of these halts, and had seated ourselves commodiously on a fragment of rock, the position of which enabled us to command not a few of the many stages we had surmounted, while it suffered us also to perceive that much hard work still remained to be done, when we saw a poor woman far beneath us, coming steadily upward, with a great load on her back. On she came, taking no rest for her part, poor creature; and in due time she passed our resting-place, but still without a thought of following the example we had set her, and toiling painfully onward, making n o pause. We then saw that she was quite an old woman; and comparing her loaded shoulders with our own unburthened backs, we could not but feel half ashamed of the weariness we had permitted ourselves to believe we felt.

Forward still went that "ancient portress;"*

* *Give* me your permission to *mis*-apply that word a bit!

and after a time she arrived at a flight of rude steps, excessively steep, by which alone the sheer upward clamber was at that point to be effected.

"Surely," quoth your servant to herself, "the poor creature will rest before she mounts those steps!" and herself replied to your servant, "Surely she will." But we were both wrong: the loaded woman kept ever on; and after watching her till the long ladder terminated —half way up to the clouds as it seemed to us— we then lost sight of her.

And here I cannot but remark once more on the frequency with which we are grieved at the sight of women, taxed so much beyond their strength, as fully to account for that premature old age which makes the number of women looking unusually old, so great in these countries: "looking"—for they are most probably not near the age they look; but these inordinate labours, first wringing all comeliness from out their persons, which it does at a very early period of life, soon afterwards gives them the appearance of advanced age.

We have now seen women mowing, reaping,

and, in not a few instances, ploughing! We have seen them "serving the masons," as it is called at home, and carrying hods of mortar and bricks on their heads and shoulders, up long ladders, and over encumbered scaffolds, where they have to make their way across all those impediments incidental to those erections, at the imminent hazard of their poor crushed lives: no very valuable possession, you will say; and unhappily you are right.

The carrying burthens of window-frames, doors, and other carpentry-work on their shoulders, or, where the weight is at length admitted to be too much for one, between two of them, as we have repeatedly seen them doing here, although such work is performed by men only with us, becomes, after the unseemly efforts before alluded to, an almost befitting, because cleanly and decent occupation. But next you shall find them loading and unloading coal-carts for the railroads or steamboats, breaking stones on the highways, and otherwise labouring in the repair of the roads, whereon you see hordes of the poor spoiled creatures totally lost amidst the mud covering their persons, and the coal-dust or other impurities with which they are ever in contact.

Then what comes of this? Exposed to every extremity of weather—the heat, the cold, the rain, the dust; that which does but embrown the person of a man, and confirm his force, acts otherwise on the more delicate fibre of the woman, and after a certain period passed in the endurance of this unsuitable life, she becomes what almost justifies the impatient remark of one whose manliness of spirit was revolted by what he saw, but who yet found no more appropriate mode of expressing his disapproval of the system to which woman is here subjected, than the exclamation I have before repeated to you—"Woman! *that* is not a woman at all!"

Much of this was in our thoughts as we sat watching the poor carrier toil up the difficult way, to overcome which, even with unloaded backs, appeared to us a sort of feat. We made our usual lamentation over that enormous wrong, and then set ourselves to follow the example of our suffering sister, with such energy as we might. A few more stout pulls, each followed by its needful halt, brought us at length to the summit. The burthen of our "avant-courier"—the great basket, we then saw to be filled with

poultry, and hung round beside with numerous packages; it was standing half unloaded beside the building that does duty for a gasthaus in these high regions, but the bearer herself we did not see.

The Prebisch Thor is a natural arch of rock, of similar character to the Kuhstall, but is of even more striking appearance, because nearly double the height and size. A German writer says, "The Prebisch Thor is a wonder of creative nature; a well-formed picture, of which no other example of so much perfection is to be found throughout Germany." He might have added, nor, perhaps, in all Europe. It is, indeed, amazingly grand and imposing, while the character of the strange wild district, given to view by the natural terrace to which you pass from beneath it, and that from its summit, gained by rude paths, and long series of steps, are so peculiar, that no mere description will enable you to form an idea of their truly sublime features.

Throughout this Saxon Switzerland we have invariably found all things surpass the expectations we had formed of them. Some very judicious English friends, who had preceded us on

this delightful visit, and whose steps we have followed, had spoken very eloquently of its beauties, it is true; but they did not wish to awaken very great expectations, and the pleasant surprise we so frequently feel here, is one of the consequences of their prudent reserve. You will tell me that I do not imitate what I approve. No; because I wish to let you know that you will do well to come here, since you will be so largely repaid. They knew that we had determined, sooner or later, to visit the region, and that once secured, they held their peace.

In what is called the English Garden, at Munich, there is an intimation, not far from the entrance, to the effect that "only the hands of fools write eagerly on doors and walls." Similar hints would be far from out of place here, where the seats, tables, and even the rocks themselves, that are to last for ever, are scratched over in all directions by those creatures of a day, whose absurd names meet you at every turn.

The Prebisch Thor, and Kuhstall, which give their names to these wonderful regions of rock and wild mountain, form but one portion, though a great and important one, of their attractions.

An equally distinctive peculiarity is the large number of vast isolated masses of grey denuded rock, rising sheer up from the depths that lie far beneath your ken, to the height of many hundred feet above you. In some instances they are nine hundred feet high, as those who have measured them affirm.

Here, at the Prebisch Thor, these extraordinary pyramids are at their highest, and have assumed their wildest and most appalling forms. Many of their summits are rendered accessible by means of bridges, rough paths, and flights of rude steps, up one range of which you are now mounting, that you may presently afterwards descend by another; and thus, first climbing, and then plunging downward, anon to mount again, you arrive with time and labour at your object. But when gained you are in an ecstacy of delight, as well as wonder, despite of all the labour endured: the bright inspiriting influence of the mountain air, with the beauty you have, and the more that you are promised, fully sufficing to make you toil on, happy and gleeful as in the holidays of your childhood.

Then the wide-awake eager looks of one's

fellow-gazers, whose delight you partake so largely, and so fully comprehend, yet whom we of our land, unsocial and grim, do but pass, and leave to the possession of whatever point they find us on, while we depart to seek another where they are not, giving no evidence—or but rarely—of having the slightest sympathy with them, although feeling such in reality with all our hearts.

It is a pleasant and amiable fashion, this that we have—we dear English—of going glowering about among our fellow-creatures of other lands, as though we either saw them not, or hated to see them; and it is to that last extremity that we have ourselves been carrying these agreeable habits of ours, even no longer since than on this bright and sunny day, which might have opened the heart of an oak tree. But it had no such influence on us, *quoad* our German brethren here disporting themselves, and to whom we gave as wide a berth as the narrow limits on which we met them permitted.

Giddy eminences are these, in good truth; sheer over the precipice hangs the awful summit your steps have gained. Nothing but the clear

air around and about you! The hand grasps nervously to the stout rail which hems you in, although your feet are planted on the stedfast granite, which earthquakes alone could suffice to move from its deeply-rooted base. I had more than once to remind myself of this fact, as I stood on the wondrous eyries which make a peculiarity of these mountains, and distinguish them from the many others we have visited. No masonry, however solid, could reassure one in a position so appalling, and it was not until my second visit to the "Bridge of the Bastei" that I felt at perfect ease on the projecting turrets from which you obtain such astonishing prospects into the strange wilderness of rocky pinnacles beneath you.

At the first I believed the buttresses of that aerial structure to be all built by man, and secretly trembled as I stood on them, though I did not own my fears; but when we re-crossed the bridge, I had been to one of those other turret-crowned pinnacles of rock which enable you to command the beautiful side-view of the fabric, and I then saw that these handsome erections were based on the great natural columns

of the mountain itself: after having seen that, I could take my place in comfort on the commodious stone seats that surround them.

At the Gast Haus on the Prebisch Thor, is a dining-room of fair dimensions, for uncertain weather; but tables and chairs are ranged on the terrace before the arch, for such radiant days as we were favoured withal. There are also rooms wherein you may pass the night, but we were bound for the Great Winterberg, and had determined to make our port before sunset; this we happily effected, the walk between the Prebisch Thor and the Great Winterberg involving no descent, with the necessity of re-ascending, as we had believed probable, but permitting us to keep the level we had attained. It was a lofty one, as I have said, and from this vast height the magnificence of the spectacle we had before and around us, on our delightful way to the Winterberg, was such as you will imagine, the character of the country being now before you.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Edmundstein—The Winterberg—Sunset and sunrise from the summit—Misbehaviour of an old traveller—Consequences—A chase—No fee—A lost train—How wise we looked!—Deliberations—A walk and breakfast—Crossing the Elbe—Beauty of a stormy sky—Wehlen—August Werner—The Uttewalden Grund—The summer guest-house—Mournful event—The "Gate of the Grund"—Mountain stair to Lohmen—Adventure of Johann Hartmann—The Zscherre Grund—Accidents of winter in the mountains—Pillars of Hercules—Happy effect of a fault—Separation and adieu.

ONE of the most conspicuous among the rugged masses surrounding the Prebisch Thor has till lately been called the Büchhorn, but it has now changed its name for that of the "Edmundstein" in honour of Prince Clary, to whom the district belongs. A low column, which does not obtrude itself more than it can help, is placed on the

summit, with an inscription written there, to confirm the change and render it permanent. We complain for the most part of these changes, and think that the old name, which is usually significant, and, therefore, good and appropriate, is but ill replaced by the Louisen, Carolinen, Sophien, and Franzen, or by the Ferdinandeum, Johanneum, and all the others in en and um with which one is wearied in these countries; but in this instance, and some few beside, where the gratitude of those benefited seeks to record its remembrance of the benefactor, we find an excuse for the alteration, even while we may still regret it: thus the whilome Büchhorn has our gracious permission henceforth to be the "Edmundstein." Yet must we ever desire that some means could be found for expressing the gratitude of the poor and powerless towards the great and beneficent which might prove less objectionable than is that of disturbing something good of its kind which has endured for ages, even though that something be only a name.

But enough grumbled, and now to a pleasanter theme.

Midway between the Prebisch Thor and the

Winterberg we pass through a wilderness of giant rocks, called the Schäfersteine. Here, their dwelling curiously contrived among the clefts, we found an aged pair, who greeted our arrival with harp and dulcimer, not an unusual welcome, as all wanderers in mountain regions, frequently visited, are well aware. Returning these compliments in the fashion best approved, I gave them such few kreutzers as I had; your servant carrying, in respect to these small disbursements, the bag, because my liege is pleased to take no trouble whatever in the matter of unknown coins. But stepping on after the gentleman aforesaid, and expressing my regret that those I had then given were not more, or rather greater, the master commanded to return forthwith, and bestow some "better brother" of the family "geld" on that pair—an order which I obeyed the more readily, as the good contented faces of the musical recluses had pleased me not a little, although they shamed me for the poverty of my gift. Fishing within my scanty purse, therefore, I brought up from its all but vacant depths the shining face of a handsome silver "sechser." And the amount?

Friends and brethren! twopence, and no more was its uttermost value!! Yet, when the tiny morsel was laid upon their table, why can't you hear the thanks and praise that then broke forth!

Next, and seeing that they owed this vast amount to the "Gnadigen Herrn," for people have quick eyes "in re pecuniâ," their caps were specially waved at him, although he, striding off at good speed, saw not the honours paid him. I had myself much more than I needed nevertheless, and "followed my leader," thinking how little it had cost to purchase at least one moment of satisfaction for those two good souls; yet even one moment is something, in a life precarious as theirs is likely to be.

The position of the Gasthof erected on the Great Winterberg, and where we soon after arrived, enables the guest to obtain good and ample views of the Elbe and the country generally to a very great distance. We had the border country of Bohemia, with our old friends, the Mittelgebirge and its most conspicuous summit, the Milcschauer, on the one hand, and a fair piece of Saxony, with masses innumerable of

the singular columnar formation so frequently alluded to, on the other; but as an object to visit, we do not find the Winterberg of equal interest with the other principal places of the region, and are glad that we have but come when the labours of a thoroughly well-filled day were at their close, and when the pleasant sleeping room in which I write is the first essential of the moment.

And as regards this room, by the way, we are specially "bien tombés," since, after having watched the sunset from the high pavilion raised for that purpose on the top of the house, we shall see him rise from our windows while we are dressing. This is well, because the going out for that purpose hath often turned to our confusion and discomfiture; wherefore we are glad to escape the necessity for it, which the position of our rooms, fronting due east, will enable us to do.

The prospect immediately presented, as you stand at the entrance of this mountain inn, is principally over woods. A certain part of the road to be traversed, before reaching the house from the Prebisch Thor, is rendered desolate by

the traces that still remain of an accidental fire, whereby the woods were fearfully ravaged in 1842. One of the Saxon writers on the beauties of the district consoles himself for that accident by the recollection that the wreck here beheld will serve to the wayfarer as a lesson on the "passing character of earthly beauty;" while another German author assures his readers that the fire is all pure gain to them, since it has laid open to them the view of many most singular columns and masses of rock previously concealed by the closely growing trees.

WEHLEN.

"Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short—"

Every one knows that truly logical conclusion at which the distinguished author from whom I borrow arrives:—

"It cannot hold you long."

But his words will not further stand me in stead, and I must seek others by which to make

you acquainted with a sad mishap which this morning befel your poor scribe and servant.

You are to know then, that, when my liege lord made me steward of the household and paymaster-general for this journey, both which important offices are accumulated in my person, he enjoined me to demand the bill overnight, whenever we were to depart early in the morning, and not only so, but also to settle the same, "the which to do," as we zez in Zummerzet, said high official had nevertheless neglected more than once, but never with evil consequences until this unlucky day.

This morning, however, our first business of seeing the sun rise being performed, the next was to get down to Schmilka, on the shores of the Elbe, where we were to find a boat that would ferry us over the river, on whose opposite shore runs the railway along which we proposed to journey to Wehlen. Arrived there, it was our purpose to recross the Elbe, and walk through the Ottowald, or Uttewalde Grund, which is one of the most singular and important objects in the Saxon Switzerland.

We had risen with the first appearance of

light, and had awaited the sunrise, as we made our leisurely toilette, each in his own little domain; thus, by the time that the sun had himself completely risen—though not so finely as we had often seen him do—we were ready to commence our pleasant walk through the woods to Schmilka.

Now, perhaps, you will be for offering us some pity, as you think of a toilette made at four o'clock; but you would only throw away your compassion. Throughout the summer, we have adopted the early German hours, and find so many advantages as well as pleasures therein, that we are quite converted to the practice, which we do not propose to abandon until the winter sets in.

We were ready to set off then, and desired nothing better than to do so; but now began my troubles. I had not secured the bill the night before, and it was not only still to be paid, but still to be written, so far as I knew, and neither host nor waiter was to be found. "Hence these tears!"

At length appeared the hostess, and she sent the *haus knecht*, who answers to our "boots,"

to arouse the waiter, who was still asleep! pleasant for people in a hurry! We had to wait perforce nevertheless, and did so until long after our patience was exhausted, but still no waiter and no bill.

We then assured the hostess that we would depart without paying; and after again giving ample time for the appearance of the bill, we did as we had said, and fairly walked off, before her eyes.

I will not say that we proceeded at our best speed, but, provoked at the leisurely coolness with which she met our impatient exhortations to haste, we seemed to do so, while she could see us, and, descending a long flight of steps, we were soon in the wood. Presently came swift feet behind us; but then we did make on in good earnest, by way of giving our friend all the trouble we could. Nay, what was certain to disturb him still more, when at last he did overtake us, breathless and, perhaps, beginning to be alarmed for his money, we refused him the fee to which he would otherwise have been entitled. We had the right to withhold it, because, in fact, he had been told at what time we meant to leave

the house, and had assured me that he should be up even long before it: after that I thought myself sure of having the bill in good time, as had always been the case in other houses, and so went to my room in peace.

Free to proceed, we now did so, with all possible diligence, and soon gained the Elbe; but as we reached its banks, a man, who was evidently an official of the railway, came from a cottage, and enquiring if we wished to catch the train, he drew out his watch ere we had well replied, assuring us that it would pass before we could get to the station, which yet lay immediately before us, but on the opposite shore.

Hoping better things, we stepped into the boat, which we had continued to approach all the time our informant spoke. The ferryman put us over swiftly, and we stepped happily forth on the other side—but as we did so appeared the train in sight; before we could reach the station it had shot by, as the official had predicted, and we were left to console ourselves as we might.

How wise we looked I leave you to judge. So near, and yet to lose our train. The fault

was quite evidently in that varlet of a waiter—let me call names a bit—unless, indeed, you tell me, as I could not but tell myself, that it was in fact my own. Not a little did your culprit fret and chafe at this contretemps. No other train would go the right way for us until nearly one o'clock: it was then but six, and thus were seven precious hours to be wholly lost! Woe the while! How I repented me of mine error. No steamboat either that could do us any good; and as to a row-boat or "gondel," as they are here somewhat affectedly called in their Neu-Deutsch phrase, there was uncertainty in the aspect of the weather which made it not advisable to attempt that mode of progress, which is besides very slow, and would save us but few of the priceless moments we were losing.

Counting up all these mischiefs and more, I stood sorrowfully gazing in the direction the train had taken, and bemoaning our fate—nay, should have stood there doing so till now, perhaps; but the reasonings of my wiser companion prevailing, we decided to go to the station, despite the departure of the train, and make enquiry, lest there might be another, coming earlier than we knew of.

This we did, then, but found Henschel (the German Bradshaw) to be only too correct. Train before mid-day there was none.

But about the little buildings that formed the station there was an aspect of calm and sweetness in pleasant unison with the sweet air of the fresh morning, which somewhat calmed the troubled spirit of this poor scribe. A few simple but fragrant flowers were growing in the small garden; there was a kindly-looking man, a pretty and gently-mannered woman, his wife, and a very lovely child, some eight months' old: all these gave pleasanter matter for contemplation than my own shortcomings had proved to be, and I began to be somewhat consoled.

The friendly station-master presented us with sweet-peas that might have grown in a cottage-garden of England; and while we were decorating belt and button-hole with these gifts, there came up a patrol of the road, well-dressed, of good manners, and of highly-respectable appearance, who joined himself at once to our party, as a matter of course.

He was soon made acquainted with the misfortunes we were bewailing; and unlike the "Do-

as-you-can," and "What's-that-to-me" look, which are all our busier officials at home have time to bestow for such casualties, the good leisurely personage at once re-opened the council, which had just closed as he arrived, and began to deliberate with us upon all the methods probable or possible, by which we might, could, should, would, or ought to get forward. The best of these methods was, it is true, not feasible after all. No carriage road was near; a Dampfschiff did sometimes go down the Elbe about nine, but was not to be depended on; and if that did not happen to pass this morning, why our new friend could offer no further suggestion, in short; and we were just where we stood before that well-intentioned adviser's arrival.

Considering next, between ourselves, whether we could do anything till breakfast-time, we inquired if any church to be visited, or village were within reach, but found there was none; nor could we have breakfast until we had either recrossed the Elbe for it, or walked to the next station, distant about two hours (for pedestrians) from the place where we then were. Here, then, was occupation for that time; and we departed

in search of our breakfast, which we were again likely to earn before we could eat it, if, indeed, it were at two hours of distance, as we were assured.

A rough towing-path along the river was the only road, that of the rail excepted; this presented a much more agreeable and less rugged way, but could only be used by such as had tickets for that purpose. These secured, therefore, and in due time, we reached the next station, where we first sought that breakfast whereof "honourable mention" hath been made often enough, you will say, and which, by that time, had become very desirable. We then amused ourselves with the papers lying on the tables of the refreshment-rooms, and in strolling about the immediate vicinity until the train appeared.

Now the weather had long been assuming an aspect worse than doubtful, and we had but just taken our seats in the carriage when the rain began to fall in torrents. Happily it was one of those even-down pourings which seldom last long, and by the time we reached the station at which we were to leave the rail, the shower had ceased. We then hastened down to the shore,

continued to make its agreeable way; we hurried the more because a cloud of the most portentous blackness was pursuing us. The ferry-boat, a mode of transit in which I delight cordially, and whereunto, as it hath ever appeared to me, all kinds of charming ideas—romantic incident, no less than beauty of site—attach themselves as matter of course, the ferry-boat was just pushing off from the opposite bank and came swiftly towards us, which was well, since our danger of a drenching became more imminent with every second that passed.

A very poor and very old, nay, arch-old woman, was our only "romantic incident" on this occasion, but we had "beauty of site" in rich abundance; the awful blackness of the clouds, gathered above us in all directions, by no means destroying, but only altering the character of that beauty.

I have confessed that we are somewhat unsocial, and it is a truth that cannot be denied, but with a lone fellow-traveller, such as this was, the remark no longer holds; and as our new comate and myself stood together on the river-side, while my companion marched about looking

doubtfully at the frowning skies, I became acquainted with the good woman's "notions concerning matters generally," to an extent that would have required much more time to accomplish at home.

"You are not of these parts, I think?" she remarked, after some little colloquy; and on my confirming her supposition, she added, "and you come, perhaps, from very far?"

"We do," quoth I, but saying no word touching the whereabout; my new chum inquired at length, yet with a polite circumlocution of phrase which one of her class would have found it difficult to command with us:

"And if I may allow myself the freedom of asking, from what part may come the gracious lady and the gracious gentleman?"

She bowed gravely towards my distant companion, as she concluded. "We come from England," then said I. "Ah, Yaysoos!"—I prefer to spell the word as she pronounced it, for the reason you'll guess.—"Yaysoos Maria! that is far, indeed! I even think it lies across the sea!"

The accuracy of my friend's geographical

knowledge was not to be impugned; and on my admission that she was right, she added, "Yes, yes, it must needs be across the sea, for I had a vetter (cousin) who went thither, and he ever maintained that a man must cross the sea to do as much, nay, that he, Veit Biedermann, had crossed it."

Now came our boat, into which the poor old woman could not get without great difficulty, remarking, as she painfully made her way across the pebbles of the shore, that her feet caused her much suffering, and I then observed that such parts of them as had been partially concealed by her clothing while she remained still (they were without shoe or stocking, but that was a matter of course), had bandages about them, necessitated, without doubt, by some injury received from the grievous habit of walking on the sharp stones without defence.

We got across the river before the rain recommenced, and that was happy for us, seeing that the sheets of water which came tumbling down, before the door was well closed on us, in the house of the guide whom we instantly sought on the edge of which this pleasantest of railroads

at Wehlen, must have drenched us to the bones, if they had caught us on the river in that open boat.

Much encouraged by our escape, and I still more by the guide's assurance that the rain could not last,—an assurance to which my companion gave less heed—we sat in his small dwelling, which, although giving evidence of poverty, was remarkable for neatness and order.

This at once gave us a good opinion of the man, nor did what we afterwards saw of him tend to diminish the impression thus received, but much the contrary; we saw no wife, and think he must be a widower, a little boy appearing to compose his family. His name, as I think, is August Werner; but forgetting to ask himself, the person of whom I afterwards inquired, did not seem perfectly sure, and I may be wrong.*

* I have since ascertained that the name is correct, and tell you so because you cannot do better than take him when you go to the Uttewalde-Grund. Quiet and well-behaved, as well as intelligent, August Werner will not importune you with that perpetual talking wherewith guides sometimes weary the traveller, and he is thoroughly well-informed as to his duties.

The rain did cease at the end of some twenty minutes, as the guide had predicted, and we then set forth to visit the object of our landing at that place, namely, the Uttewalde Grund. No traveller visiting these regions must, on any account, neglect to penetrate this strange and beautiful glen to its utmost fastnesses.

The road, which is but a footpath, pursues the windings of the mountain stream, occasionally crossing it on slight bridges, and soon plunging amid the wonders of the place. These consist of rocks, richly coloured for the most part, but in others of a clear, soft grey, which rise to vast heights on either hand, soon reducing the valley to a mere ravine, and this again to the singular cleft called the "Grund," where only the narrow path, carefully maintained, and the brawling stream, well filled by the late rains, can find space for passage—no broader road would be possible.

A walk of such beauty and interest as a ravine so constituted could not fail to supply, brought us, in half-an-hour, to what is called the Sommer-Wirthschaft, a wayside inn of the simplest kind, and which some years since was

the scene of a deeply mournful incident, the particulars of which are as follow:—On the eleventh of August, in the year 1839, two friends were coming from the Bastei, when, passing through one of the ravines that open into the Uttewalde-Grund, they perceived, at some distance, a child lying at the foot of the rocks which hemmed their way, and in such a position as to cause them the most painful forebodings. These were but too soon justified; the little creature, a boy some four years old, was breathing its last as they approached, and even before they could lift it, had expired.

Deeply moved at what they beheld, the travellers raised the corpse of the infant, and bore it with them to this place—the Sommer-Wirthschaft, namely—where I now make note of the facts.

Here they had not long arrived, when the guide Preusche (of Lohmen) chanced to pass by, and being called into the house, was informed of what had occurred. He was further asked by the landlord if he could recognise the body, seeing that the place where it had been found rendered it not improbable that the child might have belonged to his neighbourhood. He lifted the

sheet that concealed the little form accordingly, and, mournful to relate, the poor Preusche recognized his own and only son!

The unhappy man! He had left the joyous creature at sunrise of that morning, frisking about his cottage door, and there it was as I have told you! Our guide afterwards showed us the place where the hapless infant had expired, and where a cross, with the date of the sad event, has been erected to mark the spot.

As we reached this Summer Inn (of which the name informs you that it is stationed there only through the fair season, and disappears as winter approaches), we enquired of our guide if any sort of refreshment were to be procured further on, and being assured that there was none (as we afterwards found), we paused to take some, as it was now two o'clock. It is true that we had breakfasted at nine, but were not likely to find anything more till evening, while there were labours before us requiring our best strength.

We sought food, then; and while occupied with it, another shower fell, almost equal in violence to that we had so happily escaped at Wehlen, but not so long in duration.

It was a piece of special good fortune that we happened to halt just then, and the rather, as this was the last frown of the sky. Immediately afterwards the clouds began to pass away, but very gradually; then the sun came forth, and we had weather magnificently beautiful, as were the scenes we traversed, the broken clouds far in the distance adding to its splendour, rather than detracting from it.

To these scenes few pens could do justice, and certainly not mine, which I much regret, and should do so even more, were it not that you have the old remedy,—you can come and see. In certain parts the rocks, rising many hundreds of feet on either hand, leave but just a narrow opening for the blue sky to peep through; in others they fall back, and permit the sunbeams to pour cheerily upon the rich foliage of the trees growing luxuriantly among them, and whose trunks are then gilded beautifully; while the variety of greens, ambers, gorgeous purples and golden browns, displayed by the rocks themselves, adds largely to the general effect.

The forms of these vast masses, too, are singularly strange, and have received names from

the guides accordingly; but these merely grotesque forms do not interest beyond the passing glance. There are, the "Grave of Sir Udo," for example, and the "Stone House," which is, in fact, like the roof of a dwelling. There is also the "Devil's Kitchen," a cavern of two or three compartments, but of no great extent.

Much more interesting is the "Gate of the Grund," which is formed by three large masses of rock, two of which represent pillars, while the third, in falling (as they all must have done) from above, has fixed itself exactly between them, causing the whole to exhibit what is very appropriately named a gate. The pass is, indeed, so narrow in places, that the stream only can there find its way. The narrow path by which the traveller proceeds is artificial, as are those carried along and over the Tamina, in the dark heart of the mountains at the Baths of Pfeffers. The latter are of wood; these are of stone; and although things here are but miniatures of that never-to-be-forgotten cleft of the Tamina, with which most of you are familiar, yet do they *please* more; and of this entire district it may be safely affirmed, that if less amazing from its size than

are the Great Alps of Switzerland, it is decidedly more enjoyable; nor, indeed, does the pleasure to be derived from the one, at all interfere with that presented by the other; still less does the visiting of one supersede the necessity for doing as much in regard to the other. Go to both, brothers! Plunge into every part of each; nay, that not once, but many times, and let us all be thankful that these beauties are so many.

Before reaching this "gate," we had passed the foot of one of those mountain stairs by which a passage is not unfrequently effected from one village to another, and which in this case leads to Uttewalda and Lohmen. Much less difficult are these than is that perilous way called the Ladders, which most of us remember to have seen at the Baths of Leuk, in the pass of the Gemmi. The Uttewalda flights are merely steep and laborious: they are not in the slightest degree dangerous. But we had not time to mount them and proceeded onward.

Speaking of Lohmen, our guide repeated half-a-dozen or so of doggrel lines, which he told us were inscribed on a stone seat of the old castle there, to commemorate the adventure of a certain

Johann Hartmann, who, falling asleep at that point, on a summer-day of the year 1784, and believing, as he half awoke, that he was stepping into his bed, says the record, tumbled headlong into the abyss. Yet was he not killed, but recovered from the effect of the injuries he had received (both legs broken, with other damages), and in these verses he, as well as we who come after him, is exhorted to "thank God, and the doctor who so cleverly cured him."

Having passed beyond the Gate, and reached the utmost limits of the ravine, we returned, beginning to retrace our steps at a point where the rocks falling back, show that the gorge is opening into woods of no particular interest or beauty; and we then took our way into the Zscherre Grund, and up through the woods beyond it to the summit of the mountain, where a road turns off for the Bastei, but this we did not pursue. Near this place is a stone table, erected in the commencement of the last century, by one of the Saxon dukes, whose custom it was to breakfast there when hunting in those woods. Before attaining that height, we passed a place where another of those sad accidents, but too much to be

apprehended in these recky defiles, is intimated to the traveller by the cross, which reminds him to pray for the soul of the departed.

The event here recorded took place as follows :—

Christian Ehlig, a native of Wehlen, went forth on the 25th of February, in the year 1792, accompanied by his son, they proposing to cut down a pine-tree which they had marked for their purpose some days before, and which grew on the summit of the vast rocky mass beneath the shelter of whose base we listened to the fact I am relating. The tree was nearly brought down, and the father despatched his son to fetch the horse and sledge wherewith to take it home, intending to complete what remained unfinished of the work, and then precipitate the tree to the foot of the rock, whither he commanded his son to come for it. The latter obeyed; but when he reached the spot where the tree lay, the unhappy youth found the crushed and mangled body of his father lying with it.

How this catastrophe happened could never be known, but the unfortunate man is supposed to have become entangled in the branches

as the tree fell, and thus to have met his fate. At another point is a second inscription, recording the death of Anton Gäbler, who fell with his sledge from a height, too near which he had incautiously allowed his horses to pass: his body was crushed, as our guide said, to a mere ruin, impossible of recognition as a human form. This occurred on the 25th of January, in the year 1692, and took place in the presence of the sufferer's wife and brother.

We remarked, that these misfortunes seemed to have happened for the most part in the winter, and the guide replied that it was so. He furthermore instanced one that took place in 1806, on the 16th of December, when Caspar Ziegler, a mechanic, was approaching Wehlen as evening approached, in company with a man of his own trade, but a stranger to the valley.

They had got to a part of the rocks immediately opposite to Uttewald, and, deceived by the lights of that place, were pushing boldly forward, when a fearful cry from his companion caused the stranger to draw back, and he saw to his unspeakable horror the unfortunate Caspar disappear from before him. Snow lay thickly

on the ground, and the terrified man, who knew not whither his next step might lead him, could make no effort to aid his companion. The latter was indeed beyond all aid, the position of things showing us that he must have fallen at once sheer down to the rock on which we stood to hear the story, and which was four hundred feet below the path these men had imprudently taken. The stranger, whose name our guide did not know, remained thus all night, not daring to stir, lest he, too, should fall into the abyss. Expecting to be frozen to death, he could yet not help himself; but he happily lived through his sufferings, and with the light of morning he contrived to make his way to Wehlen, where he arrived in a grievous condition.

The inhabitants then went forth to seek his hapless companion, whom they found on a spot which the guide pointed out to us, and which is besides marked with a cross. He was lying peaceably extended as in a sweet sleep, nor showing any external marks of injury.

Those who thus discovered him felt no doubt but that the young man had lost his senses before touching the ground, there covered by a soft

bed of deep moss. The cry which had startled his companion was his last expression of suffering; but it seems probable that he might possibly have been recovered from the effects of his fall, had immediate assistance been at hand; and it is still believed, as it was at the time, that he owed his death principally to the cold and exposure of the night.

We asked our pleasant and intelligent guide if accidents were at all frequent in these regions, when he gave us the reply we had anticipated, saying that among the natives they were rare, because they know the dangers of their neighbourhood, and are exceedingly cautious—a most needful habit, since here there is no question of bravery, all needless risk is mere rashness and folly. Such accidents as do happen, Werner added, were almost always to strangers, who do not know the extent of the danger. They remain among the hills too late at night, are involved in mists, or lose their path amidst the snows which here begin to fall early in the season, and so give occasion for the tragical relations you have just heard.

An overhanging rock, called by the guides the

Umbrella, and beneath which twenty parishes might certainly find such shelter as that useful implement, an umbrella, affords, is one of the notabilities of the Zscherre Grund, and the Pillars of Hercules form another. On one of these last, which are truly worthy of their name, a tall and vigorous pine is growing, with so little appearance of earth to account for the healthiness of its aspect, that we could not but look at it with amazement. The bark being almost exactly of one colour with the rock whence it springs, the noble tree had all the appearance of being one with its huge support. Now, if a painter were to place that pine exactly as we see it standing, you would say no tree could ever grow *there* and *thus;* and you would be justified in saying so, for the thing would indeed appear to be impossible.

A well-arranged circuit, judiciously chosen by our guide, has brought us back to Wehlen and the banks of the Elbe, in good time to catch the steam packet, which is to pass at seven, and by means of which we propose reaching Dresden to-night, an object we have much at heart, partly because to-morrow will be Sunday.

And now do I congratulate myself on the mishap which I had so much lamented in the morning, since but for that it is more than probable that we should have lost many of the best parts of the Uttewalde Grund; and the thing would have happened—very probably indeed—on this wise:—

We have a great dislike to the attendance of a guide, and rarely take one, if it can by any means be dispensed with, unless in places where there would be danger in going without; otherwise, we usually seek the knowledge required to profit by the places we visit, from some other source, and go alone.

Now, had we arrived at Wehlen so early as eight in the morning, which we should have done but for my—fortunate—negligence *in re bill*—we should most probably, seeing the long day before us, have gone into the Uttewalde Grund with our maps and books (Murray and a German Guide published in the present year) only; and the rather, as we knew that there was no possibility of danger nor fear of losing one's way even, having been informed by our "Deutscher Wegweiser" that we should find directing

posts *enough*, which last proved to be by no means correct, although there are some few directions. All this we should have arranged, as I say, without doubt, and then we should have done very badly, for I know of few places where a guide is so much wanted as in that strange labyrinth of ravines called the Uttewalde Grund.

Thus my negligence, and the consequent loss of our train, so mournfully bewailed in the morning, proved to be a great benefaction, nor did I fail to make my boast of the fact, be you sure of that. Whether or not this happy conclusion to our badly-commenced day will encourage your servant to new acts of negligence for the future, remains to be seen. It would not, perhaps, be wise to expect that a mishap should often metamorphose itself into a piece of good fortune, and one had better not tempt fate too far.

And now the towers of Dresden rise before us.

"We have no mind to go to Dresden," some one is saying. "We have paid more visits to

the fair city than she hath letters in her name; and for the present we have had enough."

In happy hour! and you shall e'en stay away; but we, who have not been so judicious as to pay her even one visit, must needs do so now—must and will. It is a truth requiring some asseveration that in this our day one has never yet seen the Saxon capital; yet such is the fact.

We have besides a certain malady in our purse—always of lean and consumptive habit—a kind of atrophy, so to speak. Much travel hath caused the poor creature to shiver in the wind; nay, the softest zephyr shall produce a trembling very pitiable to see. But in Dresden there are sages who have skill to cure this collapse, if one may call it so. To a chief Magian among these we have those "words of power," which, being whispered in his ear, compel the exercise of the skill we spoke of; nor—such is their might—may he refuse us the benefit thereof when once the charm hath been uttered. To him it is, then, that we first repair; for the malady hath painful consequences, if too long neglected. This last fact I tell you, because, in your happy experience, you will have made no ac-

quaintance therewith; and never may bad genius enlighten your blissful ignorance.

Meanwhile, and since it is your pleasure that we part, we give you thanks for your good company so far: and not without hope that we may some time meet again somewhere, we bid you, very heartily, farewell!

THE END.

J. BILLING, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER (FROM WOKING), GUILDFORD, SURREY.

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